

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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With an Etching, by Mr. George Cook, from Mr. Hilton's Picture of
NATURE BLOWING BUBBLES FOR HER CHILDREN.

LONDON :
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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

THE LION'S HEAD.

WE are enabled to fulfil our promise (a great grace in a periodical editor), by giving in our present Number a very spirited Etching from Mr. Hilton's picture of Nature Blowing Bubbles for her Children. This Sketch will convey to the reader a tolerably good idea of the free outline, the rich grouping, the laughing spirit of the picture itself; but the bright and warm colouring, which to us seems the great charm of the original, cannot be conveyed. We had intended to have written a description of this allegorical work of art, but the essence of what we could say would be found in the old line—"Men are but children of a larger growth;" and we, therefore, leave this line to tell the tale. Nothing can be worse than Mr. Hilton's choice of a motto from Crabbe's works. Crabbe's poetry and Hilton's painting are certainly not sister muses. We have been favoured with some verses on the subject, from one of our contributors, which strike us as being very apposite, but we must abstain from giving more than the first stanzas:—

I.

"Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty,"—and the blend
Of both comes on us like a prophet's dream,—
When mighty truths, embodied, condescend
To visit man, and whisper to his eyes.—
There's not a page of landscape but doth seem
A painted lesson, full of truths sublime:—
And moral rules and precepts of the wise
Spake in the mythic Gods of olden time.

II.

So eyes are charm'd, and hearts are gently school'd,
Reading the busy tale in this bright page—
And men who laugh at little ones befool'd
By empty gaudiness, and frequent foil,
May blush for follies of a riper age,
Discern the brittleness of worldly joys,—
And shun the misery of fruitless toil,
By leaving bubbles to the lesser boys.

The space which the account of the Coronation occupies in this Number obliges us to postpone the insertion of several papers. At the same time we must announce, that some former contributions are deferred *sine die*.

Napoleon Buonaparte's death will surely be the cause of ours. Will the reader believe that we are up to our middles in mourning verses?

What can be said to an ode beginning, "High General, Mighty Emperor, Eagle vast!"—Or to lines containing the following:

"France's thunder now is *dim*!"

We have elegies enough to paper all the tenements in Saint Helena, and should be very glad to contract for furnishing linings to any respectable builder of bonnet boxes.

The lines by "A Student of the Inner Temple" are received:—*Curia advisare vult.*

We are pleased with R. W.'s translation from Ronsard, and request him to give us a selection from that delightful poet.

A. A.'s "Walk from Highgate," may "go to the place from whence it came."

A note has been sent to E. at the post office as requested. She shall hear from us respecting the subject mentioned in her postscript in the course of a week.

T. T. (not T. T. T. but a more unlettered personage) will never suit us. His poetical portrait of Mr. Kean is the veriest *daub* we ever looked upon. We were sitting at one of his own initials when his packet arrived, and it totally ruined our Bohea.

Our Correspondent from Doughty-street will find an answer at our publisher's—addressed to him by the initials subscribed to his letter.

Arthur's paper is pleasant, and, if he will allow us to prune, we will certainly print.

D. *not* in our next.

S. is angry at our rejecting his "Character of the People, after the Manner of Swift." He asks us if we have ever read Gulliver.—Has he? We recommend him to have his paper printed at the Lilliput press, which would be more suitable to the magnitude of his thoughts.

Servanus.—B. Y.—Percival.—A.—Henry, and Truth, must bear a refusal.

Lion's Head feels its temples throb at having to reject the offering of such kind Correspondents; but the public is remorseless, and is more dainty than even Lion's Head at feeding-time.

THE
London Magazine.

N^o XX.

AUGUST, 1821.

VOL. IV.

CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

Lives of the Poets.

[WE have the pleasure to introduce, to the readers of the LONDON MAGAZINE, the first of a series of valuable papers in continuation of Dr. Johnson's Lives of the English Poets. It is now exactly a century since the birth of Akenside, the latest of those who have a place in that collection, and the space which the whole occupies is not much more than a century: an attempt, therefore, to continue the work to our own times, is not only a desirable undertaking, but almost a necessary duty of the age in which we live. That the intervening period abounds with most interesting materials for biography and criticism, is evident from the names of Goldsmith, Johnson, Churchill, Chatterton, Thomas and Joseph Warton, Mason, Falconer, Glover, Mickle, Hammond, Langhorne, Sir William Jones, Hurdis, Beattie, Burns, Cowper, and many of later date, not inferior to these in excellence. We must premise, that it is not intended to limit the insertion of the Lives strictly to the order of succession, as circumstances will probably occur to render a deviation from that rule more convenient to the writer.]

No. I.

THOMAS WARTON.

The life of Thomas Warton, by Dr. Mant, now Bishop of Killaloe, prefixed to the edition of his poems published at Oxford, is drawn from sources so authentic, and detailed with so much exactness, that little remains to be added to the circumstances which it relates.

THOMAS WARTON was descended from a very respectable family in Yorkshire. His grandfather, Anthony Warton, was rector of a village in Hampshire; and his father was a fellow of Magdalen College, and Poetry Professor in the University of Oxford. His mother, daughter of Joseph Richardson, who

was also a clergyman, gave birth to three children:—Joseph, of whom some account will hereafter be given, Thomas, and Jane. Thomas was born at Basingstoke, in 1728; and very early in life afforded promise of his future excellence. A letter, addressed to his sister from school when he was about nine years of age, containing an epigram on Leander, was preserved with affectionate regard by their brother, Dr. Warton. What school it was, that may claim the honour of contributing to the instruction of one who was afterwards so distinguished as a scholar, has not been recorded.

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On the 16th of March, 1743, he was admitted a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford; and about two years after lost his father,—a volume of whose poems was, soon after his death, printed by subscription, by his eldest son Joseph, with two elegiac poems to his memory, one by the editor, the other by his daughter above-mentioned. The latter of these tributes is termed by Mr. Crowe, in a note to one of his eloquent Crewian Orations,—“*Ode tenera, simplex, venusta*,”—“tender, simple, and beautiful.”

In the course of this year he published, without his name, the *Pleasures of Melancholy*; having, perhaps, been influenced in the choice of a subject thus sombre, by the loss of his parent. In this poem, his imitations of Milton are so frequent and palpable, as to discover the timid flight of a young writer not daring to quit the track of his guide. Yet by some (as appears from the letters between Mrs. Carter and Miss Talbot) it was ascribed to Akenside. In 1746 was produced his *Progress of Discontent*,—a paraphrase on one of his own exercises, made at the desire of Dr. Huddesford, the head of his college.

His next effort attracted more general notice. In consequence of some disgrace which the University had incurred with Government, by its supposed attachment to the Stuart family, Mason had written his *Isis*, an *Elegy*; and in 1749, Warton was encouraged by Dr. Huddesford to publish an answer to it, with the title of the *Triumph of Isis*. It may naturally be supposed, that so spirited a defence of Oxford against the aspersions of her antagonist would be welcomed with ardour; and among other testimonies of approbation which it received, Dr. King, whose character is eulogized in the poem, coming into the bookseller's shop, and inquiring whether five guineas would be acceptable to the author, left for him an order for that sum. After an interval of twenty-eight years, his rival, Mason, was probably sincere in the opinion he gave,—that Warton had much excelled him both “in poetical imagery, and in the correct flow of his versification.”

He now became a contributor to a monthly miscellany called *The Student*; in which, besides his *Progress of Discontent*, were inserted *A Panegyric on Oxford Ale*, a professed imitation of the *Splendid Shilling*; *The Author confined to College*; and *A Version of the twenty-ninth Chapter of Job*.

His two degrees having been taken at about the usual intervals, in 1751 he succeeded to a fellowship of his college, where he found a peaceful and unenvied retreat for the remainder of his days, without betraying any ambition of those dignities,—which, to the indignation of Bishop Warburton, were not conferred upon him.

At this time appeared his *New-market*, a *Satire*; *An Ode written for Music*, performed in the University Theatre; and two copies of verses, one in Latin, the other in English, on the *Death of Frederic, Prince of Wales*.

In 1753, his *Ode on the Approach of Summer*,—*The Pastoral*, in the *Manner of Spenser*—(which has not much resemblance to that writer), and *Verses inscribed on a beautiful Grotto*,—were printed in the *Union*, a poetical miscellany, selected by him, and edited at Edinburgh.

The next year we find him employed in drawing up a body of statutes for the *Radcliffe Library*, by the desire of Dr. Huddesford, then *Vice-Chancellor*; in assisting Colman and Thornton in the *Connoisseur*; and in publishing his *Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser*, which he afterwards enlarged from one to two volumes. Johnson complimented him “for having shown to all, who should hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors, the way to success, by directing them to the perusal of the books which their author had read;” a method of illustration which since, certainly, has not wanted imitators. Much of his time must have been now diverted from his favourite pursuits, by his engagement in the instruction of college pupils. During his excursions in the summer vacations, to different parts of England, he appears to have occupied himself in making remarks on such specimens of Gothic and Saxon architecture as came in his way. His

manuscript on this subject was in the possession of his brother, since whose decease, unfortunately, it has not been discovered. Some incidental observations on our ancient buildings, introduced into his book on the *Faerie Queene*, are enough to make us regret the loss. The poetical reader would have been better pleased if he had fulfilled an intention he had of translating the *Argonautics* of Apollonius Rhodius.

Though it was not the lot of Warton to attain distinction in his clerical profession, yet literary honours, more congenial to his taste and habits, awaited him. In 1756, he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and faithfully performed the duties of his office, by recommending the purest models of antiquity in lectures which are said to have been "remarkable for elegance of diction, and justness of observation," and interspersed with translations from the Greek epigrammatists.

To Johnson he had already rendered a material service, by his exertions to procure him the degree of Master of Arts, by diploma; and he increased the obligation, by contributing some notes to his edition of *Shakspeare*, and three papers to *The Idler*. The imputation cast on one, from whom such kindness had been received, of his "being the only man of genius without a heart," must have been rather the effect of spleen in Johnson, than the result of just observation; and if either these words, or the verses in ridicule of his poems—

Endless labour all along,
Endless labour to be wrong;
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet;

had been officiously repeated to Warton, we cannot much wonder at what is told, of his passing Johnson in a bookseller's shop without speaking, or at the tears which Johnson is related to have shed at that mark of alienation in his former friend.

A Description of Winchester, and a Burlesque on the Oxford Guides, or books professing to give an account of the University, both anonymous, are among the next publications attributed to his pen.

In 1758, he made a selection of Latin inscriptions in verse; and printed it, together with notes, under the title of *Inscriptionum Romanarum Metricarum Delectus*; and then first undertook, at the suggestion it is said of Judge Blackstone, the splendid edition of *Theocritus*, which made its appearance twelve years after. The papers left by Mr. St. Amand,* formed the basis of this work: to them were added some valuable criticisms by Toup; and though the arrangement of the whole may be justly charged with a want of clearness and order, and Mr. Gaisford has since employed much greater exactness and diligence in his edition of the same author, yet the praise of a most entertaining and delightful variety cannot be denied to the notes of Warton. In a dissertation on the Bucolic poetry of the Greeks, he shows that species of composition to have been derived from the ancient

* There is a little memoir of James St. Amand in the preface, that will interest some readers. He was of Lincoln College, Oxford, about 1705, where he had scarcely remained a year, before his ardour for Greek literature induced him to visit Italy, chiefly with a view of searching MSS. that might serve for an edition of *Theocritus*. In Italy, before he had reached his twentieth year, he was well known to the learned world, and had engaged the esteem of many eminent men; among others, of Vincenzo Gravina, Niccolo Valletto, Fontanini, Quirino, Anton Maria Salvini, and Henry Newton, the English Ambassador to the Duke of Tuscany. Their letters to him are preserved in the Bodleian. By his researches into the MSS. of Italian libraries, he assisted his learned friends, Kuster, Le Clerc, Potter, Hudson, and Kennet, and other literary characters of that time, in their several pursuits. He then returned to England by way of Geneva and Paris, well laden with treasures derived from the foreign libraries, all which, with a large collection of valuable books, he bequeathed to the Bodleian. He died about 1750. He desisted from his intention of publishing *Theocritus*, either from ill health, or weariness of his work, or some fear about its success. His preparations for this edition, together with some notes on Pindar (an edition of which he also meditated), Aristophanes, the *Argonautics* of Apollonius Rhodius, Demosthenes, and others, remain in the Bodleian. Dr. Shaw, in his edition of Apollonius Rhodius, has since made use of his notes on that poet, and pays a tribute to his critical abilities in the preface.

comedy; and exposes the dream of a golden age.

La bella età dell' or unqua non venne,
Nacque da nostre menti
Entro il vago pensiero,
E nel nostro desio chiaro divenne.

Guidi.

The characters in Theocritus, are shown to be distinguished into three classes,—herdsmen, shepherds, and goatherds; the first of which was superior to the next, as that in its turn was to the third; and this distinction is proved to have been accurately observed, as to allusions and images. The discrimination seems to have been overlooked by Virgil; in which instance, no less than in all the genuine graces of pastoral poetry, he is inferior to the Sicilian.* The contempt with which Warton speaks of those eminent and unfortunate Greek scholars, who diffused the learning of their country over Europe, after the capture of Constantinople, and whom he has here termed "*Græculi famelici*," is surely reprehensible. But for their labours, Britain might never have required an editor of Theocritus.

In 1760, he contributed to the *Biographia Britannica* a Life of Sir Thomas Pope, twice subsequently published, in a separate form, with considerable enlargements: in the two following years he wrote a Life of Dr. Bathurst, and in his capacity of Poetry Professor, composed Verses on the Death of George II., the Marriage of his Successor, and the Birth of the Heir Apparent, which, together with his Complaint of Cherwell, made a part of the Oxford Collections. Several of his humorous pieces were soon after (in 1764) published in the Oxford Sausage, the preface to which he also wrote; and in 1766, he edited the Greek Anthology of Cephalas. In 1767, he took the degree of Bachelor in Divinity; and in 1771, was chosen a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society; and on the nomination of the Earl of

Lichfield, Chancellor of the University, was collated to the Rectory of Kiddington, Oxfordshire, a benefice of small value. Ten years after, he drew up a History of his Parish, and published it as a specimen of a Parochial History of Oxfordshire. Meanwhile, he was engaged in an undertaking, of higher interest to the national antiquities and literature. In illustrating the origin, and tracing the progress of our vernacular poetry, we had not kept pace with the industry of our continental neighbours. To supply this deficiency, a work had been projected by Pope, and was now contemplated, and indeed entered on, by Gray and Mason, in conjunction. We cannot but regret, that Gray relinquished the undertaking, as he did, on hearing into whose hands it had fallen, since he would (as the late publication of his papers by Mr. Mathias has shown) have brought to the task a more accurate and extensive acquaintance with those foreign sources from whence our early writers derived much of their learning, and would, probably, have adopted a better method, and more precision in the general disposition of his materials. Yet there is no reason to complain of the way in which Warton has acquitted himself, as far as he has gone. His History of English Poetry is a rich mine, in which, if we have some trouble in separating the ore from the dross, there is much precious metal to reward our pains. The first volume of this laborious work was published in 1774; two others followed, in 1778, and in 1781; and some progress had been made at his decease in printing the fourth. In 1777, he increased the poetical treasure of his country by a volume of his own poems, of which there was a demand for three other editions before his death. In 1782, we find him presented by his college to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire, and employed in publishing *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the*

* Warton's distinction between them is well imagined. "*Similis est Theocritus amplo cuidam pascuo per se satis fecundo, herbis pluribus frugiferis floribusque pulchris abundanti, dulcibus etiam fluviis uvido: similis Virgilius horto distincto nitentibus areolis: ubi larga florum copia, sed qui studiose dispositi, curaque meliore nutriti, atque exculi diligenter, olim huc a pascuo illo majore transferebantur.*"

Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, and Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's painted window at New College: about the same time, probably, he was chosen a member of the Literary Club.

In 1785, he edited Milton's minor poems, with very copious illustrations; and in the year following, was elected to the Camden Professorship of History, and was appointed to succeed Whitehead, as Poet Laureate. In his inaugural speech as Camden Professor, subjoined to the edition of his poetical works by Dr. Mant, he has shown that the public duties required at the first foundation of the Professorship, owing to the improvement in the course of academical studies, are rendered no longer necessary. From one who had already voluntarily done so much, it would have been ungracious to exact the performance of public labours not indispensably requisite. In the discharge of his function as Laureate, he still continued, as he had long ago professed himself to be,—

Too free in servile courtly phrase to
fawn;

and had the wish been gratified,—expressed by himself before his appointment, or by Gibbon after it,—that the annual tribute might be dispensed with, we should have lost some of his best lyric effusions.

Till his sixty-second year, he had experienced no interruption to a vigorous state of health. Then a seizure of the gout compelled him to seek relief from the use of the Bath waters; and he returned from that place to college with the hope of a recovery from his complaint. But on the 20th of May, 1790, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, as he was sitting in the common room with two of the college fellows, and in higher spirits than usual, a paralytic affection deprived him of his speech. Some indistinct sounds only, in which it was thought the name of his friend, Mr. Price, the Librarian of the Bodleian, was heard, escaped him, and he expired on the day but one after. His funeral was honoured by the attendance of the Vice-Chancellor, and a numerous train of followers, to the ante-chapel of his college, where he is interred,

with a very plain inscription to his memory.

His person was short and thick, though in the earlier part of his life he had been thought handsome. His face, latterly, became somewhat rubicund, and his utterance so confused, that Johnson compared it to the gobbling of a turkey. The portrait of him by Reynolds, besides the resemblance of the features, is particularly characterized by the manner in which the hand is drawn, so as to give it a great air of truth. He was negligent in his dress; and so little studious of appearances, that having despatched his labours, while others were yet in bed, he might have been found, at the usual hours of study, loitering on the banks of his beloved Cherwell, or in the streets, following the drum and fife, a sound which was known to have irresistible attraction for his ears,—a spectator at a military parade, or even one amongst a crowd at a public execution. He retained to old age the amiable simplicity and unsuspecting frankness of boyhood: his affection for his brother, to whose society at Winchester he latterly retired from college, during the vacations in summer, does not seem ever to have suffered any abatement; and his manners were tranquil and unassuming. The same amenity and candour of disposition, which marked him in private life, pervade his writings, except on some few occasions, when his mind is too much under the influence of party feelings. This bias inclined him, not only to treat the character of Milton with a most undue asperity, but even to extenuate the atrocities committed under the government of Mary, and somewhat to depreciate the worth of those divines, whose attachment to the reformed religion led them to suffer death in her reign.

The writer of this paper has been told by an Italian, who was acquainted with Warton, that his favourite book in the Italian language (of which his knowledge was far from exact) was the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. Both the stately phrase, and the theme of that poem, were well suited to him.

Among the poets of the second class, he deserves a distinguished

place. He is almost equally pleasing in his gayer, and in his more exalted moods. His mirth is without malice or indecency, and his seriousness without gloom.

In his lyrical pieces, if we seek in vain for the variety and music of Dryden, the tender and moral sublime of Gray, or the enthusiasm of Collins, yet we recognize an attention ever awake to the appearances of nature, and a mind stored with the images of classical and Gothic antiquity. Though his diction is rugged, it is like the cup in Pindar, which Telamon stretches out to Alcides, χρυσὴν πεφρικυμένην, rough with gold, and embost with curious imagery. A lover of the ancients would, perhaps, be offended, if the birthday ode, beginning

Within what fountain's craggy cell
Delights the goddess Health to dwell?

were compared, as to its subject, with that of the Theban bard, on the illness of Hiero, which opens with a wish that Chiron were yet living, in order that the poet might consult him on the case of the Syracusan monarch; and in its form, with that in which he asks of his native city, in whom of all her heroes she most delighted.

Among the odes, some of which might more properly be termed idylliums, *The Hamlet* is of uncommon beauty; the landscape is truly English, and has the truth and tenderness of Gainsborough's pencil. Those *To a Friend on his leaving a Village in Hampshire*, and the *First of April*, are entitled to similar praise. *The Crusade*, *The Grave of King Arthur*, and most of the odes composed for the court, are in a higher strain. In the Ode written at Vale Royal Abbey is a striking image, borrowed from some lent verses, written by Archbishop Markham, and printed in the second volume of that collection.

High o'er the trackless heath, at midnight
seen,
No more the windows ranged in long array

(Where the tall shaft and fretted arch be-
tween

Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.
Prodidit arcanas arcta fenestra fuces.

His sonnets have been highly and deservedly commended by no less competent a judge than Mr. Coleridge. They are alone sufficient to prove (if any proof were wanting) that this form of composition is not unsuited to our language. One of our longest, as it is one of our most beautiful poems, the *Faerie Queene*, is written in a stanza which demands the continual recurrence of an equal number of rhymes; and the chief objection to our adopting the sonnet is the paucity of our rhymes.

The Lines to Sir Joshua Reynolds are marked by the happy turn of the compliment, and by the strength and harmony of the versification, at least as far as the formal couplet measure will admit of those qualities. They need not fear a comparison with the verses addressed by Dryden to Knelser, or by Pope to Jervas.

His Latin compositions are nearly as excellent as his English. The few hendecasyllables he has left, have more of the vigour of Catullus than those by Flaminio; but Flaminio excels him in delicacy. The *Mons Catharinæ* contains nearly the same images as Gray's Ode on a Prospect of Eton College. In the word "*cedrinæ*," which occurs in the verses on Trinity College Chapel, he has, we believe, erroneously made the penultimate long. Dr. Mant has observed another mistake in his use of the word "*Tempe*" as a feminine noun, in the lines translated from Akenside. When in his sports with his brother's scholars at Winchester he made their exercises for them, he used to ask the boy how many faults he would have:—one such would have been sufficient for a lad near the head of the school.

His style in prose, though marked by a character of magnificence, is at times stiff and encumbered. He is too fond of alliteration in prose as well as in verse; and the cadence of his sentences is too evidently laboured.

ZARIADRES AND ODATIS.

A GRECIAN STORY.

HYSTASPES and Zariadres, were so remarkably distinguished from other men, by their loveliness of form and features, as to make it be believed that they were the offspring of Venus and Adonis. It was for this reason, that they were, by common agreement, elevated to the royal power; and thus became a living proof of the assertion, that "if part of the human race were to be arrayed in that splendour of beauty, which beams from the statues of the gods, universal consent would acknowledge the rest of mankind naturally formed to be their slaves."* Hystaspes was lord over Media, and a wide space of country extending beneath it. To the lot of Zariadres, whose appearance indicated him to be the younger of the two, (and it is with him only we are now concerned) fell all that tract, which reaches from the gates of the Caspian as far as the river Tanâis. The monarch whose dominions neighboured his on the other side of that stream, and who was called Omartes, had received from the gods an only daughter, to whom her parents gave the name of Odatis. If she had not been the heiress to a diadem, it is probable that the Marathians (so were the subjects of her father called) would spontaneously have raised her to the throne, for she was, beyond any competition, the fairest amongst the daughters of the east. It is recorded in the annals of these nations, that one night, the shape of Zariadres appeared before her in a dream; and that, with that heightened feeling, of which the soul is most capable when it least uses the organs of the body, she conceived a more passionate affection for the prince than his real presence, lovely as it was, could have inspired. At the same instant, as if by a divine sympathy, Zariadres beheld, and was no less deeply enamoured of Odatis. Whether it were from having seen her pic-

ture, or from the agreement of the vision with the reports that had reached him of her beauty, or else by a special communication made to him by one of his supposed parents (for Adonis, his father, though apparently killed by the boar, was only slumbering, and being gifted with immortality, might be supposed capable of influencing the spirits of those whom he loved); yet, so it was, that he well knew whom he had seen in his sleep. Accordingly, the sun was scarcely risen, before he had dispatched faithful messengers to bear his pledge to the daughter of Omartes, and to ask her in marriage of her father. The king, however, who had no male offspring, was bent on uniting her to some one of the noblest among his own people, and therefore did not hesitate to send back a refusal to the offer of Zariadres. Nay, so confirmed was he in this resolution, by his apprehensions lest the proposal of that prince should be more strongly urged, that he hastened to take the necessary measure for carrying his purpose into execution. A festival was forthwith proclaimed, and the mightiest men of his kingdom were invited to attend it. When the guests were assembled, and the cheer was now beginning to run high, the king, who was seated in state at the head of the board, called his daughter to him; and holding to her a golden phial, in the hearing of all, spake to her in these words: "Daughter Odatis, we are now making thy marriage feast: look round on all, who are here present, and whosoever shall find most grace in thine eyes, take this cup, and having filled it with wine, present it to him; and the same shall henceforth be my son-in-law, and the sharer of my kingdom."† The princess heard her father's command with a heavy heart; for she neither dared to disobey nor remonstrate. Her cheek turned pale, as

* See Aristotle's Politics, translated by Gillies, b. 1. c. 5.

† This appears to have been a usual method of betrothing a daughter in marriage. Casaubon, in a note on this passage, observes that Pindar alludes to it at the beginning of his Seventh Olympic.

she took from him the outstretched cup into her loth and trembling hands; and ill-concealing her tears, she turned away, as if to fill it from a flaggon that was standing near on the sideboard. But before she could perform that office, her eyes wandered vacantly over the hall, and rested more on the columns that extended themselves down either side of it, than on the warriors who sat between them; every one anxiously watching on whom her choice would fall, yet none bold enough to trust that it would light upon himself. Odatis was scarcely able longer to support her anguish, and, in the indistinctness of remoter objects, sought to escape from a sense of the painful reality before her, when, suddenly, there appeared pressing forward, betwixt two of the most distant pillars, a head, that reminded her of the figure in her dream. She thought it the mockery of fancy, and was ready to dismiss the illusion as sent only the more to embitter her despair. Again she turned, and busied herself among the cups; and at length, with fast-streaming tears, had begun slowly to mingle the phial, when a voice, that sounded not strange to her ear, addressed her: "Odatis, I am here—I, thy Zariadres." It was, indeed, Zariadres. Tidings had been brought to him of the great banquet that was

preparing; and divining the cause of it, he had escaped the notice of his army, which lay encamped on the shores of the Tanäis. Clothing himself in the garb of a Scythian, he had taken with him a single charioteer, and thus, without slacking speed day or night, he reached the palace of Marathia; and he was now standing at the side of Odatis. She perceived who it was; and nothing doubting, with a glad heart, handed him the phial; and he, snatching her away to his chariot, fled with her to his own land: nor was there any interruption offered to their course; for her maidens and her servants knew of the dream, and of the embassy, and believed that it was Zariadres who was come; and when she was called for by her father, they resolutely denied having any knowledge of her flight.

Let none pronounce the love of Zariadres and Odatis to be a fable; for Chares, the Mitylenæan, in the tenth book of whose history it was recorded, adds, that it is commonly remembered by the people of the east, and represented by paintings, not only in their temples and palaces, but even in private dwellings; and that, in memory of the princess, the great men are accustomed to give their daughters the name of Odatis.

SONNET.

TO A TWIN-SISTER WHO DIED IN INFANCY.

BESSY!—I call thee by that earthly name
Which but a little while belong'd to thee;—
Thou left'st me growing up to sin and shame,
And kept'st thy innocence, untamed and free,
To meet the refuge of a heaven above,
Where life's bud opens in eternity.
Bessy! when memory turns thy lot to see,
A brother's bosom yearns thy bliss to prove,
And sighs o'er wishes that were not to be.
Ah, had we gone together! had I been
Strange with the world as thou, thy mother's love,—
What years of sorrows I had never seen!
Fulness of joy, that leaves no hearts to bleed,
Had then, with thine, been purchased cheap indeed.

June 9, 1821.

JOHN CLARE.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

No. VIII.

THE GHOST WITH THE GOLDEN CASKET.

Is my soul tamed
 And baby-rid with the thought that flood or field
 Can render back, to scare men and the moon,
 The airy shapes of the corpses they enwomb?
 And what if 'tis so—shall I lose the crown
 Of my most golden hope, cause its fair circle
 Is haunted by a shadow? *Old Play.*

ON the Scottish side of the sea of Solway, you may see from Allanbay and Skinverness the beautiful old castle of Caerlaverock, standing on a small woody promontory, bounded by the river Nith on one side, by the deep sea on another, by the almost impassable morass of Solway on a third; while far beyond, you observe the three spires of Dumfries, and the high green hills of Dalswinton and Keir. It was formerly the residence of the almost princely names of Douglas, Seaton, Kirkpatrick, and Maxwell: it is now the dwelling-place of the hawk and the owl; its courts are a lair for cattle, and its walls afford a midnight shelter to the passing smuggler; or, like those of the city doomed in Scripture, are places for the fishermen to dry their nets. Between this fine old ruin and the banks of the Nith, at the foot of a grove of pines, and within a stone-cast of tide-mark, the remains of a rude cottage are yet visible to the curious eye—the bramble and the wild-plum have in vain tried to triumph over the huge, gray, granite blocks which composed the foundations of its walls. The vestiges of a small garden may still be traced, more particularly in summer, when roses and lilies, and other relics of its former beauty begin to open their bloom, clinging amid the neglect and desolation of the place, with something like human affection to the soil. This rustic ruin presents no attractions to the eye of the profound antiquary, compared to those of its more stately companion, Caerlaverock Castle; but with this rude cottage and its garden, tradition connects a tale so wild, and so moving, as to elevate it, in the contemplation of the peasantry, above all the

princely feasts and feudal atrocities of its neighbour.

It is now some fifty years since I visited the parish of Caerlaverock; but the memory of its people, its scenery, and the story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, are as fresh with me as matters of yesterday. I had walked out to the river-bank one sweet afternoon of July, when the fishermen were hastening to dip their nets in the coming tide, and the broad waters of the Solway sea were swelling and leaping against bank and cliff, as far as the eye could reach. It was studded over with boats, and its more unfrequented bays were white with waterfowl. I sat down on a small grassy mound between the cottage ruins and the old garden plat, and gazed, with all the hitherto untasted pleasure of a stranger, on the beautiful scene before me. On the right, and beyond the river, the mouldering relics of the ancient religion of Scotland ascended, in unassimilating beauty, above the humble kirk of New-Abbey and its squalid village; farther to the south rose the white sharp cliffs of Barnhourie,—while on the left stood the ancient keeps of Cumlongan, and Torthorald, and the Castle of Caerlaverock. Over the whole looked the stately green mountain of Criffel, confronting its more stately, but less beautiful neighbour, Skiddaw; while between them flowed the deep, wide, sea of Solway, hemmed with cliff, and castle, and town. As I sat looking on the increasing multitude of waters, and watching the success of the fishermen, I became aware of the approach of an old man, leading, as one will conduct a dog in a string, a fine young milch cow, in a halter of twisted hair, which passing through the ends of two pieces of

flat wood, fitted to the animal's cheek-bones, pressed her nose, and gave her great pain whenever she became disobedient. The cow seemed willing to enjoy the luxury of a browse on the rich pasture which surrounded the little ruined cottage; but in this humble wish she was not to be indulged, for the aged owner, coiling up the tether, and seizing her closely by the head, conducted her past the tempting herbage, towards a small and close-cropt hillock, a good stone-cast distant. In this piece of self-denial the animal seemed reluctant to sympathize—she snuffed the fresh green pasture, and plunged, and startled, and nearly broke away. What the old man's strength seemed nearly unequal to, was accomplished by speech:—"Bonnie lady, bonnie lady," said he, in a soothing tone, "it canna be, it mauna be—hinnie! hinnie! what would become of my three bonnie grand-bairns, made fatherless and mitherless by that false flood afore us, if they supped milk, and tasted butter, that came from the greensward of this doomed and unblessed spot?" The animal appeared to comprehend something in her own way from the speech of her owner: she abated her resistance; and indulging only in a passing glance at the rich deep herbage, passed on to her destined pasture. I had often heard of the singular superstitions of the Scottish peasantry, and that every hillock had its song, every hill its ballad, and every valley its tale. I followed with my eye the old man and his cow; he went but a little way, till, seating himself on the ground, retaining still the tether in his hand, he said, "Now, bonnie lady, feast thy fill on this good greensward—it is halesome and holy, compared to the sward at the doomed cottage of auld Gibbie Gyrape—leave that to smugglers' nags: Willie o'Brandyburn and Roaring Jock o'Kempstane will ca' the haunted ha' a hained bit—they are godless fearnoughts." I looked at the person of the peasant: he was a stout hale old man, with a weather-beaten face, furrowed something by time, and, perhaps, by sorrow. Though summer was at its warmest, he wore a broad chequered mantle, fastened at the bosom with a skewer of steel,—

a broad bonnet, from beneath the circumference of which straggled a few thin locks, as white as driven snow, shining like amber, and softer than the finest flax,—while his legs were warmly cased in blue-ribbed boot-hose. Having laid his charge to the grass, he looked leisurely around him, and espying me—a stranger, and dressed above the manner of the peasantry, he acknowledged my presence by touching his bonnet; and, as if willing to communicate something of importance, he stuck the tether stake in the ground, and came to the old garden fence. Wishing to know the peasant's reasons for avoiding the ruins, I thus addressed him:—"This is a pretty spot, my aged friend, and the herbage looks so fresh and abundant, that I would advise thee to bring thy charge hither; and while she continued to browse, I would gladly listen to the history of thy white locks, for they seem to have been bleached in many tempests." "Aye, aye," said the peasant, shaking his white head with a grave smile, "they have braved sundry tempests between sixteen and sixty; but touching this pasture, sir, I know nobody who would like their cows to crop it—the aged cattle shun the place—the bushes bloom, but bear no fruit—the birds never build in the branches—the children never come near to play—and the aged never chuse it for a resting-place; but pointing it out, as they pass, to the young, tell them the story of its desolation. Sae ye see, sir, having nae good will to such a spot of earth myself, I like little to see a stranger sitting in such an unblessed place; and I would as good as advise ye to come owre with me to the cowslip knoll—there are reasons mony that an honest man should nae sit there." I arose at once, and seating myself beside the peasant on the cowslip knoll, desired to know something of the history of the spot from which he had just warned me. The Caledonian looked on me with an air of embarrassment:—"I am just thinking," said he, "that as ye are an Englishman, I should nae acquaint ye with such a story. Ye'll make it, I'm doubting, a matter of reproach and vaunt, when ye gae hame, how Willie Borlan o' Caerla-

verock told ye a tale of Scottish iniquity, that cowed all the stories in southron book or history." This unexpected obstacle was soon removed. "My sage and considerate friend," I said, "I have the blood in my bosom will keep me from revealing such a tale to the scoffer and scerner. I am something of a Caerlaverock man—the grandson of Marion Stobie of Dookdub." The peasant seized my hand—"Marion Stobie! bonnie Marion Stobie o' Dookdub—whom I wooed sae sair, and loved sae lang!—Man, I love ye for her sake, and well was it for her braw English bridegroom, that William Borlan—frail and faded now—but strong, and in manhood then, was a thousand miles from Caerlaverock, rolling on the salt sea, when she was bridged:—ye have the glance of her ee,—I could ken't yet amang ten thousand, gray as my head is. I shall tell the grandson of bonnie Marion Stobie ony tale he likes to ask for; and the Story of the Ghost and the Gowd Casket shall be foremost."

"You may imagine, then," said the old Caerlaverock peasant, rising at once with the commencement of his story from his native dialect into very passable English—"you may imagine these ruined walls raised again in their beauty—whitened, and covered with a coating of green broom; that garden, now desolate, filled with herbs in their season, and with flowers, hemmed round with a fence of cherry and plum-trees; and the whole possessed by a young fisherman, who won a fair subsistence for his wife and children, from the waters of the Solway sea: you may imagine it, too, as far from the present time as fifty years.—There are only two persons living now, who remember when the Bonne-Homme-Richard, the first ship ever Richard Faulder commanded, was wrecked on the Pellock-sand—one of these persons now addresses you—the other is the fisherman who once owned that cottage—whose name ought never to be named, and whose life seems lengthened as a warning to the earth, how fierce God's judgments are.—Life changes—all breathing things have their time and their season;—but the Solway flows in the same beauty—Criffel rises in the same majesty—the light of morning comes, and the full moon

arises now, as they did then—but this moralizing matters little. It was about the middle of harvest—I remember the day well—it had been sultry and suffocating, accompanied by rushings of wind,—sudden convulsions of the water, and cloudings of the sun:—I heard my father sigh, and say, 'dool—dool to them found on the deep sea to-night—there will happen strong storm and fearful tempest.' The day closed, and the moon came over Skiddaw: all was perfectly clear and still—frequent dashings and whirling agitations of the sea were soon heard mingling with the hasty clang of the water-fowls' wings, as they forsook the waves, and sought shelter among the hollows of the rocks. The storm was nigh. The sky darkened down at once—clap after clap of thunder followed, and lightning flashed so vividly, and so frequent, that the wide and agitated expanse of Solway was visible from side to side—from St. Bees to Barnhourie. A very heavy rain, mingled with hail, succeeded; and a wind accompanied it, so fierce, and so high, that the white foam of the sea was showered as thick as snow on the summit of Caerlaverock Castle. Through this perilous sea, and amid this darkness and tempest, a bark was observed coming swiftly down the middle of the sea—her sails rent—and her decks crowded with people. The carry, as it is called, of the tempest was direct from St. Bees to Caerlaverock; and experienced swains could see that the bark would be driven full on the fatal shoals of the Scottish side—but the lightning was so fierce that few dared venture to look on the approaching vessel, or take measures for endeavouring to preserve the lives of the unfortunate mariners. My father stood on the threshold of his door, and beheld all that passed in the bosom of the sea. The bark approached fast—her canvas rent to threads, her masts nearly levelled with the deck, and the sea foaming over her so deep, and so strong, as to threaten to sweep the remains of her crew from the little refuge the broken masts and splintered beams still afforded them. She now seemed within half a mile of the shore, when a strong flash of lightning, that appeared to hang over the bark for a moment,

showed the figure of a lady, richly dressed, clinging to a youth who was pressing her to his bosom. My father exclaimed, 'Saddle me my black horse, and saddle me my gray, and bring them down to the Dead man's bank'—and swift in action as he was in resolve, he hastened to the shore, his servants following with his horses. The shore of Solway presented then, as it does now, the same varying line of coast—and the house of my father stood in the bosom of a little bay, nearly a mile from where we sit. The remains of an old forest interposed between the bay at Deadman's bank, and the bay at our feet; and mariners had learnt to wish that if it were their doom to be wrecked, it might be in the bay of douce William Borlan, rather than that of Gilbert Gyrape, the proprietor of that ruined cottage. But human wishes are vanities, wished either by sea or land.—I have heard my father say he could never forget the cries of the mariners, as the bark smote on the Pellock-bank, and the flood rushed through the chasms made by the

concussion—but he would far less forget the agony of a lady—the loveliest that could be looked upon, and the calm and affectionate courage of the young man who supported her, and endeavoured to save her from destruction. Richard Faulder, the only man who survived, has often sat at my fire side, and sung me a very rude, but a very moving ballad, which he made on this accomplished and unhappy pair; and the old mariner assured me he had only added rhymes, and a descriptive line or two, to the language in which Sir William Musgrave endeavoured to soothe and support his wife."

It seemed a thing truly singular, that at this very moment two young fishermen, who sat on the margin of the sea below us, watching their halve-nets, should sing, and with much sweetness, the very song the old man had described. They warbled verse and verse alternately—and rock and bay seemed to retain, and then release the sound.—Nothing is so sweet as a song by the sea-side on a tranquil evening.

SIR WILLIAM MUSGRAVE.

First Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, why do you weep?
Though the wind be loosed on the raging deep,
Though the heaven be mirker, than mirk may be,
And our frail bark ships a fearful sea,—
Yet thou art safe—as on that sweet night
When our bridal candles gleamed far and bright."—
There came a shriek, and there came a sound,
And the Solway roared, and the ship spun round.

Second Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, why do you cry?
Though the waves be flashing top-mast high,
Though our frail bark yields to the dashing brine,
And heaven and earth show no saving sign,
There is one who comes in the time of need,
And curbs the waves as we curb a steed"—
The lightning came with the whirlwind blast,
And cleaved the prow, and smote down the mast.

First Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, weep not, nor wail,
Though the sea runs howe as Dalswinton vale,
Then flashes high as Barnhourie brave,
And yawns for thee, like the yearning grave—
Though 'twixt thee and the ravening flood
There is but my arm, and this splintering wood,
The fell quicksand, or the famish'd brine,
Can ne'er harm a face so fair as thine.

Both.

"O lady, lady, be bold and brave,
 Spread thy white breast to the fearful wave
 And cling to me, with that white right hand,
 And I'll set thee safe on the good dry land."—
 A lightning flash on the shallop strook,
 The Solway roar'd, and Caerlaverock shook,
 From the sinking ship there were shriekings cast,
 That were heard above the tempest's blast.—

The young fishermen having concluded their song, my companion proceeded—"The lightning still flashed vivid and fast, and the storm raged with unabated fury; for between the ship and the shore, the sea broke in frightful undulation, and leaped on the green-sward several fathoms deep abreast. My father mounted on one horse, and holding another in his hand, stood prepared to give all the aid that a brave man could, to the unhappy mariners; but neither horse nor man could endure the onset of that tremendous surge. The bark bore for a time the fury of the element—but a strong eastern wind came suddenly upon her, and, crushing her between the wave and the freestone bank, drove her from the entrance of my father's little bay towards the dwelling of Gibbie Gyrape, and the thick forest intervening, she was out of sight in a moment. My father saw, for the last time, the lady and her husband looking shoreward from the side of the vessel, as she drifted along; and as he galloped round the head of the forest, he heard for the last time the outcry of some, and the wail and intercession of others.—When he came before the fisherman's house, a fearful sight presented itself—the ship, dashed to atoms, covered the shore with its wreck, and with the bodies of the mariners—not a living soul escaped, save Richard Faulder, whom the fiend who guides the spectre-shallop of Solway had rendered proof to perils on the deep. The fisherman himself came suddenly from his cottage, all dripping and drenched, and my father addressed him.—'O, Gilbert, Gilbert, what a fearful sight is this—has heaven blessed thee with making thee the means of saving a human soul?'—'Nor soul nor body have I saved,' said the fisherman, doggedly: 'I have done my best—the storm proved too stark, and the lightning too fierce for me—their boat alone came near

with a lady and a casket of gold—but she was swallowed up with the surge.' My father confessed afterwards, that he was touched with the tone in which these words were delivered, and made answer, 'If thou hast done thy best to save souls to-night, a bright reward will be thine—if thou hast been fonder for gain than for working the mariners' redemption, thou hast much to answer for.'—As he uttered these words, an immense wave rolled landward as far as the place where they stood—it almost left its foam on their faces, and suddenly receding, deposited at their feet the dead body of the lady. As my father lifted her in his arms, he observed that the jewels which had adorned her hair, at that time worn long—had been forcibly rent away—the diamonds and gold that enclosed her neck, and ornamented the bosom of her rich satin dress, had been torn off—the rings removed from her fingers—and on her neck, lately so lily-white and pure, there appeared the marks of hands—not laid there in love and gentleness, but with a fierce and deadly grasp. The lady was buried with the body of her husband, side by side, in Caerlaverock burial-ground. My father never openly accused Gilbert the fisherman of having murdered the lady for her riches as she reached the shore, preserved, as was supposed, from sinking, by her long, wide, and stiff satin robes—but from that hour till the hour of his death, my father never broke bread with him—never shook him or his by the hand—nor spoke with them in wrath or in love. The fisherman, from that time too, waxed rich and prosperous—and from being the needy proprietor of a halve-net, and the tenant at will of a rude cottage, he became, by purchase, lord of a handsome inheritance—proceeded to build a bonny mansion, and called it Gyrape-ha'; and became a leading man in a flock of a purer kind of

Presbyterians—and a precept and example to the community.

“ Though the portioner of Gyra-pe-ha’ prospered wondrously—his claims to parochial distinction, and the continuance of his fortune, were treated with scorn by many, and with doubt by all: though nothing open or direct was said—looks, more cutting at times than the keenest speech, and actions, still more expressive, showed that the hearts of honest men were alienated—the cause was left to his own interpretation. The peasant scrupled to become his servant—sailors hesitated to receive his grain on board, lest perils should find them on the deep—the beggar ceased to solicit an *aumous*—the drover, and horse couper, an unscrupling generation, found out a more distant mode of concluding bargains than by shaking his hand—his daughters, handsome and blue-eyed, were neither wooed nor married—no maiden would hold tryst with his sons—though maidens were then as little loth as they are now; and the aged peasant, as he passed his new mansion, would shake his head and say—‘ The voice of spilt blood will be lifted up against thee—and a spirit shall come up from the waters will make the corner-stone of thy habitation tremble and quake.’ It happened, during the summer which succeeded this unfortunate shipwreck, that I accompanied my father to the Solway, to examine his nets. It was near midnight—the tide was making, and I sat down by his side and watched the coming of the waters. The shore was glittering in star-light as far as the eye could reach. Gilbert, the fisherman, had that morning removed from his cottage to his new mansion—the former was, therefore, untenanted; and the latter, from its vantage ground on the crest of the hill, threw down to us the sound of mirth, and music, and dancing—a revelry common in Scotland, on taking possession of a new house. As we lay quietly looking on the swelling sea, and observing the water-fowl swimming and ducking in the encreasing waters, the sound of the merriment became more audible. My father listened to the mirth—looked to the sea—looked to the deserted cottage, and then to the new mansion, and said: ‘ My son, I have a counsel to

give thee—treasure it in thy heart, and practise it in thy life—the daughters of *him* of Gyra-pe-ha’ are fair, and have an eye that would wile away the wits of the wisest—their father has wealth—I say nought of the way he came by it—they will have golden portions doubtless. But I would rather lay thy head beneath the gowans in Caerlaverock kirk-yard, and son have I none beside thee, than see thee lay it on the bridal pillow with the begotten of that man, though she had Nithsdale for her dowry. Let not my words be as seed sown on the ocean—I may not now tell thee why this warning is given.—Before that fatal shipwreck, I would have said Prudence Gyra-pe, in her kirtle, was a better bride than some who have golden dowers. I have long thought some one would see a sight—and often, while holding my halve-net in the midnight tide, have I looked for something to appear—for where blood is shed there doth the spirit haunt for a time, and give warning to man. May I be strengthened to endure the sight!’ I answered not—being accustomed to regard my father’s counsel as a matter not to be debated—as a solemn command: we heard something like the rustling of wings on the water—accompanied by a slight curling motion of the tide. ‘ God haud his right-hand about us!’ said my father, breathing thick with emotion and awe, and looking on the sea with a gaze so intense that his eyes seemed to dilate, and the hair of his forehead to project forward, and bristle into life.—I looked, but observed nothing, save a long line of thin and quivering light, dancing along the surface of the sea: it ascended the bank, on which it seemed to linger for a moment, and then entering the fisherman’s cottage, made roof and rafter gleam with a sudden illumination. ‘ I’ll tell thee what, Gibbie Gyra-pe,’ said my father, ‘ I wouldna be the owner of thy heart, and the proprietor of thy right-hand, for all the treasures in earth and ocean.’—A loud and piercing scream from the cottage made us thrill with fear, and in a moment the figures of three human beings rushed into the open air, and ran towards us with a swiftness which supernatural dread alone could inspire. We instantly knew them to be three noted smug-

glers, who infested the country; and rallying when they found my father maintain his ground, they thus mingled their fears and the secrets of their trade—for terror fairly overpowered their habitual caution. ‘I vow by the night-tide, and the crooked timber,’ said Willie Weethause, ‘I never beheld sic a light as yon since our distillation pipe took fire, and made a burnt, instead of a drink-offering of our spirits—I’ll uphold it comes for nae good—a warning may be—sae ye may gang on, Wattie Bouseaway, wi’ yere wickedness—as for me, I’se gae hame and repent.’—‘Saulless bodie!’ said his companion, whose natural hardihood was considerably supported by his communion with the brandy cup—‘Saulless bodie, for a flaff o’ fire and a maiden’s shadow would ye forswear the gallant trade. Saul to gude! but auld Miller Morison shall turn yere thraffle into a drain-pipe to wyse the waste water from his mill, if ye turn back now, and help us nae through with as strong an importation as ever cheered the throat and cheeped on the crapin.—Confound the fizzenless bodie! he glowers as, if this fine starlight were something frae the warst side of the world, and thae staring e’en o’ his are busy shaping heaven’s sweetest and balmiest air into the figures of wraiths and goblins.’—‘Robin Telfer,’ said my father, addressing the third smuggler, ‘tell me nought of the secrets of your perilous craft—but tell me what you have seen, and why ye uttered that fearful scream, that made the wood-doves start from Caerlaverock pines.’ ‘I’ll tell ye what, goodman,’ said the mariner, ‘I have seen the fires o’ heaven running as thick along the sky, and on the surface of the ocean, as ye ever saw the blaze on a bowl o’ punch at a merrymaking, and neither quaked nor screamed; but ye’ll mind the light that came to that cottage to-night was one for some fearful purport, which let the wise expound; sae it lessened nae one’s courage to quail for sic an apparition. Od! if I thought living soul would ever make the start I gied an up-cast to me, I’d drill his breast-bane wi’ my dirk like a turnip lanthorn.’ My father mollified the wrath of this maritime desperado, by assuring him, he beheld the light go from the sea to the cottage, and that he shook

with terror, for it seemed no common light. ‘Ou, God! then,’ said hopeful Robin, ‘since it was one o’ our ain cannie sea-apparitions I care less about it—I took it for some landward sprite! and now I think on’t, where were my een? did it no stand amang its ain light, with its long hanks of hair dripping, and drenched; with a casket of gold in ae hand, and the other guarding its throat. I’ll be bound it’s the ghost o’ some sonsie lass that has had her neck nipped for her gold—and had she stayed till I emptied the bicker o’ brandy, I would have ask’d a cannie question or twae.’ Willie Weethause had now fairly overcome his consternation, and began to feel all his love for the gallant trade, as his comrade called it, return. ‘The tide serves, lads! the tide serves—let us slip our drape o’ brandy into the bit bonnie boat, and tottle away amang the sweet starlight as far as the Kingholm or the town quarry—ye ken we have to meet Bailie Gardevine, and laird Soukaway o’ Ladlemouth.’—They returned, not without hesitation and fear, to the old cottage; carried their brandy to the boat; and as my father and I went home, we heard the dipping of their oars in the Nith, along the banks of which they sold their liquor, and told their tale of fear, magnifying its horror at every step, and introducing abundance of variations.

“The story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, flew over the country side with all its variations, and with many comments: some said they saw her, and some thought they saw her appear again—and those who had the hardihood to keep watch on the beach at midnight, had their tales to tell of terrible lights and strange visions. With one who delighted in the marvellous, the spectre was decked in attributes that made the circle of auditors tighten round the hearth; while others, who allowed to a ghost only a certain quantity of thin air to clothe itself in, reduced it in their description to a very unpoeitic shadow, or a kind of better sort of will-o’-the-wisp, that could for its own amusement counterfeit the human shape. There were many who, like my father, beheld the singular illumination appear at midnight on the coast; saw also something sailing along with it in the form of a lady in

bright garments, her hair long and wet, and shining in diamonds—and heard a struggle, and the shriek as of a creature drowning. The belief of the peasantry did not long confine the apparition to the sea coast—it was seen sometimes late at night far inland, and following Gilbert the fisherman,—like a human shadow—like a pure light—like a white garment—and often in the shape, and with the attributes, in which it disturbed the carousal of the smugglers. I heard douce Thomas Haining,—a God-fearing man, and an elder of the Burgher congregation, and on whose word I could well lippen, when drink was kept from his head,—I heard him say that as he rode home late from the Roodfair of Dumfries—the night was dark, there lay a dusting of snow on the ground, and no one appeared on the road but himself,—he was lilting and singing the cannie end of the auld sang, “There’s a cuttie stool in our Kirk,”—which was made on some foolish quean’s misfortune, when he heard the sound of horses’ feet behind him at full gallop, and ere he could look round, who should flee past, urging his horse with whip and spur, but Gilbert the Fisherman! ‘Little wonder that he galloped,’ said the elder, ‘for a fearful form hovered around him, making many a clutch at him, and with every clutch uttering a shriek most piercing to hear.’ But why should I make a long story of a common tale? The curse of spilt blood fell on him, and on his children, and on all he possessed—his sons and daughters died—his flocks perished—his grain grew, but never filled the ear; and fire came from heaven, or rose from hell, and consumed his house, and all that was therein. He is now a man of ninety years—a fugitive and a vagabond on the earth—without a house to put his white head in—with the unexpiated curse still clinging to him.”

While my companion was making this summary of human wretchedness, I observed the figure of a man, stooping to the earth with extreme age, gliding through among the bushes of the ruined cottage, and approaching the advancing tide. He wore a loose great coat, patched to the ground, and fastened round his waist by a belt and buckle,—the remains of stockings and shoes were on

his feet—a kind of fisherman’s cap surmounted some remaining white hairs, while a long peeled stick supported him as he went. My companion gave an involuntary shudder when he saw him—“Lo, and behold, now, here comes Gilbert the Fisherman—once every twenty-four hours doth he come, let the wind and the rain be as they will, to the nightly tide, to work o’er again, in imagination, his auld tragedy of unrighteousness. See how he waves his hand, as if he welcomed some one from sea—he raises his voice too, as if something in the water required his counsel—and see how he dashes up to the middle, and grapples with the water as if he clutched a human being.”—I looked on the old man, and heard him call in a hollow and broken voice; “O hoy! the ship, O hoy,—turn your boat’s head ashore—and my bonnie lady, keep haud o’ yere casket—Hech bet! that wave would have sunk a three decker, let be a slender boat—see—see an’ she binna sailing aboon the water like a wild swan;”—and, wading deeper in the tide as he spoke, he seemed to clutch at something with both hands, and struggle with it in the water—“Na! na! dinna haud your white hands to me—ye wear owre mickle gowd in your hair, and o’er many diamonds on your bosom, to ’scape drowning. There’s as mickle gowd in this casket as would have sunk thee seventy fathom deep.” And he continued to hold his hands under the water—muttering all the while.—“She’s half gane now—and I’ll be a braw laird, and build a bonnie house, and gang crouselly to kirk and market—now I may let the waves work their will—my work will be ta’en for theirs.”—He turned to wade to the shore, but a large and heavy wave came full dash on him, and bore him off his feet, and ere any assistance reached him, all human aid was too late—for nature was so exhausted with the fulness of years, and with his exertions, that a spoonful of water would have drowned him. The body of this miserable old man was interred, after some opposition from the peasantry, beneath the wall of the kirk-yard; and from that time, the Ghost with the Golden Casket was seen no more, and only continued to haunt the evening tale of the hind and the farmer.

Lammerlea, Cumberland.

EPISTLE TO ELIA,

Suggested by his Essay, "molle atque facetum," on New Year's Eve.

I WOULD, that eye to eye it were my lot
To sit with thee, the chafing world forgot ;
While the "grape's uncheck'd virtue" * in the cup
"Moved itself right," and as the hearth blazed up,
Ruddying our cheeks, thy witty eloquence
Threw brighter sparkles forth than sparkled thence.
Such midnights in our beings are inwrought ;
Less meant for present bliss than after-thought.
True, they are past—while we laugh on, they fly :
The morning moon has faded from the sky,
While at our supper-board, (no *Circe's* sty,
But where old *Horace* might have sate and told
His panic at *Philippi*,) we unfold
The heart's recesses : to our pillows then,
And the sun finds us mix'd with common men.
But this brief night remains ; a thing to tell
And re-enjoy ; a mirth-provoking spell
To call up sympathies in other hours,
And waken joyous laughs in distant bowers.

"But then *the grave* !—the green lanes, quiet streets,
Grape-juice, the savour of delicious meats,
The eye-beam's gladdening interchange, the smile,
Books, folios yet uncut (alas, the while !)
There is an end of these—of these and all :
The *man* survives not his own funeral ;
But a strange phoenix, nay, a goblin-self
Peeps from the shell ; a hollow-whistling elf,
Cold as a moon-beam ; sitting on a cloud,
Of which it seems a part ; a ghost ; a shroud ;
Raw thought ; mind nakedly intuitive :
Is this *to be* ?—to be A MAN ?—to *live* ?"—

No—but we like not this same cyprus stole
Wherewith thou dizenest out the future soul :
That soul is *human*—*Elia*, nor disjoin'd
From an organic mould : not formless mind,
But spiritual form : 'tis not our thought,
But our whole self in finer substance wrought :
Not a mere shadow ; a poor conscious name ;
But the identical and feeling *same*.
As well remain a clay-commingling clod,
As mix with *Ægypt's* old esoteric god,
Soul of the universe, and fleeting wide
Be all divine, yet unidentified ;
Or, like the spectral *lemures* of Rome,
Err from the confines of our loathed home.

Was it for this the MAN of CALVARY stood,
Touch'd, handled, seen again by flesh and blood ?
Or that the grave shall heave, the marble rive,
The dry bones shake, the dead stand forth alive ?—
The change that takes them shall but re-create,
Shall superadd, but not annihilate ;
Raise us to height above this mortal span,
The perfect stature of a heavenly MAN.

* John Woodvil, a tragedy : Act III.

The hand that made us,—has it lost its skill?
 The Power that bless'd us,—has he lost the will?
 The same that call'd the Patriarch to his feast
 Of air, sea, earth,—his bounty hath not ceas'd
 With this breath's gasp:—the friends that call'd us dear
 Have join'd in fresh carousals; dried the tear
 Superfluous, or impertinent:—Forgot
 We moulder; tomb-stoned, and remember'd not:
 Yet is there ONE to whom we are not lost—
 Though in flames wasted, or by billows tost;
 Who spreads the *mausoleum of his sky
 O'er those—to whom their kind a tomb deny;
 Holds them more precious than his brightest star,
 Marks their strown dust, and gathers it from far.
 Yea, there is ONE, whose never-sleeping eye
 Pierces the swathing-clay wherein we lie,
 The chrysalis of *man*: and forth we spring,
 On no ethereal metaphysic wing;
 A body glorified, but not disguised;
 Angelical, but not unhumanized.
 The *creature*, that had the CREATOR's seal
 Imprest upon him; that with plastic zeal
 Soften'd the marble into flesh; could give
 To canvas tinted glory, and bid live
 The faces of the dead; or skilfully
 In dwellings match the geometric bee,
 And beautify the space of earth with piles
 Cloud-piercing, and eternal as the isles;
 Is *such* a creature goblin-changed? a sprite
 Like th' antick ghostly crew, that cross'd the sight
 Of *Rip van Winkel*† in the mountain glen,
 Playing at thundering bowls in guise of men,
 Close jerkin and protuberant hose, with mirth
 Starch'd, dumpish, queer, that smack'd not of this earth;
 Staring and speechless, with lack-lustre eye,
 An uncouth pageant of dull gramarye?
 Or prim as key-stone *angels*, perch'd aloof,
 With Atlas palms up-propping th' old church-roof,
 Rouged, hatted, peruqued, sleeved, with cravat laced,
 Girt nathless with a pair of wings, (such taste
 And orthodoxy th' elder carvers graced,)
 Each smirking at his like? No, never dream it:
 If thou but think this error, O redeem it.
 The same, that shadow'd the green leafy dells,
 And gave them music sweeter than *thy bells*,
 Has furnish'd out thy heaven, by the sweet name
 Of *Paradise*. And thou, too, art the same:
 The soul that revell'd in thy *Burton's* page
 Shall be alive with thee; the bard and sage
 Thou lovedst here, they wait but thy arrival;
 Thy death shall be a sleep, a self-survival.
 Yea—thou shalt stand in pause, when thou hast set
 Thy foot upon heaven's threshold, and beget
 Effaced remembrances of forms and times,
 Greetings and partings, in these earthly climes:
 And there shall come a rush upón thy brain
 Of recollected voices, a sweet pain

* *Cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.*—Lucan. *Phars.* 7. 819.

† See "a posthumous writing" of *Knickerbocker*, in the "*Sketch-book*."

Of sudden recognition ; gentle stealings
Of waken'd memory—deep, voluptuous feelings,
Pressures, and kisses, that shall make thee start
At thy own consciousness, and own, *THOU art!*—

Shalt thou, ingenuous *Elia!* do this wrong
To one who merits frankincense and song?
Art thou of those whom the quaint bard, yet sage,
Much slander'd *Quarles*, portrays in mystic page,
Batavian souls, wing'd infant *frows*, well hoop'd,
With frill'd skull-cap, well boddiced, and well loop'd ;
One in a skeleton's ribb'd hollow coop'd ;
One to the low earth leg-lock'd, fain to fly ;
One striking at its void rotundity
With bended finger, and astonied listening
The tinkling echo, with eyes vacant-glistening ?
Thou art not of them—I forgiveness crave ;
For him, the friendly *ANGEL OF THE GRAVE*.
His robe is white as fleeces of the flocks ;
The evergreen entwines his raven locks :
There is a quiet in that brow serene
That mocks the sleeping infant's calmest mien ;
The mystery of stillness !—all is there
Soft, pure, seraphic, tender, touching, fair.
A crystal light melts from his fringed eyes
Like gleams, o'er mountain tops, of morning skies :
He hath a voice that makes the hearer mute,
Low, liquid, lulling, like a midnight flute :
The phial in his hand is not of wrath,
But dropping balm'd elixirs in thy path :
The tears he draws are medicinal tears,
That from the pillow steal remorseful fears ;
That wash the stains of custom and foul sin
Away. Through chinks of thought light enters in,
Light from the east ; and we look up, and earth
Shows like a den : we strive for second birth,
And fain would spring to those that died before ;
Wading, with *CHRISTIAN*, the deep river o'er,
That seems to deepen, to the enlarging shore,
Where stand *two shining ones* : while troops of light,
As arm-link'd friends, are seen on Zion's height,
Threading the pearly gates and streets of chrysolite.
The viper, which thou fanciest, is the bold
And beauteous serpent, streak'd with emerald, jet, and gold ;
His slough is in the brake, his colours in the sun :
Nay—these are diamond sands that in thy hour-glass run ;
They glisten with the jewel's lasting dew ;
Joys lent to time, not lost ; and others new,
That, like that serpent orb'd, shall still themselves pursue.
The feasts, at which thou sitt'st, shall still be shared
By such as thou dost value ; and unscared
By hooded griefs, that “ push us from our stools,”
Unsoured by knaves and unprofaned by fools.
Thou shalt be human still ; and thou shalt be
(Thine eyes then clear'd with Eden's euphrasy)
Within the sight and touch of him who told
The tale our babes now read ; Ulysses old
Ploughing with homeward keel romantic seas ;
Whether, indeed, blind *Melesigenes*
Greet thee, or bards to whom alike belongs
That hoar abstraction of Troy's scatter'd songs :

And thou shalt hail that prophet of his kind,
Shakspeare, the man of multitudinous mind :
 And she, to thee first lovely and first fair,
 Thy *Alice*—she, thy *Alice*, shall be there ;
 A woman still, though pure from mortal leaven,
 And warm as love, though blushing all of heaven.

OLEN.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

No. III.

[OUR last Number contained the description of a visit to Mount Vesuvius, from the pen of our entertaining travellers, which forms a little episode in the history of their adventures. In the following pages, the narrative is continued from the close of their first communication.]

WE left you, in a former letter,* on the shores of the *Lago Maggiore*; and we now pursue our journey. The boats on the lake are flat bottomed, and curiously covered, to defend passengers from sun and rain, by a canvass awning supported on a sort of hurdle: the one we hired for our little expedition we found particularly convenient, being furnished with chairs and a table.

When we put off from shore, thick, misty, rain-clouds lay upon the mountains, and on all the scenery skirting the lake: but ere we had proceeded far, some fine glances of sunshine began partially to dissipate the obscurity, and we saw, at intervals, the snow shining on the rugged Alps; and the pretty white towns of Fariolo, Intra, and Palanza, beaming across the tranquil waters, and seeming as though they were built on a narrow ridge between the lake and the mountains.

The first of the *Isole Borromei* that we reached, was the *Isola dei Pescatori*: it is low, and very small, and covered with a little town of fishermen. We did not descend here, but were struck by the beautiful effect of some pensile willows, which, at one end of the island, dip elegantly into the water.

The *Isola Bella*, the most important of the islands, lies at a short distance farther up the lake: just as we reached it, a heavy shower of rain began to fall. We entered the island by a magnificent flight of marble

steps, and presently took refuge in a miserable hovel, serving as an inn. We here refreshed ourselves in the midst of a strange picturesque group of fishermen, whose dialect, even to our *patois*-exercised ears, was almost incomprehensible; we then repaired to the *Palazzo* of the Count of Borromeo, which, with its gardens and terraces, covers all the island, except a little corner, where about six hundred people, composed of fishermen, gardeners, and labourers, on the establishment, with their families, contrive to live.

In the palace we found the usual lofty and spacious *salle* and *gallerie*; the usual long succession of great rooms, and want of passages, and privacy (which must naturally ensue from such a distribution of apartments, where almost every room is an indispensable passage to some others); the usual painted ceilings and marble floors, the large windows, and gilt folding doors, and the general want of furniture and convenience.

The little furniture we saw seemed more than coeval with the edifice: its gilding was all tarnished, and the silks and satins stained and dirty; even the bed rooms of the family were in the same state. As we returned through these great deserted apartments, and felt the coolness and dampness of the air, we could not help thinking that it was not a comfortable place—had we, however, visited it during the heats of August, we should, without doubt, have found

* April, 1821, Vol. III. p. 395.

it an agreeable residence ; and it was built for a summer abode. The pictures, which seemed to be numerous, and had been hung throughout the rooms, were unfortunately huddled together on the floor of a hall, as a picture gallery was preparing to receive them. We saw a few pieces of merit, particularly some cabinet pictures. The old *custode* took us with great reverence to observe the portraits of the noble line of the Borromeo family : among them were several cardinals, glaring in their red drapery ; and some generals and courtiers, looking grim in armour and ruffs. He was very sorry that he could not show us the picture of a relation of the family, who had absolutely been *pope* !

We were informed that the family generally spend some of the summer months on the lake. The present Count resides principally at Milan ; and though comparatively rich, possesses but a small portion of the wealth, and immense power and importance of his ancestors. He has not, like them, twelve strong castles in his hands, and the whole of the *Lago Maggiore*, and great part of the surrounding country under his signiory ; he cannot, like them, make wars and treaties on his own account, but, like the rest of the Italian nobility, is obliged to crouch to a foreign occupant, and make a pageant figure in a foreign court, in order to preserve the skeleton of the possessions of his forefathers.

When we had seen the *appartamento nobile*, we were conducted to a suite of small rooms beneath, which are curiously fitted up for enjoying cool air in summer : one room was ingeniously formed into a marine grotto, entirely covered with small shells ; another was lined (floor, walls, and roof,) with a pretty mosaic, composed of simple, dark coloured stones of about the size of a nut : the latter was new to us, and had a neat effect. The statues contained in them are of no great value.

From the house we passed into the gardens, and as the weather had cleared up, we leisurely examined those curious places : we found them almost entirely laid out on hollow terraces, raised at an immense labour and expence, but except their Babylonish oddness, we saw little in them

to admire. We are particularly fastidious about seeing fine trees deprived of the beautiful forms which nature gave them, and cropped into lions and eagles ; and we have no taste for marble balustrades, long straight walks, and terrace raised above terrace, lined with hideous statuary, each monster contending with his fellow for pre-eminence in deformity.

In the garden we saw two laurel trees of immense size, and great beauty : we eagerly asked upon which of them Bonaparte had written, (as we had been told that extraordinary man had cut out the word *Battaglia* on one of them, a few days before the battle of Marengo.) Our guide, who was the head gardener, answered, that many foreigners had asked him the same question ; but that although he had been many years in his situation, he had never seen any other sign of such an inscription than a straight cut in the bark of the laurel to the right of the path on descending, which he showed us, and we found it to bear very unsatisfactory evidence indeed. We saw in the palace, not without interest, the room where Bonaparte had slept.

From the most elevated of the terraces we had a sublime view. It was three parts closed in by the Alps. We saw the ten thousand years snow of the distant Monte Rosa ; the fine, clear lake, stretching in one direction far out of sight, towards Milan, and in the other, penetrating in a deep nook towards Lugano, and the mountains of the Swiss Canton of Tesino : we observed its fine sweeping shores, and the romantic towns with which at frequent intervals they were covered, and a thousand beautiful objects and combinations which remain glowing pictures in our memories and in our hearts, but which we can never hope to see described, either by pen or pencil.

While standing there, our guide made us observe the strange noise produced by stamping on the marble pavement : we were near a grated hole, and the report of his foot-beat, rolling like peals of thunder in the vaults below, came through it to our ears.

Our guide next took us to see the foundations of the gardens and terraces—the supporters of the air-hung

fabrie. A labyrinth of vaults, divided by tremendously thick walls, and cut by huge pillars and beams, presented a curious *tout-ensemble*. When we entered into one of these vaults, to observe the secrets of the construction, a great number of bats and other night-loving fowls flitting out suddenly, quite startled us. We did not disturb them long, but when we quitted the vault, we stood a minute by a grate to watch them repairing to their nooks, with ghostly silence and celerity.

On quitting the gardens, a good-looking woman presented us with some flowers: this classical way of begging reminded us of being in Italy.

When we got into the boat, we found the lake rough, and the wind very high; but the weather had cleared up, the sun shone brightly, and brought out many beautiful objects we had not seen before. As we rowed away, we looked back on the *Isola Bella*, which, as its name imports, assumes the superiority of the islands: it seemed, however, to us, rather a curious, than a beautiful object; displaying much more cost than taste. A fine building in that position might produce a good effect; but the palace is in a bad, or rather in no style of architecture. In the two ends of Italy there is no good architecture: in Piedmont, it is in as low a state as in Lombardy; and in Naples, at the southern end, it is still worse.

The *Isola Madre*, which is a considerable distance from the *Isola Bella*, and situated not far from the shore, off the town of Palanza, struck us as we approached it, by its picturesque air: a small white *palazzo* appeared through a little forest, still green and in full leaf—a summer house just peeped through festooned vines and dwarf cypresses:—the whole was so fresh, so verdant, so secluded, as to present a realization of the *beau-ideal* of a summer retreat.

The *Isola di San Giovanni*, which lies very near, we found pretty, but nothing equal to the *Isola Madre*: it has too much building, and too little of green trees and shady bowers.

All these islands were spots of pleasure and amusement (*luoghi di delizia*) of the Borromeo family. They are all *bijour*, but the *Isola Madre* is the one we should choose for

a few months' retirement: it is exactly the place we have frequently dreamed about in our romantic days—a little span of an island, in a clear blue lake, with a neat house, through whose casements, putting aside with careful hand the "gadding vine," we might look over a beautiful sheet of water, and a fine country, and see the eternal Alps closing in the scene. How pleasant a nook to "loiter life away in."

While we were examining the two last islands, the wind had increased, and the lake was so rough, that our boatmen for awhile were unwilling to cross it. We ventured, notwithstanding. After a time the wind abated, and about an hour before sunset we landed safely on the opposite side, at the pretty little town of Laveno. Close on the water's edge, we found excellent quarters in a small, neat inn, which we recommend to all future perambulators, as there we were exceedingly well entertained, and passed a few hours, which we shall always esteem among the most happy of our lives.

The close of evening was delicious: the sun went down in all his majesty; the white snow of the Alps assumed its pure "rose hues;" the lake spread out into a sheet of clear purple, varied here and there with broad stripes of gilded radiance; the windows of the houses, in the towns round the shores, glittered brightly, and the walls of the buildings changed their whiteness for the warm harmonizing tints of evening. All the islands lay before us, looking more beautiful from the effects of distance, and of the season of the day: close to our left, the lake formed a small tranquil bay; and a fairy-like promontory stretched out, fringed with pleasant trees, and spread from its brow to the water edge, with a carpet of grass and flowers, all fresh and bright in consequence of the recent rains, and looking as though they had been visited by a second spring. We were standing at the window at the touching moment of "*Ave Maria*," and the deep toll of several convent bells rolled with a penetrating melancholy across the water: a party of labourers, who had been unloading a boat close by our inn, ceased from their work and muttered the "*De profundis*;" and

a few moments after, two barks went by, whose crews were singing the vesper hymn to the Virgin.

The convent bells continued their mild and sad toll; and we felt then, (as we have often felt during our voyages along the coasts of the Mediterranean) the full force of the exquisite and often quoted passage of Dante.

Era già l'ora che volge' l' disio
A' Naviganti, e'ntenerisce il core
Lo di ch'han detto a' dolci amici Addio;
E che lo nuovo peregrin d' amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore.*

As in landing at Laveno, we had entered into the dominions of another government, we were very soon called upon for our passports; these were examined with the scrupulous attention deemed necessary by the caution of Austria, which was at the moment considerably augmented by the events in the south of Italy, and the consequent fears of that power for its own possessions.

The next morning, after breakfast, we prepared to put ourselves again *en route*. Our landlord's charge, considering the excellent dinner and beds he had given us, was pretty moderate: it would no doubt have been somewhat less, had he not discovered we were Englishmen; indeed, we might have diminished it more than we did, (some deduction from an Italian inn-keeper's bill is always expected) but we were in much too good a humour "*quereller pour le sous*," and were besides in a hurry to get on our journey, having loitered until a late hour in that charming spot. At the door, we had the usual "account to settle with the sons and daughters of misery;" and found, moreover, a tall, complimentary *gen-d'-armes*, waiting for his fee for having brought back our passport.

On leaving Laveno, we immediately lost sight of the lake: the country, however, continued very fine, and the roads excellent; and here we cannot help advising travellers to deviate

from their accustomed course. From Fariolo to Milan, by the regular post road, is a dull journey, presenting little fine scenery; but if they cross the lake as we did, they may see the Borromean islands, and the lake to great advantage, and from Laveno enjoy a beautiful country all the way to Milan, having one pretty lake (Lago Varese) close on their road, with an opportunity of seeing the lake and town of Como, by going only about three quarters of a mile out of their way. As for their conveyances, (for it strikes us, very opportunely, that few travel in so primitive a manner as we did,) they may have their carriage taken across the lake for a trifle; and they will find the roads from Laveno to the capital as good as any in Italy.—But let us continue our pilgrimage.

We had proceeded about two miles, and were walking at a good pace, when a tall thin man of the country overtook us. In France and Italy, travellers (particularly pedestrians) never meet or pass one another without a little chat: our man immediately began a conversation, and as we were going the same way, he proposed walking on together. There was nothing in his appearance or behaviour, so droll and amusing as in our former friend the *Pittore*; he was, however, of some use to us—he took us to the Osteria, where the best wine was sold, and told us the names of the towns, and villages, we saw, or passed through on the road. On our expressing our admiration of the beautiful mountains about Laveno, he assured us they were vile, worthless things, "*monti maladettissimi*," producing almost nothing. "When you arrive at Milan," said he, "there you will see a beautiful country, all as flat as my hand." He wished that the waters of the lake could be drained off, because he thought a fine sheltered valley would be left.

We soon came in sight of a large sheet of water, the lake of Varese,

-
- Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

Cary's Translation.

which lies a little below the road to the right: there is a pretty secluded *paesetto* close to its shore, near which we staid some time sketching. Hence the walk of about an hour and a half brought us to the beginning of a succession of little chapels, (or rather altars) and crosses, which lined the road for a considerable distance: our companion had enough to do to touch his hat at each. Shortly after, we observed a tall hill to the left, whose ascent in all directions was covered with similar little chapels, and whose summit was crowned by a gaudy-looking church and a mass of holy edifices. This our companion let us know, with infinite reverence, was the "*Monte Sacro di Varallo*," a place for many ages highly celebrated by Catholic superstition, and enriched by popular credulity. We did not think there was motive sufficient to induce us to ascend: from the road just below, it had a strange incongruous appearance; but when we had gained some distance and looked back, its whitewash, and colouring, and gilding, glittering in the sun, had rather a pleasing effect.

All along this road we saw good finger posts, with a device that we thought pretty; on the arm, pointing along a post road, was painted a courier, galloping on horseback; and on the arm pointing to cross-country roads, a pedestrian with a stick in his hand, and a knapsack on his back—somewhat such a figure as one of us. The roads are kept in admirable order.

We did not reach Varese until four o'clock: it seemed a large busy town, and our companion, who was going to stay there, used many persuasions to induce us to stay also for that night; but we had made other determinations, from which we were not to be moved. On leaving it, an object presented itself, which was near having more effect than the eloquence of our friend; this was a play-bill, addressed to the *rispettabilissimo et coltissimo* public of Varese, informing them that the same evening would be performed, with "music and complete machinery," the sacred drama of "Adam and Eve:" we thought of the Italian farce, and of the story about Milton, and were almost inclined to stop and see this specimen of heroic poetry, and theatrical art.

We however walked about five miles onward, and at dusk got into a village, whose inn was excessively dirty and miserable; and what was worse, the hostess and her people spoke such thorough Milanese, and understood so little of any other dialect, that it was with great difficulty we settled the preliminaries of a room, beds, and supper.

The following morning we set out very early, and had walked eight or nine miles by a little after day light; we were then at the road which descends to Como, and less than another half hour brought us to the *fauxbourgs* of that ancient city. On entering the gates, we found Como crowded with *Austrian troops*. Our first care was to get breakfast: the coffee house we went into for that purpose was full of Austrian officers, all smoaking at that early hour; we were struck then, as we had been many times before, by the *gauche* and low appearance of that class. After breakfast, we went to the police with our passports, where we were detained some time; and we afterwards hurried to the Porto, to have a view and a row on the lake. We hired one of the boats, which are much superior in appearance and convenience to those of the *Lago Maggiore*.

We first visited the Villa D'Este, the residence of her Majesty, our Queen, situated on the opposite shore of the lake; we there saw several signs of her good taste and liberality. She repaired the road, leading from Como to the Villa, which had been for a long time almost impassable for carriages, though leading to a number of *Ville*, and to several villages. The people whom we saw spoke highly of her generosity and kindness, and her attention to the poor and distressed; one of the men we had with us had served her Majesty as boatman, and spoke of her with apparent gratitude and respect. The proceedings relative to her Majesty were generally known; and we heard a deal of indignation expressed against such of her people as had appeared witnesses against her, and were natives of that part of the country, or known to our interlocutors.

Our row up the lake was delightful, but we should have enjoyed it more had we not been so lately on the *Lago Maggiore*. The lake of

Como, shut in narrowly by the bases of lofty mountains, has, perhaps, too much the appearance of a river; these mountains, however, are in themselves fine objects, breaking into every variety of bold romantic shape, plentifully patched with fine woods, and speckled with picturesque church-steeple, convents, white villages, and little towns. *Monte Bisbino*, which rises immediately behind the *Villa D'Este*, is a grand object; it is wooded and spotted with buildings, almost up to its lofty peak, which is capped by a sanctuary of great reputation, where an annual *fête* is held. We were told that the Queen had once ascended to the very summit. A great number of villas stand close on the lake; and gardens and vineyards advance, almost every where, to the water's brink. In proceeding upwards, many delightful turns offer unexpectedly some agreeable variety of scenery, and a number of romantic spots present themselves on either hand.

At a village where we stopped, we heard a story that excited our indignation in no small degree. Some months since, two fishermen brought out of the lake an ancient statue; they carried it home, and some persons who could understand its merit, assured them it was valuable, and advised them to send it to Milan. While they waited an opportunity to follow this advice, some priests having heard the rumour of the affair, repaired, with the *parrochiano* at their head, to the poor men's habitation, and desired to see the statue; on its being shown them, they assured the owners that it was some heathen god or magician, and that to keep it, or give it to any Christian, would be a great crime. The statue was consequently again thrown into the lake. This *trait* may be classed with that of the Turks pounding the Grecian works of art to make mortar; and with the monks of the middle ages melting down the superb ancient bronzes to make bells for their convents. We credit it, from the authority by which we have heard it confirmed, and, because, from no short experience, we are acquainted with the ignorance of the priests in the secluded parts of Italy.

About two o'clock we left Como,

and walking through a pleasant and well-cultivated country, arrived that evening at a village about nine miles from Milan. We passed on the road a company of young German artists, who were walking into Italy to study: their appearance was rather more picturesque than our own; for they wore the cap and short frock, which is become at Rome the costume of the students of their country; their little bundles were hung at their backs in the same manner as ours, but each, instead of a common walking stick, had a long white staff in his hand.

We departed very early the next morning: we saw the small slender spire of Milan at a distance, and the number of vehicles, and the stream of carts and animals loaded with hay, vegetables, &c.—reminded us that we were approaching a great city. On our arrival at the gate, as our dusty shoes and dress, and our bundles announced us as wayfaring men, we were stopped by the Austrians on guard, and conducted to a dirty little lodge just within the gate: there our passports were taken from us, and a paper given to reclaim them at the police.

We entered Milan amidst the ringing of bells: this circumstance, and the number of shops we saw closed, and people in their holiday garb hurrying through the streets, gave us to understand that something particular was to take place. On arriving at our inn, we learned that the *fête* of *San Carlo di Borromeo* was to be celebrated in the *domo* or cathedral.

We had just time to breakfast and put ourselves in order: when we arrived at the church, we found it crowded; a fine choir was singing some divine music, which interested us deeply. At the conclusion of the music, an old bishop, adorned in all the trappings of his office, mounted a rostrum: his discourse was preceded by somewhat more than the usual *quantum* of taking off and putting on the little black skull-cap, bowing to the crucifix by the side of the pulpit, then to the altar, to the saint, and then to the people; blowing the nose, waving the handkerchief, and hemming. At length, however, he began, and in so strong a nasal tone, and with such a caricature of gesticula-

tion and manner, as almost disturbed our gravity; indeed, we think we shall never forget the strange manner in which he pronounced his inductive words, *Quando o figliuoli miei*," &c. The subject of the discourse was an eulogium on S. Carlo, and very inadequate was it for that adorable character; it was a mere "thing of shreds and patches," taken from the life of the saint, and pilaged from musty chronicles, and stale eulogies, with which the Catholic clergy have thought it expedient annually to address some of their incalculable host of saints. We observed, that a very small portion of the audience had the patience to stay and hear the oration; the far greater part dispersed when the music was finished. The discourse, though stupid, had at least the merit of being short: when it was finished, the multitude began to re-enter in crowds; we put ourselves in the living stream, and were carried by it to a grated bronze door in the left aisle of the church, which, we were informed, led down to a vault where lay the body of S. Carlo. After waiting there a few minutes the bolts were drawn from within; the door opened, a murmur was uttered by the multitude, and they rushed in. We were soon carried onward; we descended a flight of steps, and found ourselves in an illuminated chapel, to the right of which, and just under the *Altare Maggiore* of the cathedral, was a large glass case, with rich carved and gilt frame work; this case enclosed the body of the saint, lying on his back, dressed in his fine robes, with his mitre on his head, and his crosier by his side. We were soon admitted to a closer inspection; some three or four steps led up to the case, which the crowd were permitted to approach, a few at a time; we ascended in our turn, and by the strong glare of the light saw the dried face and hands of the holy man. The head seemed pretty well preserved, but still we fancied it was of a browner hue than the many bodies we have seen kept in a similar way—some of them even for a longer period. The sight of the benevolent, the pious, the devoted Carlo of Borromeo (who deserves much higher and better distinction than a place in the

Catholic calendar) lying before us, a hollow dried case, was not to be seen without emotion—there was also wherewith to promote feelings of awe and devotion in the circumstance of place, and in the deep peals of the organ in the church above, which reverberated through the vault. It was impossible, however, to maintain these long; a dapper priest caught hold of us familiarly by the arm, and told us, in a business-like manner, that we must pass on and let others see the sight. We accordingly descended the steps, and stood aside a minute or two to observe the crowd as it passed in succession before the body; the groups were motley in the extreme, and in general their behaviour was as careless and irreverend as possible—here, for example, a tittering Miss, attended by a smirking beau, hastened up the steps, had a glance, and ran down again—there a dirty, grinning mechanic, just escaped from his shop to have a peep, hurried by, and was followed, perhaps, by a scented, priggish, talkative advocate, conducting some "country cousins" to see the show,—there a group of indifferent priests was succeeded by a group of just as indifferent opera dancers—in short, we were struck by a deal of confusive noise, and idle curiosity; by a great deal that reminded us of a show at a fair, but by hardly any thing partaking of religious solemnity. We only saw the streaming eye and clasped hands of devotion in two or three miserable wretches, and a few decayed devotees.

We soon abandoned our observations, and ascending a flight of steps opposite those by which we had descended to the chapel, we found ourselves again in the cathedral. It was full of people, some repairing to the subterranean chapel, some returning thence, and others gazing round the church at a number of ill-painted pictures, representing the life of the saint.

The vulgar assert that the preservation of S. Carlo's body is the consequence of a particular miracle: the fact is, that the intervention of very little of the miraculous is required: we have seen, in the catacombs of a monastery near Palermo, the bodies of a number of monks, standing up

in niches, in quite as good preservation as S. Carlo's; and many of them have been dead as long. In the vaults of the church of *** at Naples, (in which the dead of many of the noble families of that city are deposited) we have seen bodies, some dead upwards of a hundred years, in excellent preservation.

These awful receptacles, with others in the same capital, are opened once a year, the — of September, "*Il giorno dei morti*," to the public, who flock to them as to every other sight: inscriptions, much in the style of our tomb-stones, are placed by each niche; the sombre vaults are lighted with torches and hanging lamps; the little chapels are opened; and masses are said, and fresh flowers are placed by the altar, and by the tombs. We once accompanied a lady there, who discovered several old acquaintances and relatives by their faces: she made us observe one of her uncles who had been dead many years, and she said she saw instantly the resemblance he bore to her father. It must be curious for a living being to walk through these dark galleries, and see a long line of his ancestors and friends, and mark the niche which he shall one day occupy, as mute and hollow a thing as the rest!

But to return—the want of solemnity, and even of decency, which we remarked, is not at all peculiar to this fête, or to Milan. In every city of Italy that we have visited, religious festivals are frequented (except by a small number) merely as amusive shows: we have witnessed scenes, in the cathedral at Naples, as burlesque as we ever saw in the booth of a wandering conjuror: even the famed festival of St. Peter's at Rome, has little solemn or imposing in it, except what is produced by the music, the grandeur of the edifice, and the sun-like brilliancy of the illumination.

When the crowd had dispersed, we devoted half an hour to the examination of the interior of the cathedral. It is a pity this is not finished; for, in architecture, every deficiency, however small, rivets the eye and diverts the attention; it is also curious that so very little is wanting to complete at least the

pavement, which, in its present state, is a considerable deformity. On the whole, however, the interior is grand: the lofty dome, the painted windows, the massy columns, and the long twilight aisles, produce a fine effect. We next ascended the dome and the slender spire, and were every moment struck with the absurdity of detail, and the immensity of labour and materials completely thrown away; thousands of statues are placed where no eye from below can see them; finished figures, three or four feet high, are ranged where even bold figures could produce no effect; a forest of small spires, all laboured with true Gothic minuteness, rises from the roof; the building is fretted and carved, and loaded with ornaments up to the very top; even the inside and corners of the stair-cases are sculptured—indeed there seems a quarry of marble, and a century of work, very unprofitably employed.—As we ascended the spire with two or three other curious visitors, it shook much; and we were almost alarmed when, standing on the top, we saw its narrow base, the immense height at which we were held up in the air, and felt it vibrate as we moved; it fairly seemed to nod with us.—The view which it commands is very extensive. The whole city of Milan lay at our feet; we saw the wide and fertile plain of Lombardy, so often the object of contest, and the scene of battle, irrigated by a hundred streams, and speckled by hundreds of towns and villages: on one side we perceived, afar off, the commencement of the Apennines, and on the other, the snowy heads of the distant Alps.

After our descent, we observed for awhile the exterior of the edifice. The front is the finest part: it is bold and striking, and at a little distance, in the square facing it, the minutiae and details mass well together; the grand door is spacious and noble; and the fine wide flight of steps forms a good base. Neither of the other sides is finished; scaffolding is hanging in many parts, and the deformity of detail, and lost labour which we have complained of, are very visible. The spire, seen from below, has a very grotesque appearance. What could have tempted the

architect to crown a vast massy edifice, like this, with a tall thin piece of absurdity, which seems to shake in the wind, and looks like a rod raised up for a lightning-conductor?

The works are, at present, going on very slowly; an immense deal of labour and some millions of francs would still be required to complete the edifice, of which not a few parts already exhibit marks of decay.

In the evening we went to the theatre *della Scala*, reputed the second, and by some, the first theatre on the continent: we think it inferior to its rival S. Carlo of Naples; though, to tell the truth, we could scarcely see what it was, being so exceedingly ill lighted. The audience we found disgustingly noisy and disorderly; and the singers and *corps de ballet* far inferior to the companies we had left in Naples a few months before. A number of Austrian sol-

diers were stationed in the pit during the performance.

We shall not recapitulate the journal of our stay in Milan (perhaps we have already infringed too much the plan we had prescribed): we shall only state, that we swelled with indignation before the ruins of the divine "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci—turned over some books and manuscripts in the Ambrosian library—felt some tender emotions in going through the apartments inhabited a few years ago by that veteran of literature, and most amiable of men, Giuseppe Parini, author of the beautiful and well-known poem "*Il Giorno*"—sympathized with some worthy and intellectual people, on the oppressive government of Austria, and the want of energy and virtue in the modern Italians—and visited the theatres, and public places and sights—as all travellers are in duty bound to do.

THE LAWYER:—A PICTURE.

"Ancient in phrase, mere modern in the sense."—*Popc.*

First Canto.

Oh! mortal man, whose inconsistent mind
Is ever varying, ever discontent,
If thou wouldst learn true happiness to find,
Enjoy the blessings bounteous Heaven hath lent!
Yet certes 'twas by Nature wisely meant,
Albeit possessing, man should not enjoy
Continued bliss; were the bow always bent,
The cord would break; a constant feast would cloy,
And man would loathe his life if lacking its alloy.

In London town, fast by the Thamist' side,
On pleasaunt bank of variegated lands,
Smiling betwix Sainct Clement and Sainct Bride,
Lyk moder twix her sonnes, a Tempill stands:
Here lig the sable and sagacious bands,
Whose wicked lore on ample folios shines,
Ingrost I ween by many clerkly hands,
From age to age, in long and labour'd lines;—
Of man's imperfect nature, sad, but certain signs!

In sooth, sagacious bands:—while silly strife
To other men brings sorrow, sin, and shame,
Pois'ning the purest elements of life,—
To them it yieldeth affluence and fame!
Natheless to solder broken faith they aim,
To prop the weak, and moderate the strong;
But eager in ambition's glorious game,
They reck not of the right side or the wrong,
But careless pass their hours their bokes and briefs among.

Within this Tempill stands a goodly pile
 Of buildings strong, albeit of Paper hight,
 Where, at the head of many a winding file
 Of crazy steps, there lived a merrie wight.
 A cheerful wonne it was, of aspect light,
 By massive door and double bolts secured,
 With inner valve and knocker rubb'd so bright,
 To try its power the passing hand it lured ;
 And here the live-long day this wight was close immured.

The outward room was desolate and bare,
 Save seat for roguish Clerke who entraunce gave ;
 But far within, on pompous easy-chair,
 Knee deep in papers, sate the master grave :
 He was, to weet, a fascinating knave
 As e'er charm'd men with magic of the tongue,
 For, or in open court or close conclave,
 All on his honied words with transport hung ;
 So that through England's land his fame was loudly rung.

On every side were thick-bound quartos flung,
 And lesser tomes in sheet or board of blue,
 And tape-tied trash, (as erst my master sung,
 When yon sad Castle of Delights he drew ;)
 Lackt not the saffron-back'd and dun review,
 The modern tale, the old romantic lore,
 Ne flippaunt magazine, ne pamphlet new ;
 'Mid such varietie of letter'd store,
 Save reading, you mote thinke he had to do nought more.

And all around were nicely suited shelves,
 For every size and character of boke,
 From giant folios down to pigmy twelves,
 Old, middle aged, and new,—a motley stock !—
 "Treason" upheld by "Hale," and "Crime" by "Coke,"
 "Frauds" by "The Common Law," "Crown Pleas" by "Powers,"
 The "Life of Faith" by "Hume" and "Bolingbroke ;"
 Twix "Rules" and "Precedents" plain "Practice" towers,
 And Socrates o'er all in bronzed stucco lours !

In inner chamber, hid from vulgar sight,
 Maps, globes, and instruments, confusedly lay,
 Prints, drawings, music, all in tatter'd plight,
 The still-loved studies of his youthful day ;
 Full oft, he lengthen'd visits here would pay
 To sweet remembrances of pleasures gone ;
 Here legal caution lost its icy sway,
 Here dropt the studied look, the solemn tone,
 And here his full heart spoke in language all its own.

And here each night, retired from drafts and pleas,
 He ay withdrew ; and rid of all controul,
 Scribbled in leetle boke his notes and fees ;
 Then with some mental feast refresh'd his soul :
 Then pampering scraps of wit he would unroll,
 Or on the gifted page of genius pore,
 Strike to Mozart the angel-strain'd viole,
 Or weep abandon'd Dido's sorrows o'er,
 Or Shakespeare's magic world contemplate and adore :

Ah me, the cares of man ! Dan Persius cries,—
 Dissatisfied, ambition-blinded man ;—
 From happy still to happier he flies,
 Sad cause of his first fall and Heaven's first ban !—
 When Fame to trump my hero's name began,
 He sigh'd *the Senate* as the bar to shake,
 Forsook the course he long victorious ran,
 And lost the *high* while playing higher stake ;—
 Which of another song shall subject matter make.

Second Canto.

Oh Poesie, thou sweetest, loveliest maid
 Of all who minister man's bliss below,
 Purest of mental beings, by whose aid
 Celestial transports we on earth foreknow !
 How often at thy feet my griefs I throw ;
 How well I love, but ah ! how worthlessly,
 These trickling witnesses too soothly show,
 When from a world I little love, I flee,
 To one all flowers and sun-shine, form'd, sweet maid, by thee.

I woo thee not for fame or filthy gain,
 I seek thee not in *schools* of modern date,
 I disavow thee 'mong the critic train,
 Who, as their factions dictate, love or hate ;
 In solitude I sue thee, ear' and late,
 On native mountain or in kindred glade ;
 No richer gifts of Heaven I supplicate,
 Than health, content, and thee, thou heaven-born maid :
 Ah, gracious God, with these my joys would never fade !

But to my tale ;—Near this our wight's abode,
 A little higher up the *Thamis'* stream,
 Where by Westminster's arches 'tis ystrode,
 Saint Stephen's antiquated turrets gleam ;
 From Lambeth's shores a little town they seem,
 By architects of every nation plann'd ;
 And certes every nation's plans make theme
 For mickle work, to the debating band
 That nightly fashion laws for England's thinking land !

A mottled clump of roofs and walls it was,
 Ne portal visible to unskill'd e'e,
 As though by open access none mote pass,
 And nought but dark and hidden ways were free ;
 And hidden ways enow I wot there be,
 For entraunce to that house of high renown :—
 How our wight entered, boots not,—there was he,—
 Of all his tow'ring wishes at the crown,
 When in Saint Stephen's hall at last he sate him down.

Who but Sir Member now was nightly seen,
 With swelling strut and consequential air,
 But ill conceal'd by the affected mien
 Of self-unworthiness that simper'd there ;
 But the peer'd eyebrow and the listless stare,
 That, while it favor'd, seem'd to pity too,
 Disclosed the aspect that the face *would* wear,
 Were its reflection to the bosom true :—
 Good Lord, with what nice arts deceit doth man endue !

On bed of roses now the Templar view,
 By senatorial influence upborne ;
 But ah ! what bed of roses ever grew,
 Where lurk'd not the unwelcome stalk of thorn !
 Eftsoons his heart with secret stings was torn,
 When that sooth tongue that ay attention won,
 And oft success, to causes most forlorn,
 Unheeded e'en in Freedom's cause begun,
 While ill-bred cough and yawn round sleepy hearers run.

Ay, sicker, 'twere a subtle tongue indeed
 In predetermined cause that could prevail,
 Albeit for truth and liberty it plead,—
 As too soon found the hero of my tale.
 He founder'd in the ministerial gale,
 The sea of public principle that sweeps,
 'Whelming th' advent'rous barks that dare to sail
 Beyond *Expediency's* unfathom'd deeps,—
 Which in continued strife the state's own vessel keeps.

Yet to those gallant barks that brave the storm,
 Be one triumphant shout of glory given,
 Loud as the billow in its fiercest form,
 On ocean rock by western whirlwind driven.
 See proud Oppression's chains asunder riven ;
 While e'en gaunt Power shrinks scowling 'neath his helm,
 And swoln Corruption hears the voice of heaven
 In patriot tongues, her minions that o'erwhelm,
 And hurl in awful peals the vengeance of a realm.

Alack for our poor wight ! at this he aim'd ;
 And as right noble was the prize he sought,
 So be the failure less severely blamed,
 In pity to the sufferings on him brought :
 For ruin to his peace of mind it wrought,—
 In his whole chain of happiness no link
 It left entire ; his future life was nought,
 For his first fame had died.—Ah me ! to think
 That e'er absurd ambition man so low should sink.

The shrub the fury of the blast oft braves,
 When the proud oak in summer vigour falls ;
 The cockboat oft rides safely through the waves
 That ruthless swallow mighty ammirals ;
 The lightning strikes the turret-crested halls
 That daring glisten on the mountain height,
 But spares the low-roof'd cabins' humble walls
 That in the valley scarce impede the light :—
 And so in moral nature fared it with our wight.

Thus ends my tale : albeit this seely youth
 Repenteth sore the errour of his way,
 Yet suffering for folly is most sooth ;
 And now his heart feels Hope's reviving ray ;
 She with her magic finger marks a day,
 Nor distant far, his life that will renew,
 No more in vile ambition's paths to stray :—
 And, these consoling prospects in his view,
 To self reproach and shame he then will bid adieu.

JEWS, QUAKERS, SCOTCHMEN,
AND OTHER IMPERFECT SYMPATHIES.

I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts and sympathizeth with all things, I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy in any thing. Those national repugnancies do not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice the French, Italian, Spaniard, and Dutch.—*Religio Medici*.

THAT the author of the *Religio Medici*, mounted upon the airy stilts of abstraction, conversant about notional and conjectural essences, in whose categories of Being the possible took the upper hand of the actual, should have overlooked the impertinent individualities of such poor concretions as mankind, is not much to be admired. It is rather to be wondered at, that in the genus of animals he should have condescended to distinguish that species at all. For myself—earth-bound and fettered to the scene of my activities,—

Standing on earth, not rapt above the sky,

I confess that I do feel the differences of mankind, national or individual, to an unhealthy excess. I can look with no indifferent eye upon things or persons. Whatever is, is to me a matter of taste or distaste; or when once it becomes indifferent, it begins to be disrelishing. I am, in plainer words, a bundle of prejudices—made up of likings and dislikings—the veriest thrall to sympathies, dispathies, antipathies. In a certain sense, I hope it may be said of me, that I am a lover of my species. I

can feel for all indifferently, but I cannot feel towards them all equally. The more purely-English word that expresses sympathy will better explain my meaning. I can be a friend to a worthy man, who upon another account cannot be my mate or fellow. I cannot like all people alike.*

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full

* I would be understood as confining myself to the subject of *imperfect sympathies*. To nations or classes of men there can be no direct *antipathy*. There may be individuals born and constellated so opposite to another individual nature, that the same sphere cannot hold them. I have met with my moral antipodes, and can believe the story of two persons meeting (who never saw one another before in their lives) and instantly fighting.

———We by proof find there should be
'Twixt man and man such an antipathy,
That though he can show no just reason why
For any former wrong or injury,
Can neither find a blemish in his fame,
Nor aught in face or feature justly blame,
Can challenge or accuse him of no evil,
Yet notwithstanding hates him as a devil.

The lines are from old Heywood's "*Hierarchie of Angels*," and he subjoins a curious story in confirmation, of a Spaniard who attempted to assassinate a King Ferdinand of Spain, and being put to the rack could give no other reason for the deed but an inveterate antipathy which he had taken to the first sight of the King.

———The cause which to that act compell'd him
Was, he ne'er loved him since he first beheld him.

front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game peradventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them, is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting; waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full developement. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely. The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. Its Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests any thing, but unlades his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, suppositions, half-intuitions, demi-consciousnesses, misgivings, partial illuminations, “dim instincts,” embryo conceptions, and every stage that stops short of absolute certainty and conviction—his intellectual faculty seems a stranger to. He brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. You cannot cry *halves* to any thing that he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. The twilight of dubiety never falls upon

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him. Is he orthodox—he has no doubts. Is he an infidel—he has none either. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no border-land with him. You cannot hover with him upon the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him—for he sets you right. His taste never fluctuates. His morality never abates. He cannot compromise, or understand middle actions. There can be but a right and a wrong. His conversation is as a book. His affirmations have the sanctity of an oath. You must speak upon the square with him. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country. “A healthy book!”—said one of his countrymen to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to John Bunce,—“did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book.” Above all, you must beware of indirect expressions before a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher upon your irony, if you are unhappily blest with a vein of it. Remember you are upon your oath.—I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. ****. After he had examined it minutely, I ventured to ask him how he liked MY BEAUTY (a foolish name it goes by among my friends)—when he very gravely assured me, that “he had considerable respect for my character and talents” (so he was pleased to say), “but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions.” The misconception staggered me, but did not seem much to disconcert him.—Persons of this nation are particularly fond of affirming a truth—which nobody doubts. They do not so properly affirm, as annunciate it. They do indeed appear to have such a love of truth—as if, like virtue, it were valuable for itself—that all truth becomes equally valuable, whether the proposition that contains it be new or old, disputed, or such as is impossible to become a subject of disputation. I was present not long

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since at a party of North Britons where a son of Burns was expected ; and happened to drop a silly expression (in my south British way), that I wished it were the father instead of the son—when four of them started up at once to inform me, that “that was impossible, because he was dead.” An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive. Swift has hit off this part of their character, namely their love of truth, in his biting way, but with an illiberality that necessarily confines the passage to the margin.* The tediousness of the Scotch is certainly proverbial. I wonder if they ever tire one another !—In my early life I had a passionate fondness for the poetry of Burns. I have sometimes foolishly hoped to ingratiate myself with his countrymen by expressing it. But I have always found that a true Scot resents your admiration of his compatriot, even more than he would your contempt of him. The latter he imputes to your “imperfect acquaintance with many of the words which he uses ;” and the same objection makes it a presumption in you to suppose that you can admire him. I have a great mind to give up Burns. There is certainly a bragging spirit of generosity, a swaggering assertion of independence, and *all that*, in his writings. Thomson they seem to have forgotten. Smollett they have neither forgotten nor forgiven for his delineation of Rory and his companion, upon their first introduction to our metropolis.—Speak of Smollett as a great genius, and they will retort upon you Hume’s History compared with *his* Continuation of it. What if the historian had continued Humphrey Clinker?

I have, in the abstract, no disrespect for Jews. They are a piece of stubborn antiquity, compared with which, Stonehenge is in its nonage. They date beyond the pyramids.

But I should not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation. I confess that I have not the nerves to enter their synagogues. Old prejudices cling about me. I cannot shake off the story of Hugh of Lincoln. Centuries of injury, contempt, and hate, on the one side,—of cloaked revenge, dissimulation, and hate, on the other, between our and their fathers, must, and ought, to affect the blood of the children. I cannot believe it can run clear and kindly yet ; or that a few fine words, such as candour, liberality, the light of a nineteenth century, can close up the breaches of such a mighty antipathy. A Hebrew is no where congenial to me. He is least distasteful on ‘Change—for the mercantile spirit levels all distinctions, as all are beauties in the dark. I boldly confess that I do not relish the approximation of Jew and Christian, which has become so fashionable. The reciprocal endearments have, to me, something hypocritical and unnatural in them. I do not like to see the Church and Synagogue kissing and congeeing in awkward postures of an affected civility. If *they* are converted, why do they not come over to us altogether? Why keep up a form of separation, when the life of it is fled? If they can sit with us at table, why do they keck at our cookery? I do not understand these half-convertites. Jews christianizing—Christians judaizing—puzzle me. I like fish or flesh. A moderate Jew is a more confounding piece of anomaly than a wet Quaker. The spirit of the synagogue is essentially *separative*. B— would have been more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers. There is a fine scorn in his face, which nature meant to be —of Christians. The Hebrew spirit is strong in him in spite of his proselytism. He cannot conquer the Shibboleth. How it breaks out, when he sings, “The Children of

* There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company with relating of facts of no consequence, not at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day ; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place ; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable.—*Hints towards an Essay on Conversation.*

Israel passed through the Red Sea!" The auditors, for the moment, are as Egyptians to him, and he rides over our necks in triumph. There is no mistaking him.—B—— has a strong expression of sense in his countenance, and it is confirmed by his singing. The foundation of his vocal excellence is sense. He sings with understanding, as Kemble delivered dialogue. He would sing the Commandments, and give an appropriate character to each prohibition. His nation, in general, have not oversensible countenances. How should they?—but you seldom see a silly expression among them. Gain, and the pursuit of gain, sharpen a man's visage. I never heard of an idiot being born among them.—Some admire the Jewish female physiognomy. I admire it—but with trembling. Jael had those full dark inscrutable eyes.

In the negro countenance, you will often meet with strong traits of benignity. I have felt yearnings of tenderness towards some of these faces—or rather masks—that have looked out kindly upon one in casual encounters in the streets and highways. I love what Fuller beautifully calls—these "images of God cut in ebony." But I should not like to associate with them, to share my meals and my good-nights with them—because they are black.

I love Quaker ways, and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles. It does me good for the rest of the day, when I meet any of their people in my path. When I am ruffled or disturbed by any occurrence, the sight, or quiet voice of a Quaker, acts upon me as a ventilator, lightening the air, and taking off a load from the bosom. But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) "to live with them." I am all over sophisticated—with humours, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whims, which their simpler taste can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet. My appetites are too high for the sallads which (according to Evelyn) Eve dressed for the angel, my gusto too excited

To sit a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

The indirect answers which Quakers are often found to return to a question put to them, may be explained, I think, without the vulgar assumption, that they are more given to evasion and equivocating than other people. They naturally look to their words more carefully, and are more cautious of committing themselves. They have a peculiar character to keep up on this head. They stand in a manner upon their veracity. A Quaker is by law exempted from taking an oath. The custom of resorting to an oath in extreme cases, sanctified as it is by all religious antiquity, is apt (it must be confessed) to introduce into the laxer sort of minds the notion of two kinds of truth—the one applicable to the solemn affairs of justice, and the other to the common proceedings of daily intercourse. As truth bound upon the conscience by an oath can be but truth, so in the common affirmations of the shop and the market-place, a latitude is expected, and conceded upon questions wanting this solemn covenant. Something less than truth satisfies. It is common to hear a person say, "You do not expect me to speak as if I were upon my oath." Hence a great deal of incorrectness and inadvertency, short of falsehood, creeps into ordinary conversation; and a kind of secondary or laic-truth is tolerated, where clergy-truth—oath-truth, by the nature of the circumstances, is not required. A Quaker knows none of this distinction. His simple affirmation being received, upon the most sacred occasions, without any further test, stamps a value upon the words which he is to use upon the most indifferent topics of life. He looks to them, naturally, with more severity. You can have of him no more than his word. He knows, if he is caught tripping in a casual expression, he forfeits, for himself at least, his claim to the invidious exemption. He knows, that his syllables are weighed—and how far a consciousness of this particular watchfulness, exerted against a person, has a tendency to produce indirect answers, and a diverting of the question by honest means, might be illustrated, and the practice justified, by a more sacred example than is proper perhaps to be more than hinted at

upon this occasion. The admirable presence of mind, which is notorious in Quakers upon all contingencies, might be traced to this imposed self-watchfulness—if it did not seem rather an humble and secular scion of that old stock of religious constancy, which never bent or faltered, in the Primitive Friends, or gave way to the winds of persecution, to the violence of judge or accuser, under trials and racking examinations. “You will never be the wiser, if I sit here answering your questions till midnight,” said one of those upright Justicers to Penn, who had been putting law-cases with a puzzling subtlety. “Thereafter as the answers may be,” retorted the Quaker. The astonishing composure of this people is sometimes ludicrously displayed in lighter instances. I was travelling in a stage coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the straitest non-conformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for

which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sate as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by enquiring of his next neighbour, “Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?” and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter. ELIA.

TRAVELS OF COSMO THE THIRD, GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY, THROUGH ENGLAND, IN 1669.*

If any of our readers, instead of a trip to the Continent this summer, should prefer visiting a part of our own country, in the company of the great and learned, they have nothing to do but fall into the suite of the hereditary prince of Tuscany (afterwards Grand Duke, with the title of Cosmo III), and joining six other Italians of distinction (among whom the most remarkable is Lorenzo Ma-

galotti, the scribe of the party), a painter,† and an architect, prepare themselves to partake of the good fare that every where awaits them.

We trust, however, that none of them will have the same motive for quitting home as occasioned Cosmo to set out on his journey. It was to get rid of an ill-conditioned wife, of whom he is said to have been fonder than she deserved; but who had

* *Travels of Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Tuscany, through England, during the Reign of King Charles II. (1669); translated from the Italian Manuscript in the Laurentian Library at Florence; with a Memoir of his Life, &c. 4to. Mawman, 1821.*

† Sigismondo Coccapani was the name of the painter who accompanied the expedition. This could not have been the Florentine artist of that name, mentioned with much commendation in the *Abecedario Pittorico* of Orlandi, as he died in 1642.

used him so ill, that his father, Ferdinand II. in order to estrange his affections from her, had more than once sent him roving about the world. In dutiful compliance with this design, the prince, in September 1668, set sail from Leghorn, landed at Barcelona, "and passing from thence to Madrid, in the usual incognito of princes, traversed the whole western part of Spain, and proceeded into Portugal. "A most elaborate account," we are told, in a life of the prince, that is prefixed, "was kept of all that occurred in these travels, accompanied by designs made upon the spot, wherever the royal stranger was received, rested, or was detained." These designs, indeed, now form the principal object of curiosity in what remains of this journal; they are, however, feebly executed, the perspective of them is very deficient, and they strongly mark the decline of art which had then commenced in Florence. The state of manners of Spain, at that period, appears to have been nearly what it now is; but some future traveller, desirous of affording information respecting a country, which has lately engaged so much attention in England, might, in all probability, derive some advantage, by comparing his own designs with those of the artist who accompanied Cosmo in the seventeenth century.

From Lisbon the prince proceeded to Corunna, and from thence embarked for England. At this period commences the description of his tour, of which a faithful translation is given in this volume.

This account of the actions of a prince, in the common occurrences of life, may, perhaps, be found minute even to tediousness, but this minuteness is not destitute of interest. It opens a transient view of the state of society in England at that time, as far as a prince could be admitted into it: it affords an opportunity to record the names, and even the circumstances of many families, who hastened to show him honour, or to offer him hospitality; and the drawings made of the different towns and houses are highly interesting, particularly those of London and Westminster. At the risk, therefore, of fatiguing the patience of the reader,

the journal is literally translated from "the Italian manuscript in the Laurentian library at Florence," and the drawings engraved. An abridgment might have been rendered more amusing, but would have lost much of its information, and many of the drawings must have been omitted. A fairer report of the book could not well have been made, than has been given by its editor.

Having lost their course at sea, the prince with his retinue touched at Kinsale, where the oppression of their catholic brethren did not fail to excite their commiseration. On reconnoitring the hills in the neighbourhood of that port, they discovered that the Irish natives "rested on the bare earth;" "and lived like wild beasts." Sailing from hence they land at St. Mary's, one of the Scilly islands; and thence proceed to Plymouth, which, says Magalotti, "in the last century was a poor village inhabited by fishermen. It is now so increased in buildings and population, that it may be reckoned among the best cities in England, having between twelve and fifteen thousand inhabitants." "The city cannot be seen from the sea, and is almost shut up by a gorge of the mountains, on the lowest skirt of which it is situated. Its extent is not very considerable. The buildings are antique, according to the English fashion; lofty and narrow, with pointed roofs, and the fronts may be seen through, owing to the magnitude of the glass windows in each of the different stories." The dress of the mayor and aldermen at Plymouth, as at every other corporate town, does not escape the minute notice of the ceremonious Italian. Due respect is every where paid to the illustrious foreigners by the gentlemen of the country; and the following incident affords a trait of the manners and courtesy of the times. "When they had proceeded about a mile, there came galloping up to the coach Sir Copleston Bampfylde, with his wife and sister. They happened to be hunting in that neighbourhood, and wished not to lose the opportunity of performing an act of respect to his highness. The serene prince stopped his carriage, and received their compliments, but did not alight

to salute them, not knowing till afterwards who the ladies were." Passing "through the small village of Halbombridge," they sleep at Okehampton, and next day reach Exeter. We cannot stop to describe the surrounding country, nor the devoirs of the worthy aldermen, nor the curiosity with which they visited the cathedral, attended the whole of the morning service, and saw at it the Bishop with his wife and children, "no less than nine in number," and heard the choir sing the psalms "in a chant similar to the Gregorian," and "an organ of most exquisite tone," and "the preacher in his surplice begin his sermon, leaning on a cushion placed in the middle of a pulpit;" but must hasten on as well as we can to Axminster, "travelling through a road full of water, and muddy, though not deep." On the ninth of April, the party arrives at Hinton St. George, a villa of my Lord John Paulet, where in the evening Mr. John Sidney, cousin of my Lord, comes from his villa, six miles distant, bringing his Lady with him to pay his respects. "His highness" knew better how to act to this lady, than when he met the two huntresses, for "he took her by the hand, and conducted her to a gallery hard by, and departing after a short conversation, continued in discourse with the above gentleman till the close of the day." We again regret that we cannot stay to speak more particularly of my Lord's garden, park, deer, pheasantry, and the village, and church, with its curious monuments. The same must be said of the Roman camp near Dorchester, and of the manner of angling for trout (so different from the Italian) in the small river Frome. On the 11th they depart from Dorchester with a military escort to secure them from the robbers, who molested this district; and passing through Blandford, a little town of four thousand souls (is this right? it is more than it contained in 1801), arrived safe at Salisbury, having declined the invitation given them by the Earl of Pembroke, and his son Lord Herbert, to pass the night at Wilton-house; who, however, were allowed to come with their equipage to fetch his highness to breakfast next morning. On their

way they see Stonehenge, "a celebrated piece of antiquity, supposed to be a sepulchre or a trophy," where his highness alighted from the carriage in which he was with Lord Pembroke and his son, and conversed with them for nearly an hour. If the late Bishop of Worcester had been living, he might, perhaps, have made an entertaining dialogue out of this conference, which, as matters are, we must leave in the same obscurity as our worthy guide has left it, and having partaken of the sumptuous entertainment provided for us at Wilton, amuse ourselves with looking at the grotto, the playing fountains, the maze park, and Vandyke's pictures. At Salisbury, the cathedral again attracted the attention of the travellers. "Although the architecture is Gothic in all its parts," no trifling objection with the Florentines; "yet it is magnificent and sumptuous. They say, that the windows which light it correspond with the days of the year, the small marble pillars with the hours of a whole year, and the doors with the twelve months." Pursuing the route to London through Sutton, Basingstoke, Okested, Egham, and Brentford (of all which places views are given, besides more than thirty others) they make their entry into the capital, "finding the whole tract of seven miles, after leaving Brentford, truly delicious, from the abundance of well-built villas and country-houses, which are seen in every direction." "Without the city a numerous crowd of people were assembled on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, to see the prince pass;" and the names of many noblemen and foreign ambassadors are enumerated, who waited on him at his arrival. The account of his introduction to Charles II., of the service which he attended at the chapel of the Queen, of the different noblemen who paid their respects to him, of the etiquette observed at court, of the ruins of St. Paul's after the recent fire, of the meeting of the Royal Society, of the theatre,—all this is very curious. The same may be said of Cosmo's visit to Newmarket, Cambridge (where, owing to the pronunciation, he did not understand the Latin oration recited in his

praise, nor the Latin comedy acted by the scholars), Althorp, Oxford, (where the Latin was equally unintelligible), Billingsbere, the seat of Colonel Nevil (where he learns that "the rooks are considered in England as preserved birds, the nobility priding themselves on seeing them in the neighbourhood of their villas, and looking on them as fowls of good omen, so that no one is permitted to kill them under severe penalties;") and, lastly, Windsor Castle. Much praise, and very deservedly, is bestowed on Mr. Robert Boyle, at whose house the prince was highly gratified by the experiments and instruments exhibited to him by that philosopher. Both during this and his former residence in London, he appears to have been almost as active as the Emperor Alexander himself, in viewing every thing worthy of notice, and some which the Emperor, perhaps, had not an opportunity of witnessing, such as a cock-fight, a dancing-school, frequented by ladies married and unmarried, a fencing-school on a singular plan, and a children's ball at Highgate. An instance of Charles's politeness should not be passed over. When Cosmo had returned from Hampton-court, where he had been entertained with a deer-hunt, the king inquired how he had liked that palace; and on receiving an answer expressive of the prince's opinion of its magnificence, he replied, "that his highness's affection for the things of this country made him regard it with partiality, but that it could not be compared, or put in competition, with those of Italy."

After having made an excursion to Chatham and Sheerness, Cosmo and his company finally quitted London; and taking Monk, then made Duke of Albemarle, on their way, embarked at Harwich for Holland.

It might have been expected that something more would have been said on the state of the arts in this country. But Cooper, the portrait painter, to whom Cosmo sat for his picture, is the only English artist whom we recollect to have seen mentioned in the journal; of him it is said, that "he had been strongly recommended to his highness for his skill in painting, and his excellence

in drawing to the life with softness, expression, and distinction. The same is one of the most celebrated and esteemed painters in London, and no person of quality visits that city without endeavouring to obtain some of his performances to take out of the kingdom."

There are some observations on the government, mode of administering justice, and manners of the people; and an attempt is made to discriminate the different sects then prevailing in the country, for which the writer was probably indebted to some zealous English Catholic. The description of the "sect of the Atheists," is short and pithy, and will serve as a sample of the rest. "Atheism has many followers in England. It may be called the very abyss of blindness, and the uttermost limit of the pestilent heresy of Calvin. The professors of it say, that there is no God; they do not believe in a resurrection to come; they deny the immortality of the soul; and teach that every thing happens by chance; and, as a natural consequence, they follow their own perverse inclinations, without having any regard to futurity, but thinking only of the present time." At page 446, the sect of the *Fotinians* should have been *Photinians*; *Fotinus*, *Photinus*; and *Samosatano*, *Samosata*; but these are venial errors in a translator. Charles's disposition to the Roman Catholic form of worship did not escape the shrewd Italians. "There is no doubt that the king externally appears to be a Protestant, observing, with the most exact attention, the rites of the Anglican church; but it is also true that, from his method of proceeding, there is reason for thinking, that he does not entirely acquiesce in that mode of belief, and that he may, perhaps, in his own mind, cherish other inclinations."

Had Cosmo III. turned out a better ruler of his people, we should have more pleasure in adding that, some time after his return to Florence, his troublesome helpmate left him, and put herself under the protection of Louis XIV. at whose court her behaviour was either too licentious, or too flippant, to be long tolerated. It is lamentable to see the race of the Medici thus degenerated

from the character it had maintained in "the palmy state" of Florence. What had become of all those qualities which her historian, Macchiavelli, has in a few words so well described: "la bontà di Giovanni, la sapienza di Cosimo, l'umanità di Piero, e la magnificenza e prudenza di Lorenzo:" the goodness of John, the wisdom of Cosmo, the humanity of Peter, and the magnificence and prudence of Lorenzo?

Count Lorenzo Magalotti, by whom this journal was written, deserved a more particular account than is here given of him. He was well known as a linguist, natural philosopher and poet. Sir Isaac Newton is said to have called him, not very elegantly perhaps, "the Magazine of good taste." Of his acquaintance with the English language, and consequently of his fitness for the task of journalist imposed upon him by his sovereign, some estimate may be formed from his translation of "Philips's Cider." It was, probably, one of the first instances, in which our own poets began to react on their continental neighbours; and, in this point of view at least, a few remarks, that we shall add, will not be thrown away upon it.

B. 1. V. 53. Nor from the sable grounds.

The sense is mistaken; *sable* is translated as if it meant *sandy*.

Ne t'impacciar d'arene.

This leads to another error.

The must of pallid hue,
being rendered

Il lor pallido volto,

As if it meant the colour of the soil.

V. 159, *Such heats*, &c. to 167, is omitted.

V. 215, *Thor* and *Woden*, he translates *Giove* and *di Maja il Figlio*.

V. 311:—

And men have gather'd from the haw-
thorn's branch

Large medlars, imitating regal crowns,

By endeavouring to raise this, he has utterly marred it.

Che piu? cotanto ardisce arte insolente,
Che infino il pruno, il pruno, il villanzone
Travestito, da nespole paffuto
Saluto rè e sì gli diè corona.

V. 400:—

The musk's surpassing worth, that earliest
gives

Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading
boughs

With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippings and cold sid'ral blasts.

—— Moscadella

Pianta gentil, che fanciulletta ancora

Alte speranze di pincer prometti,

E nella tua minore età scortése

A' tuoi teneri rami, oltre lor forze

Di sì folta gli aggravi, e sì vinosa

Prole, che il verno già ne pave e suda.

Not having understood the original, Magalotti has here scarcely made himself intelligible.

At v. 573, *Druids* is rendered *Driade*.

The last two hundred lines of this book are omitted; and about thirty on a different subject are substituted, in which he takes an opportunity of praising some cider sent by Lord Somers to Henry Newton, British Envoy to the Duke of Tuscany. It is pleasant to reflect that the notice of Lord Somers was not confined to the men eminent for literature in his own country; and that the pretty compliment paid him in a poem, called, as well as we remember, "the Shade of Pope," may be so much further extended.

The muse her Addison to Somers join'd,
The noblest statesman to the purest mind.

At the beginning of the second book there are again some verses substituted, not at all in Philips's manner.

B. ii. v. 276. As when, &c.

This simile is mal-treated by Magalotti, who makes a conceit and antithesis of it; and again, we have a great hiatus from v. 486 to the end. With some few exceptions, however, the sense is caught pretty well in this translation, and the diction is sufficiently poetical (but when is this not the case in Italian verse?) but we meet with here and there a conceit in it, and no writer is less responsible for such blemishes than Philips: on the whole, it proves that Magalotti had profited well by his connexion with this country.

THE BUCCANEER.

A TALE FOR GENTLE AND SIMPLE.

WITHIN the circle of a small bay, made by the waters of the sea of Azof, and not many miles distant from Jenitschin, was, many years ago (and may still be), an island of the name of *Kemlin*. This island was once inhabited by an independent company of merchants, who purchased furs and salt beef from Russia, and silks, and rice, and coffee, from Turkey. They were not, however, very particular in confining themselves to these two nations, for they would occasionally buy commodities from the Genoa ships, which traded as far as Krim. The returns which they made were various, and in truth somewhat uncertain; but, though they were not always punctual in their payments, their promises, which were ample, made amends for all.

The island of *Kemlin* was rocky, and somewhat unproductive; and had the inhabitants possessed no resource beyond their soil, there would have been emigrants there as well as in other places. Fortunately, however, they had a strong fortress, some shipping, a number of hardy sailors, and an equal number of valuable privileges which they took care not to neglect. Among other matters, they laid claim (as the lord of a manor does to waifs and estrays) to most of the solitary vessels which they met tossing about in the sea of Azof. The sailors were useful in these cases, and the fortress brought the refractory prisoners to reason.

No men could be braver than these islanders, and none so brave as their chief, the terrible and renowned *Fædor*. He was, indeed, a great man. Filling the posts of chief, general, high-admiral, judge, sole legislator, and inspector and collector of taxes, there was nothing to which he did not turn his mind, which might tend to increase his power or wealth, and all this entirely for the good of the island and people of *Kemlin*. *Fædor* was about forty-five years of age, robust and tall, and of a sallow-dark complexion: his eyes were large and grey, but without much lustre, and his lips were thick as those of the Theban sphinx. His

tongue was persuasive; and where words failed him, his arm was altogether convincing; and thus he ruled, and had for twenty years ruled, as absolute as a German prince whose dominion stretches over a thousand acres of land.

The great *Fædor* had been installed chief with all due solemnities. He had washed his hands in the oil which had been kept in darkness for seven winters, and had drank the consecrated quass to the health of the idol *Perouin*. His more immediate patron was *Silnoy-Bog*, (*Hercules*,—the strong god,) but he also put up offerings to *Lada*, the goddess of beauty, and sacrificed at his leisure to *Lelio* and *Dido*, who answered to the *Eros* and *Anteros* of the Greeks. In short, he was a very pious and strong prince, and attacked all vessels which he met upon the seas, in case they refused to trade with him upon his own terms. He was a man of the highest honour.

The princes and chiefs of most countries lay claim to a tolerable stock of ancestors.—Of all ancestry, however, making only one single exception in favour of the Emperor of China, who, it is well known, is descended from the Moon, none was ever so illustrious as that of the chief of *Kemlin*. He came in a direct line from the invincible *THAUWR*, who was a sort of freebooter during his life, and a demi-god ever after. This *Thauwr* lived in the year 97 after the general flood, and transmitted nobility and virtues of every shade to his renowned posterity. *Fædor* was, therefore, by right, noble and virtuous, and married his fourteenth cousin of the half blood (who was also second cousin and niece by marriage, and afterwards wife and widow of his maternal uncle), according to the custom of his native country. They lived very happily together; he passing part of his time at the country house of his prime minister, whose wife was reckoned the finest woman in the island, and she confessing her peccadilloes in the private ear of the very reverend the chief *Iman* (or bishop) of *Kemlin*.

Madame Fædor was very devout, and her husband was fond of hunting; so they met but seldom, and accordingly agreed very well. One day, however, he took it into his head, that the Iman and his lady passed more time together than was absolutely necessary for the purposes of penance. The lady protested, and the prelate called a hundred and twenty-three wooden gods to witness, that he was the most innocent and injured man alive. Upon these solemnities Fædor rested his entire belief, and acquitted the parties. Unfortunately, strong suspicions arose again. The lady sighed, and shed an urn full of tears, and the prelate was more strenuous than ever. Fædor, however, was this time obstinate, and after having heard them fully exculpate themselves (by their own words), he struck off the head of the worthy father, and took upon himself the duties of primate and head of the temple. From that time, Angelica (which was Madam Fædor's name) grew melancholy, and found herself utterly without sins to confess: all which was agreeable enough to Fædor, though marvelled at a little by the malicious people about his court.

For Fædor, it should be known, held a sort of court. He had priests, and musicians, and poets, ministers, and dancers, and singers, and fair women, and parasites of various kinds. These latter excellent persons compared him to Perouin, the god of thunder; and the women extolled him beyond Swetovid, the Pagan Apollo. For himself, he laughed at them all, by turns, and never failed duly collecting the taxes of the island of Kemlin.

The mere compliments which were paid to this man would have turned the head of a Greek philosopher. One compared him to the sun, and another to the moon, as is usual in such cases; and the dancers danced, and the flatterers lied, and the women languished, as is also usual. He was "the day—the light—the life—the strength—the perfume—of the world," according as circumstances required. He was two things at once, and sometimes his own antipodes. The verses that were written upon him were enough, with a match, to have laid Persepolis

in ashes; and the Cyprus wine that he freely distributed would have been sufficient to have quenched the conflagration. And yet this great man had one or two prejudices. He had a mortal aversion to Jews: so he ordered his minister to make a law, by which every Jew found in his realm was to be roasted before the image of Silnoy-Bog; and this incense, it was said, was very grateful to the nostrils of that muscular and easily offended deity. Nothing could be more equitable than the laws and customs observed in the island of this prince of buccaneers. He was head of the church and of the state; and lest any improper person should arrive at the higher offices in either, he never parted with an important place for less than three thousand zechins. This sum was taken as a security for the good behaviour of the parties, and was occasionally forfeited, and never returned. No animadversion, however, was ever made; because Fædor ordained, that whatever he did was right,—and the detention of a small sum of money for the service of the state, could hardly be brought forward as evidence of his having done wrong.

How glorious was the reign of Fædor!—His grandfather had been glorious, and his father very glorious; but he was more glorious than all. It was as though honour (like a snow-ball) had accumulated in its course down the hill of time, until it had reached him, and then that it "could no farther go." His reign was like a return of the age of gold. The rivers, indeed, ran with water only, and not with milk and honey—as it is well known they did in those good days; but, nevertheless, all was excellent, and entirely to the satisfaction of Fædor himself,—which is, of course, saying all that is necessary upon such an occasion.

It sometimes happens, however, even in the most glorious reigns, that war and bloodshed may be heard of; and accordingly the sword of our Buccaneer was pretty frequently unsheathed, but all for the good of the people,—or their honour, which is the same thing. War is a magnificent affair: and nothing could be finer than the equipment of Fædor,—his housings of purple, his golden stirrups, and

his snow-white charger; except, perhaps, the adroitness with which he managed the last, and the dexterity that he showed in cutting off the head of any vassal who presumed to murmur. In battle he was the bravest of the brave; but as he considered that others might be less courageous, he himself always (very wisely) commanded the rear-guard, in order to save the van from the shame of a precipitate retreat. His officers were well chosen; some for prudence, some for valour, and a few for both. They fought bravely; for while the honour of conquest very properly belonged to Fædor, the disgrace of defeat was entirely their own, and this they did their best at all times to avoid.

Fædor was known in one instance to have executed summary justice upon a captain called Kaunitz, who fled from the enemy, in pursuance, as he said, of the example of Fædor himself. Twenty-two courtiers started forward instantly to deny this falsehood, and each swore distinctly, that Fædor had never moved from his place. For himself, he was so incensed, that he separated the gold chain which hung round the neck of Kaunitz, with his sabre, and in the hurry of the act the head of Kaunitz was also detached.—Caloritz, another officer, determined to avoid so sudden a destiny, fought till he acquired a hundred and twenty-two scars, some of which were of no trifling nature. In one instance, he intercepted a spear which had been pointed at the Buccaneer, and which might have considerably disordered his personal appearance. Caloritz received it in his face, was carried home, and languished for two months in a dangerous state; and Fædor rewarded him with a gold chain and a profusion of thanks. He even promised him certain more solid rewards; but the imprudence of the officer defeated the generous intentions of his chief. In a skirmish with a party from a neighbouring district (with whom he was at war), Fædor attempted to storm the trenches of the enemy's camp, but was driven back with great loss. Caloritz, thinking that the repulse arose from an imperfect manœuvre, proposed renewing the experiment, to which Fædor (curling his mustachios) ac-

ceded, simply on the condition, that Caloritz should part with his head in case of failure. To this the veteran consented, and renewed the attack with success. The Buccaneer expressed himself delighted, complimented the soldier, and dismissed him the first opportunity.

Who does i'the wars more than his captain
can,

Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice
of loss

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

This is very cleverly said, we dare say; but Fædor was a perfect gentleman, and had his private reasons for acting as he did, and, (no doubt) they were full of honour.

It would be tedious to enumerate one twentieth part of the excellencies of the great Fædor,—his valour, his prudence, his wit, his generosity, his magnificence, his humanity; they were the themes of many a speech, the burthen of many a song. He lived alternately in peace and war, till he arrived at the age of fifty years. At that period, a district, which had long become independent, but which had, about twelve hundred years before, belonged to Killwitz, an ancestor of Fædor, made some demand which was considered very offensive at the court of Kemlin. The Grand-Chamberlain grew serious, and said, that if such insolence were tolerated, good breeding would be at an end: the Arch-Treasurer protested that he could never afterwards rely upon any negociations with such people; and Fædor swore audibly by Silnoy-Bog, that he would feast that deity with not less than a score of the best heads of the free town of *Naplitz*. As, however, menace and execution are two different things, the one being easy and the other somewhat difficult in attainment, Fædor was advised to content himself for the present with the humble apologies of the refractory. These were demanded, and, to the astonishment of all persons, refused. Upon this, Fædor ordered the priest of his household, (the bishop died suddenly, as we remember,) to send them to the d---l without delay. This was very

speedily accomplished, by reading four pages* of Latin, and burning a cat's paw under the nostrils of Perouin, the god of thunder.

It was supposed at court, that nothing could withstand these severe measures. One courtier laughed, another sighed, and a third began to make a calculation of the profits which he should derive from the sub-government of the free town of Naplitz. Notwithstanding these calculations and conjectures, however, the Naplitzians remained refractory. They even issued a public paper, in which they said, that they had a right to choose a steward, and appoint a gardener over their own lands. This, it must be owned, looked very bold, and could hardly be passed over by Fædor, who claimed a prescriptive right to interfere in his neighbours' concerns, and to give advice upon all occasions. They said, that his right was groundless, and that his advice was bad, and not wanted. The former, he replied, had been established by writings, sealed with the private seals of himself and his predecessors, and was not, therefore, to be controverted: the latter, he proposed to argue with them at the head of one hundred horse and three hundred and fifty foot soldiers. They answered, that they did not think that method of reasoning quite satisfactory, but that they nevertheless would discuss the matter with him as strenuously as they were able. Whereupon Fædor ordered a tax of twenty-five per cent. to be laid on his people, and set out again on the road to glory.

War was thus declared between the great Fædor and the disobedient people of the free town of Naplitz. Many were the orders and proclamations which were issued by both sides on this occasion. One only, however, has reached us entire, and this we shall take leave to transcribe. It is the proclamation issued by Fædor previously to his march, and develops his fatherly intentions in a way that cannot be liable to mistake or misinterpretation, we should think:—to be sure, there are few things safe from the malice of an enemy.

“INHABITANTS OF NAPLITZ!

“Evil-minded persons are amongst you, who design to subvert your liberty. The happiness which you have enjoyed so many months is about to be torn from you. I am penetrated with affliction at this prospect, and am resolved to save you. A close alliance during fourteen months has increased my affection for you—it has made me your friend. Accordingly, I march towards you, animated by the best intentions. My soldiers will observe the strictest discipline. Receive them as brothers, and respect the paternal care which I display towards you. Every person found in arms will be shot.

“The mark of

✦

“FÆDOR.

“Countersigned, CAJOLEM.”

Immediately after this proclamation, Fædor marched on the town of Naplitz. The right division of his army, composed of one hundred and twenty picked men, destined to storm the trenches, was led on by the invincible Orsonoff; the left was commanded by the sage Ulisky; and the great main body, consisting of at least two hundred and fifty men, horse and foot, was under the immediate order of Fædor himself. The appearance of the right wing was truly formidable. The men drank brandy and gunpowder, and swore, in the most explicit way, as to the actions that they would severally perform. Each man at parting curled his whisker with his left hand, and invoked Perouin to witness that he was entitled to a hundred zechins, for protecting the liberties of the people of Naplitz.

Unfortunately for Fædor, and sixty soldiers of the right division, the army of the invincible Orsonoff was met by an army equally invincible. A battle speedily took place, and precisely half of M. Orsonoff's warriors slept that night with their faces towards the moon. Orsonoff himself retired in an oblique direction, and Fædor (when he learned the news) published another procla-

* If our memory serves us well, this, and one or two other matters, are recorded in one of the pleasant histories written by the celebrated M. de Voltaire,—but we are not sure for it is long since we read them.

mation, showing clearly that the enemy had been put to flight, and ordering a hymn, (analogous to our *Te Deum*,) to be sung with all possible expedition. Nothing could exceed the noise made upon this occasion, except the cannon which had belled out its fierce welcome on the advanced guard of the conqueror Orsonoff. The soldiers were intoxicated with brandy and joy; their wives (of course) with joy only; and Fædor swore repeatedly, that he would be revenged upon the Naplitzians, for allowing him to gain so easy a victory. He directed double rations to be distributed among his soldiers, and ordered out a treble guard at night, lest the enemy should come unawares upon him, for the rash purpose of being sacrificed again. They did not come, however, though the Buccaneer watched as unremittingly as a Chaldean.

But why should we pursue the details of war? It is with the general character of this perfect chief that we wish to become acquainted, and not merely with his petty triumphs. The war ended, then, (let us say this shortly,) as wars generally do, with negotiations, and hollow truces, to be kept as long as convenient; or else with conquest and ravage, or surveillance and captivity, or reiterated protestations of inviolable faith.

One circumstance, however, may be mentioned here; it is this:—Fædor, who understood the policy of war at least as well as he liked its fatigues, or even relished the sweets of conquest,—when he found that he was pressed by the enemy, opened a private negotiation with some of the heroes in his adversary's citadel, who were willing to hear the arguments on both sides of the question. What our Buccaneer's reasons were we have not yet learned,—but they were so convincing, that he had speedily a strong party in the enemy's camp. He then issued a proclamation, pardoning all who had taken up arms against him, provided they should lay them down without delay. The soldiers, feeling the privations of war, were easily persuaded by their own officers to accede to this; and the officers had been persuaded beforehand by the private arguments of Fædor and his friends.

It is astonishing what an effect logic has on minds willing to be convinced. Fædor entered the town, therefore, partly as friend and partly as conqueror; and, in furtherance of his proclamation, he issued another, repeating the pardon which he had before published, and levying a tax of seventy per cent. on his friends the Naplitzians, and at the same time, offering a reward of a thousand zechins for the head of Pepael, their general. Pepael, who was an infidel (in his notions of human nature, at least), had fled, but being overtaken amongst the mountains by a mist, he unluckily perished. This mist was accurately traced to the priest of Fædor's household, who had got up a number of "*Maledicats*" for the occasion, and had dispatched one after the unfortunate Pepael.—We might draw a moral from this, but we really have not time.

Fædor had now got rid of war, and his chief-priest (two evils), but he had also lost his wife, who shut herself up in a penitentiary, because her husband had been wicked enough to smite off the head of the bishop of Kemlin. He must undoubtedly have gone distracted at this, (he did tear his hair—in public,) or have perished by a sudden or lingering death, had it not been for the excellent discourses of the pretty Stephanie. This girl had been a kind of lady of the bedchamber to Madame Fædor, who thought well of her beauty at first, but ceased to praise it as soon as it attracted the Buccaneer's notice. About that time, her anxiety discovered that the girl's appearance was on the decline, and attributing this to court hours, she dispatched the pretty Stephanie into the country without delay. Fædor heard of this, and on his lady's retirement, made some enquiries after her faithful servant.—He found her, as pretty as ever, and (although he thereby annoyed one or two private friends) he determined to do justice to Stephanie, and reinstated her in her former honours:—it was even remarked that he had a partiality for her personal attendance.

Some months after this, Stephanie became ill, and the court physician ordered retirement and change of air. Fædor coincided, and to reward her fidelity (to her mistress)

he gave her in marriage to one of his officers, with a dowry of ten thousand zechins. The officer was enraptured. He protested that he was profoundly attached to Madame Stephanie, and would make her the best of all possible husbands. But the bounty of Fædor was not confined to the dowry. He continued to patronize Stephanie, and when she was brought to bed, he bestowed his name on the child, and promised that it should have a general's commission at three years old. The next year, Stephanie had another child, and Fædor made that, at the age of two years, Bishop of Kemlin. The third was a girl, who became chief-forester, which, as there were then no forests in the island, might be accounted almost a sinecure. The husband of Stephanie was a worthy man, and called Ishmael. He was a sleek, good-humoured, quiet, clerical-looking man; but in the army: we believe, however, that he had been only in the commissariat department, though he bore the rank of an officer. He dressed well, wore a fine sword, long spurs, dark mustachios, loved eating and drinking, and play,—and let Madame Stephanie do whatsoever she pleased. He was, in short, a paragon of husbands, and rather fat. As to his wife, she was very proud of her children; more so, in truth, than of the good Ishmael her husband; for when any of the gossips discovered a likeness between the infants and their father, she would resent the assertion, and aver, that she thought them even more like Fædor than her husband.

If Madame Stephanie had a fault, (which we do not insist upon,) it was that she had a small—the smallest possible particle of pride. This arose from the distinguished manner in which she was treated by the Buccaneer. He gave her precedence before all the ladies of his court: he made epigrams upon her beauty (or caused them to be made—it is nearly the same thing); and placed his hand upon her shoulder whenever he swore by Lelio to do any thing that was royal. She distributed pensions, and patronized authors at the expense of Fædor (and the state); had a guard of honour to attend on

herself, and went to the temple regularly every morning, to offer up vows for the long life of Fædor and the prosperity of the island of Kemlin. She built a penitentiary also—and endowed it, reserving certain rights to the foundress and her descendants.

This system prevailed for a considerable time. At last Fædor met with a serious accident, which drove M. Ishmael and his wife out of his head, and made him think of himself alone. He suddenly grew pious, and wrote—(*i. e.* signed) fifteen pages of advice, which he caused to be composed for the benefit of all his courtiers who wanted it. Some copies were sent to Madame Stephanie and her family. He then grew more pious than ever, and had frequent conferences with his priest (the Bishop of Kemlin was then rising five years old only,) upon the subject of the past, and the future, and other matters of a very serious nature. He slept in armour, and had incense burned in his room till he was nearly stifled. The physician remonstrated at this, but the priest said that it would do good to his soul. However, it came at last to the ears of Stephanie, who very speedily settled the affair, and he made her next child—which she had in the course of the year—Chief Justice of the High Court of Kemlin, the very moment he was born.—(The new judge performed his office, for some time, by deputy.)

The good effects arising from this illness, did not vanish on the return of health. Fædor remained staunch to his good resolutions. To his ordinary benevolences to M. Ishmael and his family, he superadded the benefits of his good advice. He wrote essays and homilies—by the dozen, showing how a variety of things which seemed to be wrong were right.—He turned moralist and theologian, and became so profound a metaphysician, that no one in the island could comprehend the subtlety of his speculations. He wrote treatises on the art of war, and distributed them gratis among the soldiers. One or two of his theories failed in practice, but this he properly enough attributed to the fault of the officers who made the experiments. He disputed

with a famous philosopher, in a neighbouring island, and undertook to convince him, that all persons enjoyed the earth in fair proportions; that the fact of his having once led his soldiers into ambush, was necessary, and not to be avoided; that his black charger merely pursued his own choice, when he spurred him on to battle; and other matters equally sublime and difficult to be comprehended. He also instituted an order, (the order of "The Brazen Lock,") by which a lock of brass was fixed to the noses of such of his courtiers as had done him (or the island) eminent service. Tattlisky invented a method of discovering secrets, and had a brass lock for his pains.—Jabbrousky once talked sixteen hours, without ceasing, upon the subject of the nation's prosperity, so that none of his auditors understood a word, and yet each person gave him a piece of gold coin at the conclusion of his oration. This made a good deal of noise at court, and Jabbrousky was decreed to have merited two brass locks, which were fixed to his nose without delay.—(He grew supercilious, unhappily, on the instant.) Ferretz had a lock for destroying all the rats in the island of Kemlin;

but it must be observed that there was some murmuring at the bestowal of this reward. Cajolem, who negotiated (in disguise) with some of the principal people at Naplitz, received a brazen lock, and was publicly complimented by Fædor for his conduct. He returned an answer three hours long, which was applauded by every one who remained awake at the conclusion.

And thus lived on the great and gallant Fædor, admired by the fair, and worshipped by the great; the envy of princes whom he excelled, and abused by those who were more powerful. One man wished for his figure, another for his strength, a third under-rated his abilities, and a fourth his honours. No one could enjoy higher distinctions. For the space of four years he reigned without an interval of war, receiving his taxes, and collecting his tribute on the seas,—drinking Greek and Cyprus wines, smoking cigars, shooting, riding, sailing, feasting, and making compliments and love;—a model for any prince, from the source to the mouth of the Danube,—provided he professes the Catholic religion, and is not too wise to gain improvement from example.

SONG TO TWILIGHT.

1.

COME, gentle Twilight, come!
And spread thy purple wings
Along the shore, with fairy hum
And mystic murmurings;
Come while the lake is still,
And mute the breezes play—
And birds with many an artless thrill
Shall sing thy roundelay.

2.

Yon little golden star
Hath fill'd his urn anew,
To aid thy stealthy flight from far
Amid the depths of blue:
Abroad the glow-worm hies,
With living lamp to greet
Thy light fall from the balmy skies,
And hither guide thy feet.

3.

The lily's ivory bowers
Have lost their elfin-Queen,
The fays have left their dear-loved flowers
To trip it on the green;
And now the merry crew,
In quaintest revelry,
Are scattering odours o'er the dew,
And welcome dance to thee.

4.

A little longer, then,
Sweet Twilight, linger here,
Till one sole songster 'mid the glen
Enthralls the raptured ear;
Then in its tangled grove,
Beneath the green-wood tree,
Oh! I will think of my lady love,
And she will think of me!

P. P.

TO THE SUN.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

MONARCH of day ! once piously adored
 By virtuous Pagans ;— if no longer thou
 With orisons art worship'd—as the lord
 Of the delightful lyre, or dreadful bow ;
 If thy embodied essence be not now,
 As it once was, regarded as divine ;
 Nor blood of victims at thine altar flow,
 Nor clouds of incense hover round thy shrine ;—
 Yet fitly may'st thou claim the homage of the Nine.

Nor can I deem it strange, that in past ages
 Men should have knelt and worship'd thee ;—that kings,
 And laurel'd bards, robed priests, and hoary sages,
 Should, far above all sublunary things,
 Have turn'd to thee, whose visible glory flings
 Its splendour over all.—Ere gospel-light
 Had dawn'd, and given to thought sublimer wings,
 I cannot marvel, in that mental night,
 That nations should obey, and nature own thy right.

For man was then, as now he is, compell'd,
 By conscious frailties manifold, to seek
 Something to worship.—In the heart, unquell'd
 By innate evil, thoughts there are which speak
 One language in Barbarian Goth, or Greek ;
 A language by itself well understood,
 Proclaiming man is helpless, frail, and weak,
 And urging him to bow to stone, or wood ;—
 Till what his hands had form'd, his heart revered as good.

Do I commend idolatry ?—O no !
 I merely would assert—the human heart
 Must worship :—that its hopes and fears will go
 Out of itself, and restlessly depart
 In search of somewhat, which its own fond art,
 Tradition, custom, or sublimer law
 Of Revelation, brings,—to assuage the smart
 Sorrows and sufferings from its essence draw,
 When it can look not up with hope, and love, and awe.

Can it be wondrous, then, before the name
 Of the ETERNAL GOD was known, as now,
 That orisons were pour'd, and votaries came
 To offer at thine altars, and to bow
 Before an object beautiful as thou ?—
 No, it was natural, in those darker days,
 For such to wreath round thine ideal brow
 A fitting chaplet of thine arrowy rays,
 Shaping thee forth a form to accept their prayer or praise.

Even I, majestic orb ! who worship not
 The splendour of thy presence,—who controul
 My present feelings, as thy future lot
 Is painted to the vision of my soul,
 When final darkness, like an awful scroll,
 Shall quench thy fires :—even I, if I could kneel
 To aught but Him who framed this wondrous whole,
 Could worship thee ;—so deeply do I feel
 Emotions—words alone can hope not to reveal.

For thou art glorious!—when, from thy pavilion,
 Thou lookest forth at morning, flinging wide
 Its curtain-clouds of purple and vermillion,
 Dispensing light and life on every side;
 Bright'ning the mountain cataract, dimly spied
 Through glittering mist; opening each dew-gemm'd flower;
 Or touching, in some hamlet far descried,
 Its spiral wreaths of smoke, that upwards tower;—
 While birds their matins sing in many a leafy bower.

And more magnificent art thou, bright sun!
 Uprising from the ocean's billowy bed;—
 Who that has seen thee thus, as I have done,
 Can e'er forget the effulgent splendours spread
 From thy emerging radiance?—Upwards sped,
 E'en to the centre of the vaulted sky,
 Thy beams pervade the heavens, and o'er them shed
 Hues indescribable—of gorgeous dye,
 Making among the clouds mute, glorious pageantry.

Then, then how beautiful, across the deep,
 The lustre of thy orient path of light!
 Onward, still onward,—o'er the waves that leap
 So lovelily, and show their crests of white,
 The eye unsated, in its own despite,
 Still up that vista gazes; till thy way
 Over the waters, seems a path-way bright
 For holiest thoughts to travel, there to pay
 Their homage unto Him who bade thee “*RULE THE DAY.*”

And thou thyself, forgetting what thou art,
 Appear'st thy Maker's temple, in whose dome
 The silent worship of the expanding heart
 May rise, and seek its own eternal home:—
 The intervening billows' snowy foam,
 Rising successively, seem *steps of light*,
 O'er which a disembodied soul might roam;
 E'en as the heavenly host, in vision bright,
 Once did on Bethel's plain, before the Patriarch's sight.

Nor are thy evening splendours, mighty orb!
 Less beautiful:—and, O! more touching far,
 And of more power—thought, feeling to absorb
 In voiceless ecstasy,—to me they are.
 When, watchful of thy exit, the pale star
 Of evening, in a lovely summer eve,
 Comes forth; and, softer than the soft guitar,
 Is said to tell how gentle lovers grieve,
 The whispering breezes sigh, and take of thee their leave.

O! then it is delightful to behold
 Thy calm departure; soothing to survey
 Through opening clouds, by thee all edged with gold,
 The milder pomp of thy declining sway:
 How beautiful, on church-tower old and grey,
 Is shed thy parting smile; how brightly glow
 Thy last beams on some tall tree's loftiest spray,
 While silvery mists half hide its stem below,
 Ascending from the stream which at its foot doth flow.

This may be *mere description*; and there are
 Who of such poesy but lightly deem;—
 And hold it nobler in a bard by far
 To seek in narrative a livelier theme:—

These think, perchance, the poet does but dream,
 Who paints the scenes most lovely in his eyes,—
 And, all unconscious of the bliss supreme
 Their quiet unobtrusiveness supplies,
 Insipid judge his taste, his simple strain despise.

I quarrel not with such. If battle-fields,
 Where crowns are lost and won ; or potent spell,
 Which portraiture of stormier passion yields ;—
 If such *alone* can bid their bosoms swell
 With those emotions words can feebly tell,—
 Enough there are who love such themes as these,
 Whose loftier powers I hope not to excel :
 I neither wish to fire the heart, nor freeze ;
 But seek their praise alone, whom gentler thoughts can please.

Yet if the quiet study of the heart,
 And humble love of nature's every grace
 Have not deceived me ;—these have power to impart
 Feelings, and thoughts, well worthy of a place
 In every bosom :—he who learns to trace,
 Through all he sees, that Hand which form'd the whole,
 And, contemplating fair Creation's face,
 Feels her calm beauty in his inmost soul,—
 Can read those mystic lines thought only can unrol.

Nature is lavish of her loveliness,
 Until that loveliness, if not denied,
 Becomes a theme, which, whoso would express,
 And dwell with fondness on, men half deride :
 And even thou, bright Sun ! who in thy pride,
 And gorgeous beauty, dost so often set—
 Art scarcely noticed :—many turn aside
 With cold indiff'rence from the scene, and yet
 'Tis one which he who feels—for hours may not forget !

Have I not found it such, when, at the close
 Of a long day in close confinement spent,
 I've wander'd forth—and seen thy disk repose
 On the horizon of the firmament ?—
 O ! I have gazed upon thee—with intent,
 And silent ardour, till I could have deem'd
 The clouds which compass'd thee, by thee besprent
 With glory, as thy brightness through them gleam'd,—
 Beautiful in themselves—with beautiful visions teem'd.

And I have look'd at them—until the story
 Of BUNYAN'S Pilgrims seem'd a tale most true :—
 How he beheld their entrance into glory—
 And saw them pass the pearly portal through ;—
 Catching, meanwhile, a beatific view
 Of that bright city—shining like the sun,
 Whose glittering streets appear'd of golden hue,
 And in them many men—their conflicts done,
 Were walking, robed—with palms—and crowned every one !

Not that the soul's divine imaginings
 Can rest in glories palpable to sense ;
 Not robes, palms, crowns, nor harps of golden strings,
 Awaken thrills of rapture so intense,
 Yet check'd by awe, and humble diffidence,
 As hopes of meeting, never more to part—
 Those we have dearly loved ;—the influence
 Of whose affection, o'er the subject heart,
 Was by mild virtue gain'd, and sway'd with gentle art.

The very *thought* of meeting such—is bliss ;
 But O ! to meet in heaven, nay, e'en to feel
 At times a hope which whispers aught like this,
 Is joy—that language never can reveal !
 In hours of solitude, its mute appeal
 Seems with the spirit's better thoughts to blend ;
 Its heavenly balm possesses power to heal
 Wounds—that the world can faintly comprehend,
 But which, without its aid, would bleed till life should end.

Once more unto my theme. I turn again,
 To thee, resplendent ruler of the day !
 For time it is to close this lingering strain,
 And I, though half reluctantly, obey.
 Still—not thy rise, and set, alone—though they
 Are most superb, demand thy votary's song ;
 The bard who makes *thee* subject of his lay,
 Unless he would a theme so glorious wrong,
 Will find it one that wakes of thoughts a countless throng.

For can imagination upward soar
 To thee, and to thy daily path on high,
 Nor feel, if it have never felt before,
 Fresh admiration of thy majesty ?
 Thy home is in the beautiful blue sky !
 From whence thou lookest on this world of ours,
 As but one satellite thy beams supply
 With light and gladness—thy exhaustless powers
 Call forth in other worlds sweet Spring's returning flowers.

Yes—as in this, in other worlds the same,
 The Seasons do thee homage—each in turn ;
 Spring, with a smile, exults to hear thy name ;
 Then Summer woos thy bright but brief sojourn
 To bless her bowers ; while deeper ardours burn
 On Autumn's glowing cheek when thou art nigh ;
 And even Winter half foregoes her stern
 And frigid aspect, as thy bright'ning eye
 Falls on her features pale, nor can thy power deny.

Yet—spite of all :—though thou appear'st to be
 The type of thy Creator ; seeming source
 Of light and life, on earth, in air, in sea—
 To countless millions in thy mighty course :—
 Now listening to the dash of ocean, hoarse
 Upon its rocky marge ; or to the sound
 Of stormy winds, rejoicing in their force ;—
 Or softer harmonies which float around,
 From deep and verdant vales, or mountains forest-crown'd :—

And though on earth thou hast beheld the sway
 Of Time, which alters all things ; and may'st look
 On pyramids as piles of yesterday,
 Which were not in thy youth :—although no nook
 Of earth, perchance, retain the form it took
 When first thou didst behold it :—even thou
 Must know, in turn, thy strength and glory strook ;
 Must lose the radiant crown that decks thy brow,
 Day's regal sceptre yield,—and to a Mightier bow !

For thou thyself art but a gaude of Time,
 Whose birth with thy original did blend ;
 Together ye began your course sublime,
 And as sublime will be your destined end.

For, soon, or late, as Oracles portend,
 One final consummation shall ye meet :
 Thou into nothingness again must wend,
 When this vast world dissolves with fervent heat ;—
 His revolutions end, his cycle be complete.
 And then shall follow an eternal day,
 Illumed by splendour far surpassing thine ;
 For HE, who made thee, shall Himself display,
 And in the brightness of his glory shine,—
 Absorbing all, and making all divine :—
 Before His throne the hosts of heaven shall fall ;
 And space itself shall be but as a shrine,
 Where everlasting praises cannot pall,
 Pour'd forth before THE LAMB, and GOD, the LORD OF ALL!

THE TYROL WANDERER.

MR. EDITOR—I have been in the habit of travelling a great deal over the world, and though not an author by profession, and never intending to become one, I have yet made it my practice to note down in an album, whatever I have seen or heard, which struck me as extraordinary. Happening the other day to turn over some of its pages, I fell upon the following history, related to me by the man himself, a few years since, in Washington, in North America, in which city he then resided, and I believe, still lives. He had received a grant from the national legislature of that country, in consequence of services rendered by him to the American general, Eaton, during his incursion upon Tripoli. His story is a singular example of what human ingenuity can do, when operated on by the stimulus of necessity.

Gervasio Probasio Santuari was born at a village near Trent, in the Tyrol, on the 21st of October, 1772. He was brought up in one of the schools of that country, in which part of the learner's time is devoted to literature, and part to the exercise of the agricultural and mechanic arts. He was then sent to college for the purpose of being educated for the Romish church, but not liking his occupation or prospects, he renounced his theological studies, and, young as he was, became a *Benedict*, instead of a monk. His first employment, after his marriage, was as a *surveyor of land*. Shortly afterwards, however, when Joseph the Second ordered an expedition against the Turks, he entered the army under

Laudun, and marched to Belgrade, after which he sustained his share in the siege of Mantua. After the capitulation of that city he deserted from the Austrian army, to avoid the consequences of a duel in which he had been involved. The punishment for such a crime, according to the rules of the Austrian military code, is death. He joined the French at Milan, and went by the name of Carlo Hassanda, but growing weary of the suspicion which attached to him as a spy, he poisoned the guards by administering to them opium in their drink, and escaped to a village in the south of Switzerland. Here, to avoid detection, he assumed the name of Joan Eugena Leitensdorfer, and having sent word to his family how he was situated, they sent him a remittance, with which he purchased watches and jewellery, and travelled as a pedlar through France and Spain. In this capacity he arrived at Toulon, where his terror and his necessities induced him to embark on board a vessel, which was bound for Egypt. After his arrival he wandered on to Calro, where the French forces were then quartered, under the command of Menou, and to the agricultural and economical projects of the Institute he rendered considerable aid. In the mean time, our forces landed, and after the victory, which the life of Abercrombie dearly purchased, he conceived that things were likely to take a change, and deserted without scruple to the British army. The English officers encouraged him to open a coffee-house for their entertainment, and he soon collected a

sum of money which his enterprising spirit induced him to expend in the erection of a theatre, where the military amateurs used to perform. Here he married a Coptic woman. On the departure of the English he found it necessary to retire from Alexandria, and abandoning his wife, child, and property, he arrived, after an ordinary voyage, at Messina, in Sicily. At that place, being out of employment, and utterly destitute of resources, he entered as a novice in a monastery of Capuchin friars, and practised their discipline, and enjoyed their bounty, until an opportunity offered of running away, of which, with his usual alacrity, he availed himself and sailed for Smyrna. He soon reached Constantinople, where he was reduced to the last extremity of want, having wandered about the city for three days and three nights without food or shelter. At length, meeting a Capuchin friar, he begged of him a pack of cards and a pistol, and with the aid of these he exhibited tricks which in some measure retrieved his desperate fortune. About this time Brune, who commanded the French army at Milan, when he made his escape, arrived at Constantinople as the French ambassador; and fearing that he might be recognised by some of the diplomatic suite, he enlisted into the Turkish service. Two expeditions were then on foot; one against Passwan Oglou, in Bulgaria, the other against Elfi Bey, in Egypt. He joined the latter, and on the defeat of the Turkish detachment to which he belonged, saved his head by betaking himself to the desert, and courting protection from the Bedouin Arabs. After this unfortunate expedition he continued to make his way back to Constantinople, and endeavoured in vain to procure from the Russian minister a passport into Muscovy. His next attempt was to obtain re-admittance into the Turkish service, in which proving unsuccessful, he assumed the habit and character of a *dervise*. These are the functionaries of religion, and always combine with their sacerdotal duties the offices of *physician* and *conjurer*. To be initiated into this order he made a formal renunciation of Christianity, denounced its followers, for the wrongs and injuries they

had done him, professed the Mahometan faith in due form, and to show that he was in earnest, circumcised himself. This being accomplished, he then joined, under the new name of Murat Aga, a caravan for Trebisond, on the southern shore of the Black sea. On the way he practised his profession by giving directions to the sick, and selling, for considerable sums of money, small pieces of paper on which were written sentences from the Koran in Turkish, which he pretended to sanctify by applying to the naked shaven crown of his head. At Trebisond he was informed that the Bashaw was dangerously ill, and threatened with blindness; and he was called upon instantly to prescribe for this grand patient, which, however, he refused to do, unless he was admitted into his presence. To this sovereign presence he was accordingly conducted through files of armed soldiers and ranks of kneeling officers. Having arrived in the sick chamber, the dervise displayed all the pomp and grandeur of his calling, by solemnly invoking God and the Prophet. He next proceeded to enquire under what disease the Bashaw laboured, and found that he was afflicted with a fever, accompanied with a violent inflammation of the eyes. Judging from the symptoms that it was likely he would recover both health and sight, he boldly declared it to be God's will that both these events should happen after the next new moon, provided certain intermediate remedies should be used. Then searching the pouch containing his medicines and apparatus, he produced a white powder, which he ordered to be blown into the Bashaw's eyes, and a wash of milk and water to be frequently applied afterwards. Sweating, by the assistance of warm drinks and blankets, was likewise recommended. He was well rewarded both by money and presents; and the next day departed with the caravan towards Persia, intending to be nine or ten days journey from Trebisond, before the new moon should appear, that he might be quite out of reach, in case the event should prove unfortunate. The caravan, being numerous and heavily laden, was overtaken by an organised and armed banditti, who pursued them for the purposes of plun-

der, and finding they must either fight or purchase terms, they preferred the latter. This affair being thus settled, he heard two of the marauders talking to each other concerning the grand dervise who had cured the Bashaw of Trebisond. He heard them say, that the recovery was confidently expected, as the more violent symptoms had abated, and the prospect became daily more encouraging. The event justified their observations, and on the return of the caravan the dervise was received with open arms at Trebisond, pronounced by the lips of the sovereign to be a great and good man, and once more loaded with donations. Here he remained until another caravan set out for Mecca, and he joined the body of pilgrims and traders in his hitherto auspicious character of a dervise. They arrived in due time in the region of Yemen; but the Wechabites had commenced their fanatical encroachments. They had, in part, demolished the old religion of Mahomet, set up their new revelation in its stead, burned the body of the prophet, and sequestered much of the revenues of his shrine. The caravan did not choose to encounter the zeal and determination of these daring innovators, and accordingly it halted at a distance. But Murat availing himself, partly of his sanctity as a priest, and partly of his personal adroitness, went over to their camp, and was well received. Having tarried as long as he pleased in Mecca, he went to a port near Jidda, a city on the Red sea, and thence crossing to the west side, he coasted along to Suez. In that place he entered as interpreter into the service of Lord Gordon, a Scottish traveller, and with him he travelled to Cairo, and thence to Nubia and Abyssinia. His last employment, previous to his leaving the service of that gentleman, was to decorate with flowers, fruit, leaves, branches, and chandeliers, the hall in which his employer, on his return, gave a splendid fête to the foreign residents and consuls then at Cairo. Thence, after an absence of six years, he returned to Alexandria, and on enquiring after his Coptic wife, was told that she was in concealment. A separation was readily agreed upon, and by mutual consent, she formed

a connexion with a Copt, a man of her own sect. Returning once more to Cairo, he wholly relinquished the occupations of a dervise, and assumed the office and uniform of an *engineer*! Here he was engaged in planning military works, and in superintending their execution. While thus employed news was brought him that the American captain, Eaton, had arrived, and was in search of a confidential and intrepid agent, to convey a message to Hamet Cavamelli, the ex-bashaw of Tripoli, in Barbary. At an interview which took place between them, the captain first swore Murat to secrecy on the Koran, and then communicated his project. Having agreed upon the conditions, Murat took the earliest opportunity of deserting the Turks, and penetrated through the desert to the Mameluke camp, where Cavamelli was, poor and dependent, but respected. It must be remembered that Egypt is divided into English and French parties; the Turks being attached to the French, and the Mamelukes to the English. With a single attendant and two dromedaries, he proceeded with the swiftness of the wind, feeding the animals on small balls composed of meal and eggs, and taking no other sleep than he could catch upon the back of the hard-trotting animal, to which he had himself tied. He reached the Mameluke camp in safety. The Sheik, in token of a welcome reception, gave him a few sequins, and refreshed him with coffee. In a short time he so arranged matters with the ex-Bashaw, that one night Cavamelli went forth, as if on an ordinary expedition, with about one hundred and fifty followers, and instead of returning to his Mameluke encampment, sped his way over the trackless sands, and with that force reached the rendezvous of the enterprising American. With all the forces they could jointly assemble, they traversed, with extreme toil and suffering, the deserts of Barca, for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of the squadron of armed ships which the United States of America had ordered against the city of Tripoli. After surmounting incredible hardships, they arrived at Derna, and gained an advantage over the troops of the reigning Ba-

shaw in a skirmish. Immediately after this, a peace was concluded with the American consul, Mr. Lear; in consequence of which, orders were sent to the squadron of the United States, then on the coast, and to the co-operating land forces under Eaton, to discontinue hostilities. The Egyptian host were requested to embark in the ships of their allies. Part of them, thus stopped in their mid-career, did so; and the rest remained on shore, subject, now they were inferior in martial strength, to the cruelty and caprice of the baffled and exasperated despot. Leitensdorfer was one of the persons who went on board, and witnessed the mortification of the ex-bashaw, and the ravings of his lieutenant-general, at this unexpected order, so subversive of their plans, and so ruinous to their hopes. In this vessel he acted as a colonel, and proceeded with her by way of Malta to Syracuse.

From Syracuse he went to Albania, taking the route of Corfu to Salona, with the design of enquiring by letter what had become of a son by his first marriage, whom he had left behind in the Tyrol. Immediately, however, upon his landing among the Turks, he was seized as an apostate Mahometan and reduced to slavery. The miseries of his situation were in some degree relieved, from the circumstance of his having fortunately recovered several sick sailors during the voyage. In addition to this, he pleaded the necessity which he felt, when in the American army of Africa, of conforming to the dress and manners of that strange and peculiar people of the west, under a belief that necessity justified his deceit, and that to act as an American was not to feel as a Christian. By degrees, the rigours of his servitude were alleviated, and he was at length restored to the entire freedom of a faithful Mussulman. He next visited Palermo, and there formed a temporary marriage with a fair Sicilian, who "laughed at all ties but those which love had made."

About this time, the new king of Naples threatened to conquer Sicily, in spite of all the resistance that Ferdinand IV. and the English could make. On this, Lietensdorfer became alarmed for his personal safety, knowing well that he neither deserved nor

could expect mercy from the Frenchmen. He then determined to embark as a passenger for the United States, but no master of a vessel could be found to receive him in that capacity; and being obliged to offer himself as a sailor, he was entered as such on board a ship bound for Salem, in the State of Massachusetts. Here he learned to hand, reef, and steer, and in a short time became an active and perfect seaman. Arriving at Salem, in December 1809, he soon went on a visit to his old friend and fellow warrior at Brimfield, by whom he was hospitably entertained and sent to Washington, furnished with ample testimonials of his bravery and services, for the inspection of the President and Secretary of State. By these officers he was referred to the Secretary at War, and enjoyed, for a time, the paradise of suspense into which every state expectant is sure to be initiated. By continued references, however, from one person to another, his skill in surveying, drawing, and engineering, happened to become known to the surveyor of the public buildings, and he thereby acquired some of the patronage of Mr. Latrobe. There he now lives, occupying one of the vacant chambers in the northern pile of the capitol, as a watch or office keeper; providing and cooking for himself, and employing his hands in almost every kind of occupation, from the making of shoes to the ensnaring of birds and the delineation of maps.

This extraordinary man is about five feet ten inches in height, with dark eyes, black hair, and a brown complexion. His looks are lively, his gestures animated, and his limbs remarkably flexible and vigorous. His forehead is ample, his features expressive, and his figure rather spare and lean. With such natural marks and powers, he has been enabled to assume the respective characters of Jew, Christian, and Mahometan; and of soldier, linguist, engineer, farmer, juggler, tradesman, and dervise, with apparent facility. In short, he has shown himself to be one of the most versatile of human beings, having acted, during his multifarious life, in about *thirty different characters!* In the course of his adventures he has received several wounds, and his eccentric life has afforded incidents for

a theatrical exhibition on the stage of Vienna. He can utter the Hebrew words of worship almost exactly like a Rabbi in the Synagogue; he can recite the Christian Catholic ritual, after the manner of the Capuchins; and he pronounces the religious sentences of the Mussulmen in Arabic, with the earnestness and emphasis of a Mufti. To complete this "strange, eventful history," the Congress of America have, at the instance of Mr. Bradley, who detailed the leading incidents of his life on the floor of the senate, passed a bill, bestowing on

him a half section of land, (320 acres) and the pay of a captain, from the 15th of December, 1804, to the same period in 1805, being the time that he served as adjutant and inspector of the army of the United States in Egypt, and on the coast of Africa. Leitensdorfer is at present but forty-eight years of age, strong, and healthy, and if his rambling disposition should continue, likely to add many more pages to a biography, which, perhaps, has few parallels, except in the adventures and vicissitudes of Trenck.

NEPOS.

TABLE TALK.

No. XI.

ON A LANDSCAPE OF NICOLAS POUSSIN.

ORION, the subject of this landscape, was the classical Nimrod, and is called by Homer, "a hunter of shadows, himself a shade." He was the son of Neptune, and having lost an eye in some affray between the Gods and men, was told that if he would go to meet the rising sun, he would recover his sight. He is represented setting out on his journey, with men on his shoulders to guide him; a bow in his hand, and Diana in the clouds greeting him. He stalks along, a giant upon earth, and reels and falters in his gait, as if just awakened out of sleep, or uncertain of his way, so that you see his blindness, though his back is turned. Mists rise around him, and veil the sides of the green forests; earth is dank and fresh with dews, "the grey dawn and the Pleiades before him dance," and in the distance are seen the blue hills and sullen ocean. Nothing was ever more finely conceived or done. It breathes the spirit of the morning; its moisture, its repose, its obscurity, waiting the miracle of light to kindle it into smiles: the whole is, like the principal figure in it, "a forerunner of the dawn." The same atmosphere tinges and imbues every object, the same dull light "shadowy sets off" the face of nature: one feeling of vastness, of strangeness, and of primeval forms pervades the painter's canvas, and we are thrown back upon the first integrity of things. This great and learned man might be said to see nature through the glass of time: he

alone has a right to be considered as the painter of classical antiquity. Sir Joshua has done him justice in this respect. He could give to the scenery of his heroic fables that unimpaired look of original nature, full, solid, large, luxuriant, teeming with life and power; or deck it with all the pomp of art, with temples and towers, and mythologic groves. His pictures "denote a foregone conclusion." He moulds nature to his purposes, works out her images according to the standard of his thoughts, embodies high fictions; and, the first conception being given, the rest seem to grow out of, and be assimilated to it, by the invariable process of a studious imagination. Like his own Orion, he overlooks the surrounding scene, appears to "take up the isles as a very little thing, and to lay the earth in a balance." With a laborious and mighty grasp, he put nature into the mould of the ideal and antique; and was among painters (more than any body else) what Milton was among poets. There is in both something of the same pedantry, the same stiffness, the same elevation, the same grandeur, the same mixture of art and nature, the same richness of borrowed materials, the same unity of character. Neither the poet nor the painter lowered the subjects they treated, but filled up the outline in the fancy, and added strength and reality to it; and thus, not only satisfied, but surpassed the expectations of the spectator and the reader. This is held for the triumph

and the perfection of works of art. To give us nature, such as we see it, is well and deserving of praise; to give us nature, such as we have never seen, but have often wished to see it, is better, and deserving of higher praise. He who can show the world in its first naked glory, with the hues of fancy spread over it, or in its high and palmy state, with the gravity of history stamped on the proud monuments of vanished empire,—who, by his “so potent art,” can recal time past, transport us to distant places, and join the regions of imagination (a new conquest) to those of reality,—who shows us not only what nature is, but what she has been, and is capable of,—he who does this, and does it with simplicity, with truth, and grandeur, is lord of nature and her powers; and his mind is universal, and his art the master-art!

There is nothing in this “more than natural,” if criticism could be persuaded to think so. The historic painter does not neglect or contravene nature, but follows her more closely up into her fantastic heights, or hidden recesses. He demonstrates what she would be in conceivable circumstances, and under implied conditions. He “gives to airy nothing a local habitation,” not “a name.” At his touch, words start up into images, thoughts become things. He clothes a dream, a phantom with form and colour, and the wholesome attributes of reality. *His* art is a second nature, not a different one. There are those, indeed, who think that not to copy nature, is the rule for attaining perfection. Because

they cannot paint the objects which they have seen, they fancy themselves qualified to paint the ideas which they have not seen. But it is possible to fail in this latter and more difficult style of imitation, as well as in the former humbler one. The detection, indeed, is not so easy, because the objects are not so nigh at hand to compare, and therefore there is more room, both for false pretension, and for self-deceit. They take an epic motto, or subject, and think that the spirit is implied as a thing of course. They paint inferior portraits, maudlin lifeless faces, without ordinary expression, or one look, feature, or particle of nature in them, and think that this is to rise to the truth of history. They vulgarise and degrade whatever is interesting or sacred to the mind, and think that they thus add to the dignity of their profession. They represent a face that looks as if no thought or feeling of any kind had ever passed through it; and would have you believe that this is the very sublime of expression, such as it would appear in heroes, or demi-gods of old, when rapture or agony was raised to its height. They show you a landscape that looks as if the sun never shone upon it, and tell you that it is not modern—that so earth looked when Titan first kissed it with his rays. This is not the true *ideal*. It is not to fill the moulds of the imagination, but to deface and injure them: it is not to come up to, but to fall short of the poorest conception in the public mind. Such pictures should not be hung in the same room with that of
Blind Orion hungry for the morn.*

* Every thing tends to show the manner in which a great artist is formed. If any one could claim an exemption from the careful imitation of individual objects, it was Nicolas Poussin. He studied the Antique, but he also studied nature. “I have often admired,” says Vignuel de Marville, who knew him at a late period of his life, “the love he had for his art. Old as he was, I frequently saw him among the ruins of ancient Rome, out in the Campagna, or along the banks of the Tyber, sketching a scene that had pleased him; and I often met him with his handkerchief full of stones, moss, or flowers, which he carried home, that he might copy them exactly from nature. One day I asked him how he had attained to such a degree of perfection, as to have gained so high a rank among the great painters of Italy? He answered, I HAVE NEGLECTED NOTHING.”—*See his Life lately published.* It appears from this account that he had not fallen into a recent error, that Nature puts the man of genius out. As a contrast to the foregoing description, I might mention, that I remember an old gentleman once asking Mr. West in the British Gallery, if he had ever been at Athens? To which the President made answer, No; nor did he feel any great desire to go; for that he thought he had as good an idea of the place from the Catalogue, as he could get by living there for any number of years. What would he have said, if any one had told him, they could get as good an idea of the subject of one of his great works from reading the Catalogue of it, as from seeing the picture itself! Yet the answer was characteristic of the genius of the painter.

Poussin was, of all painters, the most poetical. He was the painter of ideas. No one ever told a story half so well, nor so well knew what was capable of being told by the pencil. He seized on, and struck off with grace and precision, just that point of view which would be likely to catch the reader's fancy. There is a significance, a consciousness in whatever he does (sometimes a vice, but oftener a virtue) beyond any other painter. His Giants sitting on the tops of craggy mountains, as huge themselves, and playing idly on their Pan's-pipes, seem to have been seated there these three thousand years, and to know the beginning and the end of their own story. An infant Bacchus, or Jupiter, is big with his future destiny. Even inanimate and dumb things speak a language of their own. His snakes, the messengers of fate, are inspired with human intellect. His trees grow and expand their leaves in the air, glad of the rain, proud of the sun, awake to the winds of Heaven. In his Plague of Athens, the very buildings seem stiff with horror. His picture of the Deluge is, perhaps, the finest historical landscape in the world. You see a waste of waters, wide, interminable: the sun is labouring, wan and weary, up the sky; the clouds, dull and leaden, lie like a load upon the eye, and heaven and earth seem commingling into one confused mass! His human figures are sometimes "o'er-informed" with this kind of feeling. Their actions have too much gesticulation, and the set expression of the features borders too much on the mechanical and caricatured style. In this respect, they form a contrast to Raphael's, whose figures never appear to be sitting for their pictures, or to be conscious of a spectator, or to have come from the painter's hand. In Nicolas Poussin, on the contrary, every thing seems to have a mutual understanding with the artist: "the very stones prate of their whereabouts:" each object has its part and place assigned, and is in a sort of compact with the rest of the picture. It is this conscious keeping, and, as it were, *internal* design, that gives their peculiar character to the works of this artist. There was a picture of Aurora in the British Gallery a year or two ago.

It was a suffusion of golden light. The Goddess wore her saffron-coloured robes, and appeared just risen from the gloomy bed of old Tithonus. Her very steeds, milk-white, were tinged with the yellow dawn. It was a personification of the morning. —Poussin succeeded better in classic than in sacred subjects. The latter are comparatively heavy, forced, full of violent contrasts of colour, of red, blue, and black, and without the true prophetic inspiration of the characters. But in his Pagan allegories and fables he was quite at home. The native gravity and native levity of the Frenchman were combined with Italian scenery and an antique gusto, and gave even to his colouring an air of learned indifference. He wants, in one respect, grace, form, expression; but he has every where sense and meaning, perfect costume and propriety. His personages always belong to the class and time represented, and are strictly versed in the business in hand. His grotesque compositions in particular, his Nymphs and Fauns, are superior (at least, as far as style is concerned) even to Rubens's. They are taken more immediately out of fabulous history. Rubens's Satyrs and Bacchantes have a more jovial and voluptuous aspect, are more drunk with pleasure, more full of animal spirits and riotous impulses, they laugh and bound along—

Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring;

but those of Poussin have more of the intellectual part of the character, and seem vicious on reflection, and of set purpose. Rubens's are noble specimens of a class; Poussin's are allegorical abstractions of the same class, with bodies less pampered, but with minds more secretly depraved. The Bacchanalian groups of the Flemish painter were, however, his master-pieces in composition. Witness those prodigies of colour, character, and expression, at Blenheim. In the more chaste and refined delineation of classic fable, Poussin was without a rival. Rubens, who was a match for him in the wild and picturesque, could not pretend to vie with the elegance and purity of thought, in his picture of Apollo giving a poet a cup of water to drink; nor with the gracefulness of design in the figure of a nymph squeezing the

juice of a bunch of grapes from her fingers (a rosy wine-press) which falls into the mouth of a chubby infant below. But, above all, who shall celebrate, in terms of fit praise, his picture of the shepherds in the Vale of Tempe going out in a fine morning of the spring, and coming to a tomb with this inscription:—*ET EGO IN ARCADIA VIXI!* The eager curiosity of some, the expression of others who start back with fear and surprise, the clear breeze playing with the branches of the shadowing trees, “the valleys low, where the mild zephyrs use,” the distant, uninterrupted, sunny prospect speak (and for ever will speak on) of ages past to ages yet to come!*

Pictures are a set of chosen images, a stream of pleasant thoughts passing through the mind. It is a luxury to have the walls of our rooms hung round with them, and no less so to have such a gallery in the mind, to con over the relics of ancient art bound up “within the book and volume of the brain, unmixed (if it were possible) with baser matter!” A life passed among pictures, in the study and the love of art, is a happy, noiseless dream: or rather, it is to dream and to be awake at the same time; for it has all “the sober certainty of waking bliss,” with the romantic voluptuousness of a visionary and abstracted being. They are the bright consummate essences of things, and “he who knows of these delights to taste and interpose them oft, is not unwise!”—The Orion, which I have here taken occasion to descant upon, is one of a collection of excellent pictures, as this collection is itself one of a series from the old masters, which have for some years back embrowned the walls of the British Gallery, and enriched the public eye. What hues, (those of nature mellowed by time) breathe around, as we enter! What forms are there, woven into the memory! What looks, which only the answering looks of the spectator can express! What intellectual stores have been yearly poured forth from the shrine of ancient art! The works

are various, but the names the same—heaps of Rembrandts frowning from the darkened walls, Rubens’s glad gorgeous groups, Titians more rich and rare, Claudes always exquisite, sometimes beyond compare, Guido’s endless cloying sweetness, the learning of Poussin and the Carracci, and Raphael’s princely magnificence, crowning all. We read certain letters and syllables in the catalogue, and at the well-known magic sound, a miracle of skill and beauty starts to view. One would think that one year’s prodigal display of such perfection would exhaust the labours of one man’s life; but the next year, and the next to that, we find another harvest reaped and gathered in to the great garner of art, by the same immortal hands—

Old GENIUS the porter of them was;

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend.—

Their works seem endless as their reputation—to be many as they are complete—to multiply with the desire of the mind to see more and more of them; as if there were a living power in the breath of Fame, and in the very names of the great heirs of glory “there were propagation too!” It is something to have a collection of this sort to look forward to once a year; to have one last, lingering look yet to come. Pictures are scattered like stray gifts through the world, and while they remain, earth has yet a little gilding left, not quite rubbed out, dishonoured and defaced. There are plenty of standard works still to be found in this country, in the collections at Blenheim, at Burleigh, and in those belonging to Mr. Angerstein, Lord Grosvenor, the Marquis of Stafford and others, to keep up this treat to the lovers of art for many years: and it is the more desirable to reserve a privileged sanctuary of this sort, where the eye may doat, and the heart take its fill of such pictures as Poussin’s Orion, since the Louvre is stripped of its triumphant spoils, and since he, who collected it, and wore it as a rich jewel in his Iron Crown, the hunter of greatness and of glory, is himself a shade!—

T.

* Poussin has repeated this subject more than once, and appears to have revelled in its witcheries. I have before alluded to it, and may again. It is hard that we should not be allowed to dwell as often as we please on what delights us, when things that are disagreeable recur so often against our will.

ON SADOLETT'S DIALOGUE ON EDUCATION,
WITH A POEM FROM FRACASTORIO.

IT has long been my custom, whenever I have found a book that I had never before heard of, warmly, and to all appearance disinterestedly, commended by any writer who has himself gained my confidence, not to rest satisfied till I have seen what it is that has induced him to give this circulating letter of credit to another. Thus it was, some years ago, that in reading the history of Italian literature by Tiraboschi, I met with such commendations of a tractate on the subject of education (then, and ever since, a very interesting one to me), as determined me to seize the first occasion that offered itself of perusing it. Many a day passed before the arrival of this desired moment. Many a bookseller's catalogue did I turn over, and more than one public library did I visit, to no purpose, in this search. Scarcely can any one but an old fisherman, who has been watching his float through a long summer's evening, and seen it, after lying motionless on the surface of the water, at last making two or three little ducks and nods, and then drawn briskly in a sidelong direction downwards, imagine the joy I felt when one of Mr. Payne's brochures opened a glimpse of the long-sought treasure to my view. It was not in that pleasant nook near the Mews' gate, where I used to angle for such prey in my college days, almost as retired and unseen as under the alders in — park; but from the spacious reservoir to which the vivarium has since been transferred, that I drew my booty to shore. It was "*Sadoletus de Liberis recte instituendis*" itself. Whether it were from the habit I had, when a boy, of throwing my fish, when caught, immediately into my pouch, and not letting them lie on the bank, lest they should spring back again into the stream, I know not; but so it was, that the money was no sooner out of one pocket, than my purchase was in the other. Reader, thou knowest in what such pursuits usually end. Thou knowest

that the pleasure is partly over with the chase. It was, indeed, a very sensible, well-written, elegant work of the Cardinal's; and, I believe, much better adapted to practice than the system constructed by Jean Jacques, or any of the modern school, to all which, if I remember right, the judicious critic above-mentioned prefers it. Yet must it be acknowledged that the "*Emile*," which came to me unsought, and "*unwooded was won*," afforded me far higher entertainment. There is the same kind of difference as between Plato's republic, and an essay on the British Constitution; or that which Fuseli has well observed, between the Epic and Historic styles in painting, that "*the one astonishes, the other informs*." But this is an age that very sagely has taken "*nil admirari*" for its motto; when our children read no fairy tales, and our *statesmen* * *no metaphysics*, except "*Locke on the Human Understanding*:" and, therefore, a brief account of Sadoleti's book, that has nothing chimerical in it but the conclusion, may not come amiss.

It is in the form of a dialogue, a favourite one with the writers of that time (Leo the Tenth), but more in Cicero's manner than in that of Plato. The author represents himself holding a discourse with a very discreet young man, his nephew, the care of whose education had been entrusted to him, and who came every day to lecture in Aristotle's ethics, with his tutor and kinsman. At the request of Paolo, who comes somewhat earlier than usual, for the sake of making the inquiry, his uncle readily enters on an explanation of what he conceives the best mode of bringing up a young person; and beginning from his infancy, gives some prudent directions as to the choice of a nurse, though he strongly advises that, if possible, that office should be discharged by the mother herself. Till the reason is capable of acting, discipline, it is observed, is all in all;

* See the Bishop of Winchester's Life of Mr. Pitt.

the manners and temper are, therefore, to be moulded by assiduous and affectionate care; and every precaution is to be taken, that no taint of ill example should be suffered to come near. Then follow some precepts beautifully expressed, as to the necessity of instilling, as soon as may be, a sense of piety into the young pupil; and the unremitting attention which the father of the family must use, that every thing in his own carriage should be as it ought, and that without any appearance of study and intention, so as to work its effect by a silent and imperceptible influence. If the parent is conscious of his inability to perform this part, he is to seek out for another, on whom he may devolve the charge of his son.

After the usual admonition to preserve a due mean between indulgence and severity in the treatment of the boy, the writer breaks out into a noble eulogium on Truth, the intermediate link between morals and speculative wisdom, which is, I think, the finest passage in the dialogue. For the latter part is reserved the course of reading. It is recommended, first of all, to encourage the child to a love of his book, by letting him see others, older than himself, caressed and rewarded for their application. No more knowledge of grammar is exacted from the learner than is requisite for enabling him to understand what he reads, and to express himself readily and correctly; and the difficulties of the art are very judiciously postponed to a riper age. He is then handed over to rhetoric and poetry, and put under the special tuition of Cicero, the idol of that time; after whom come the other orators and poets in the two learned languages of antiquity. A leaning to the Roman

writers is the fault of this latter part, which, on the whole, is less satisfactory than the former. Music is reluctantly permitted, and with a due caution against the corruption of the art, which had become merely a sensual indulgence, instead of the means of allaying and tempering the more violent emotions of the mind; but dancing (that favourite relaxation of Socrates) is proscribed, as utterly inconsistent with a manly gravity and sobriety of manners. The severer sciences are now approached; and last of all, she, to whom they are but subservient and introductory, Philosophy herself, with her two great ministers, Aristotle and Plato, receives the pupil at the apex of the mount, and either sends him back thoroughly furnished and fitted for whatever walk of active life he may choose, or, if he wisely prefer taking up his abode with her, guards him in blissful contemplation,

Where bright ærial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Far from the smoke and stir of this dim
spot.

Another eminent Italian, who was a contemporary with Sadoleti, has left us an extremely pleasing report of the manner in which he dedicated his time to the instruction of his two sons, in the retirement of his country villa. He, whom I speak of, is Fracastorio, the physician, to whom the palm in Latin verse is usually attributed among the moderns; and as the subject is much more agreeable than that of his longer and more celebrated poem, so has he been quite as successful in his manner of handling it. I am not aware that it has ever been introduced to the English reader; and a translation of it will form no unfit accompaniment to the foregoing remarks.

TO GIOVANNI BATTISTA TORRIANO.

Torriano, if my simple village farm
Could boast more joys a welcome guest to charm,
Or if I thought my friend could better brook
The scant convenience of this rustic nook,
Then should I covet thy dear company
Amidst Incaffi's mountains here with me,
These mountains, where, but that with chirpings shrill
The grasshoppers our lofty woodlands thrill,
I scarce that it were summer-tide could know,
So mildly does the air of July blow.

What though my shed be lowly ! yet if pure
 From sordid stain, from eddying dust secure ;
 Yet if no sound unwelcome break my rest,
 No guilt alarm me, and no care molest ;
 So peace throughout, and deep-felt quiet reign,
 With Ease that brings the Muses in his train ;
 And the long slumber of the silent night :
 Nought moves it me, though other eyes delight
 In vermeil hues that on their ceilings shine ;
 Content to see the chimney-smoke on mine.

If round my walls no giant forms thou spy,
 Hurl'd by Jove's lightning from the starry sky,
 No life-impassion'd figures, that may claim
 A deathless guerdon for Romano's name ;
 Boon liberty awaits thee ; she, who loves
 Above all haunts the sylvan wild, and roves
 With easy footstep, unconcern'd and gay,
 Where chance impels, or fancy leads the way.
 Some nicer rules if thou shouldst here offend,
 Loll with too careless freedom on a friend,
 Or haply from thy grasp the platter slip,
 Or the press'd goblet sound beneath thy lip ;
 None marks thee. Sit or walk thou mayst at will,
 Be grave or merry, fast or take thy fill.
 In this retreat how circling days I spend,
 What recreation with what studies blend,
 Thou haply wouldst inquire ; and on the view
 Award of praise or blame the impartial due.
 The dawn appears. Enchanted, I survey
 In the broad east the kindling wheels of day,
 That in no clime with state more radiant rise,
 And woods, and rocks, and many-colour'd skies ;
 Then turn to clear Benacus' brimming lake,
 Toward whose ample breast their progress take
 A hundred streams, which green-hair'd Naiads pour
 To swell the mighty father's crystal store.
 Next from the breezy height I pleas'd discern
 Up to the woods the lowing oxen turn,
 And scatter'd o'er their pasture range the goats :
 The master of the flock his beard denotes,
 Shagged and crisp, and locks depending low ;
 Stalking before the rest with measur'd pace and slow :
 The goatherd damsel waves her wand behind,
 A bunch of flax about her girdle twined,
 That streams and flutters in the passing wind.
 Meanwhile my sons, whom diligent I train
 To venerate the powers that rule the plain,
 I beckon to the shade : they straight obey
 The call, with books to charm an hour away :
 These on the grassy couch at random thrown,
 Studious we con ; or seated on a stone,
 Where his rough arms the broad-leaved chestnut bends,
 And charged with oily mast the beech impends ;
 The boughs on every side and thickets round,
 With sport and song of feather'd warblers sound.

Sometimes the more to vary the delight,
 Green alleys and the yielding turf invite
 Amid the forest ways our feet to roam,
 Till sharpen'd appetite reminds of home :
 Then wearied and athirst the boys complain
 Return too long delay'd ; nor tuneful strain,

Pan, nor Lycæus with its umbrage hoar
 Of whispering pine-trees can detain them more,
 But on they speed with busy haste before ;
 With laughing wine the glass transpicuous fill,
 And limpid waters sparkling from the rill ;
 In order due each ready vessel place,
 And, mingling flowers between, the banquet grace.
 I come : the orchard first supplies the board
 With tender figs, or the dark mulberry stored ;
 The garden and the court the rest afford.
 With frequent stroke meanwhile the granary rings :
 Rebounding light the crackling harvest springs ;
 The heavy flail descending smites amain
 The floor alternate and the sparkling grain ;
 Echoes the glen ; the neighbouring rocks reply ;
 And the light chaff floats upward in the sky.
 Indulgent, on the sturdy thresher's toils,
 Glad Ceres downward looks from heaven, and smiles.

Books, exercise, and slumber wing with down
 Our following hours, whilst Procyon fires the town :
 But at their close, when up Olympus' height
 Emerging Hesper leads the host of night,
 On the tall cliff I take my custom'd stand,
 Point to their eager gaze the radiant band,
 With love of its celestial home inspire
 The youthful soul, and feed the sacred fire ;
 Wond'ring they learn to spell each shining star,
 Cepheus, and Arctos, and Boötes' car.

And canst thou doubt, for this our calmer life,
 To quit awhile the jarring city's strife ?
 To solitude and ease thy thoughts resign,
 And change thy loftier pursuits for mine ?

Our cell e'en great Naugero once adorn'd ;
 Nor Battus, favorite of the muses, scorn'd,
 What time his harp first taught the list'ning groves
 Their guardian Pan and Tellus' ancient loves :
 Here also I, whom healing arts engage
 In these last moments of my waning age,
 Once more the Nine regarding, point my song
 At the mad follies of the vulgar throng.

Lest these light numbers meet Ghiberti's glance,
 Beware : except at Bubulo, perchance,
 On the green bank he nurse some milder mood,
 Where rolls smooth Tartarus his tranquil flood.
 For oft his gracious audience entertains
 The gladden'd muse, nor slights her rustic strains.
 But when his soul into herself retires,
 (Whether to realms of light her wing aspires,
 Or meekly ministrant on rites divine
 Duteous she bends before the hallow'd shrine,)
 Then holds he sweet communion with the skies :
 Nor lighter themes attract his awful eyes,
 To whom the life, that angels lead, is given
 On earth, to know, and antedate his heaven.

THE CORONATION.

Letter from a Gentleman in Town, to a Lady in the Country.

DEAR P——. The newspaper which I sent, gave you, I fear, but a very faint idea of the magnificent and impressive ceremony of the Coronation, although I selected that which appeared to me to offer the most full and faithful account. But the short time allowed to the daily writer for the execution of his task, and the fatigue in which he was left, sufficiently apologize for his rapid, imperfect, and uncorrected relation. On reading the several papers of the day, I could not but feel, from my own disappointment in the description of such parts of the pageant as I did not myself behold, that *your* curiosity would be but miserably fed throughout. I could *realize* nothing from the long cold columns; every thing was named in processional order, but the relation would have suited the course of a funeral, as well as the order of a Coronation. I looked through the editor's glass; but I saw darkly! It is my intention now to give you as faithful a history of the day, as my memory will compass; and I hope that I shall be able in some measure, by the smooth honesty of my narrative, to apply a little balsam to your disordered and wounded curiosity. Pray let your sisters read this letter, and do not fail to sweeten your mother's herb tea with some of the richest morsels of the feast.

I was not put in possession of my ticket for Westminster-hall, until the day previous to the ceremony, so that I was thrown into an elegant bustle, about the provision of suitable habiliments for the occasion. Gentlemen of limited incomes are not proverbial for having layers of court dresses in their drawers, or for seeing the pegs in their passages swarming with cocked hats; I was compelled therefore "to wood and water," as the sailors term it, for the day, or, in plain words, to purchase the antique and costly coat, and the three cornered *beaver*, to fit me for appearing before royalty. I only wish you could have seen me *cooked* up for the Hall, you would have allowed that I was "a dainty dish, to set before a king."

The very early hour at which the doors of Westminster-hall were to be opened put to flight all notions of sleep; and he must have been a rash man indeed whose mind could dare for that night, to bend itself to bedward. At twelve o'clock I began to array myself, and I will not say how long I was employed in this perplexing work, let it suffice, that at half-past three o'clock, I was competent to sally forth from the house of a friend near the Abbey, and to approach that door of the House of Lords, by which I was to enter the Hall. Never was seen so calm and fair a morning, and the very freshness and breath of the country seemed, amongst other luxuries, to have been brought to Westminster for this day and its noble ceremony. I emerged a little before the sun, and had something of the feeling of being rather the brighter of the two;—but the soft sky over my head tempered the pomp and pride of my mind, and subdued me to quiet feelings, and more humility.

When I reached Abingdon Street, which, I must take leave to inform *you of the country*, is a street very near to the Hall of Westminster, I found soldiers, both horse and foot, standing and lying about in every direction. The chill of the morning seemed to affect them, and they were stretched at full length under the piazza, partaking of that comfortless sleep which the stones coldly afford, and the summoning trumpet breaks. A man, so minded, might have walked over foot-soldiers like so many mushrooms,—for they slumbered around in most gorgeous plenteousness. I walked idly about the street and the passages, looking into the carriages, which stood in line, filled with many feathers and a few ladies, or watching the workmen, even at this advanced hour, accomplishing the passage to the Abbey,—or observing the small, but splendid, crowd, nestling around the yet unopened door,—or contemplating, amid all the confusion, and lustre, and pride of the space around me, the serene dawn opening above me in the sky, like a flower. The jingling and shining arms of the ca-

valry,—the courtly dresses of the approaching people,—the idlesse of the sleeping soldiery,—the dingy appearance, and earnest labours, of the workmen,—the passing splendour of some richly clothed officer,—the echoing silence (if I may so express myself) of the air,—the tall, graceful, and solemn beauty and quiet of the Abbey,—all contrasted—each with the other,—and filled the mind with an excited consciousness that a great day was dawning. I felt this—and at length took my station at the door, anxiously waiting for admission.

The moment at length arrived, and the door was opened to the crowd. I advanced, ticket in hand, with a delight not easily to be depressed, and succeeded in gaining, by many passages, my entrance into the Hall.

I must endeavour to the best of my ability to give you a picture of Westminster Hall as I now beheld it. How different was its appearance at this time from that which it made not many moons past, when I was rushing about after wandering and pampered witnesses, and calling them together “to save my cause at Nisi Prius.” Imagine a long and lofty room, (the longest and widest in Europe, I believe, without the support of pillars,) lined with two tiers of galleries covered with red cloth, and carpeted down the middle with broad cloth of blue. At the very end, facing the north, were erected two gothic towers, with an archway, which led to Palace-yard, and over this was a huge gothic window. The tables for the feast ran down on each side; and at the head, on a raised platform, was a bright gold throne, with a square table standing before it, on which was a costly blue cloth worked with gold. Doors on each side led up to the galleries. The dark fretted roof, from which hung bright chandeliers, was an admirable relief to the whole. You will perhaps have no very clear notion of the hall after this description, but I shall send you a sketch which has appeared in the Observer newspaper, by which you will be able to realize my imperfect picture.

I entered by a door behind the throne, and was astonished at the magnificent spaciousness and rich adornments of the place. The long galleries were nearly half filled, (for

other doors had been previously opened), and adown the cloth-covered pavement all was life, and eagerness, and joy, and hope! Here you would see the pages putting back a cluster of plumed beauties, with a respectful determination and courtly haste.—There you should behold a flight of peeresses, feathered, and in white attire, winging their way, as though in hopeless speed, like birds to their allotted *dove-cotes*. In one place you would behold some magnificent soldier, half in confusion, and half in self-satisfaction, pausing in bewildered doubt and pleasure over his own splendid attire. And in another part, those who had reached their seats were sighing happily, adjusting their dresses, and gazing around with delight at the troubles of others below them. I had much difficulty in attaining my “place of rest;” and, from the confusion of the pages, I verily believe that I attained it more from having “Providence my guide,” than from meeting with any earthly assistance.

It might be about four o'clock, or a little after, when I took my seat. The light streamed in at the great window, like a flood of illumined water, and touched every plume, and every cheek. Expectation appeared to have given a bloom and life to each female countenance, as though to make up for the ravages which broken rest and fatigue had endeavoured to make. I beguiled the time, which might else have passed most tediously, by watching the several parties of peeresses, and others, enter from behind the throne, and pass by the state box, in which some of the royal family were seated at a very early hour. The most eager, and the most gorgeous lady, became spell-bound at the sight, and checked herself, in her maddest career, to drop a curtsy to “her Highness of Gloster.” I was much pleased to see that when the Duchess of Kent, or any new member of the family, joined the illustrious party, the greetings had all the kindness and affection of persons whose hearts are their whole wealth; and the young daughter of the Duchess was kissed as frankly and tenderly, as though she had had no diamond in her hair, and her eyes had been her only jewels. Over the royal box, the

ladies of the principal officers of state sat ; and immediately opposite were the Foreign Ambassadors, and their suite. I should, however, tell you, that the Duchess of Gloster wore a beautiful silver transparent dress over lilac, and had a rich plume of ostrich feathers in her head. I so well know how interesting this information will be to you, that I cannot think of omitting it. About seven o'clock, Miss Fellowes (his Majesty's herb-woman), with her handmaids in white, was conducted into the Hall by her brother, and took her seat at the lower end of it. At this moment, I wished that you could have seen this pretty and simple group, I was so sure that it would have delighted you.

The Hall now filled rapidly, and not with mere visitors only, but with knights, and pages, and noble serving-men, all in the richest dresses. The Barons of the Cinque Ports rehearsed the ceremony of bearing the gold canopy down the Hall, to the no small mirth of the company,—for they staggered along at most uneven paces ; and one splendid personage, in powder, could not walk straight, in spite of himself, so encumbered was he with the sense of his own magnificence. A part of the regalia was brought in, and deposited on one of the side tables.

The interest manifestly deepened now at every moment, and not a plume was still in the galleries. At length the Judges, the Law Officers, the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, the Aldermen of London, and the King's Chaplains, entered the Hall, and gave sign of preparation. The Knights of the Bath arranged themselves at the lower end of the Hall ; and, certainly, their dresses were highly splendid. The officers attendant on the Knights Commanders wore crimson satin vests, ornamented with white, and over these a white silk mantle. They also wore ruffs, chains, and badges. Their stockings were of white silk, with crimson roses. The Knights Commanders of the Bath wore the prevalent costume of the day, that *à la Henri Quatre*, with ruffs and hats turned up in front. Their vests and slashed pantaloons were of white satin overspread with a small silver lace ; their cloaks were short, of crimson satin,

embroidered with the star of the order, and lined with white. Their half-boots were of white silk, with red heels, crimson satin tops, and crimson roses ; their spurs were of gold, their sword-belts and sheaths white ; and their hats were black, with white ostrich feathers. The dress of the Knights Grand Crosses had all the beauty of that of the Knights Commanders, with somewhat more magnificence, it being in all respects the same, except that for the short cloak was substituted an ample flowing mantle, and for the feathers a larger and loftier plume.

The Privy Counsellors were dressed in blue satin and gold.

All at once the doors of the Hall, which had been opened, were suddenly closed ; and there was a confused murmur among those at the gateway, which was soon circulated and explained, by a buzz of "The Queen." Some of the attendants were alarmed for the moment ; and the ladies were, for an instant, disturbed with an apprehension of some mysterious danger ;—but the gates were presently reopened, and all proceeded as gaily as ever.

The peers now poured in from behind the throne, all robed in crimson velvet, with ermine tippets, and rich coronets. The Royal Dukes also entered, and took their seats on each side of the throne. At about half-past nine the names of the peers were called over by one of the heralds, and the order of their procession was arranged. It is impossible for me to describe to you the hushed silence that reigned at intervals over the whole of the company ; so breathless was the expectation, that the King was immediately about to enter. All that was noble in character and person, all that was imposing and lustrous in dress and costly furniture, was lavished before the eye—and the massive table and empty throne only waited for one presence, to crown and complete the magnificent effect. The long wished-for moment arrived ; and the people arose with waving handkerchiefs, and lofty voices, to greet the entrance of the King.

His Majesty advanced, arrayed in a stately dress. On his head was a rich purple velvet cap, jewelled, and

adorned with a plume of ostrich feathers. His robe was of crimson velvet, spreading amply abroad, and studded with golden stars. Eight young nobles supported the train. You would have thought that such magnificence was not of the earth, but of the fancy;—not made by mortal hands, but wrought by fairy spell out of wonders of the sea and air. It seemed that being once in existence, it could never pass away; but would glow for ever so brightly, so beautifully, so full of matchless romance. The King looked down his hall of state with a proud expression of delight; and the eyes of the attendant ladies seemed to sparkle thrice vividly with the consciousness of their being the living lights and jewels of the scene.

The whole arrangements for the procession being perfected,—the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, and Lord Howard of Effingham, as Earl Marshal, ascended the steps of the platform, and stood at the outer-side of the table. The train-bearers stationed themselves on each side of the throne.

The three swords were then presented by the Lord Chamberlain, and the officers of the Jewel Office; and the gold spurs were in like manner delivered and placed on the table. It was curious and amusing to see the anxiety and care with which the bearers of these made good their retreat; they walked backwards, but with a wary eye to the steps; prudently guarding against any accident, likely to affect the solemnity of the ceremony, or the safety of their persons. The noblemen and bishops who were to bear the Regalia having been summoned, the several swords, sceptres, the orb, and crown, were delivered to them separately, and the procession immediately began to move. There was some confusion towards the gateway of the Hall, arising from the tardiness of those whose duty it was to attend the ceremony; but after much idle bustle in the defaulters, and considerable anxiety and exertion on the part of the heralds, the noble and brilliant multitude was launched into the air. The martial music heralded the cavalcade fitly along; and the procession itself seemed one stream of varying and exquisite colour. It poured forth

through the grey gothic arch at the end of the Hall, in slow, solemn, and bright beauty; and certainly nothing could surpass the gorgeous effect of the whole scene. A copy of the Herald's "Order of the Procession," which cannot fail to be more correct than any work of the memory, is given in every newspaper; but its length induces me to refrain from copying it here;—if you are inclined to read it, you have but to class all the noble names of England in the most harmonious order, and you will immediately have a list well befitting this august ceremony.

The King left his throne, and descended the steps of the platform. He paused at the first flight; and a gentleman in a scarlet uniform immediately advanced to tender his support. His Majesty, placing his right hand upon the shoulder of this gentleman, descended the second flight of steps and dismissed him with gracious thanks. The splendid golden canopy, of which I have before spoken, awaited his Majesty at the foot of the steps,—but he walked under and past it, and so continued to precede it, until he left the Hall; whether that he wished the worthy Baron-supporters to have further trial of their strength and skill, or that he chose at first to pass unshrouded before his people, I know not. Very magnificent was his course down the thronged avenue into the open air,—the ladies standing up with waving kerchiefs, and the brilliant attendants thronging around the sovereign with busy pride, and a restless consciousness of their glory. The King looked about him with marked delight, and smiled on his people. He walked slowly, and with a sort of balanced precision, not from any immediate weariness, but as though he were husbanding his powers for the labours of the after-day. He certainly looked well, and much younger than I expected to find him.

When his Majesty had passed half down the Hall, I arose from my seat in the gallery, and scrambled along over red baize seats, and flowered skirts of coats, and muslin and satin trains, from box to box, until I reached the music gallery at the very bottom of the Hall, which had now become emptied of flutes, and kettle drums,

and hautboys; and from which I imagined a good view might be had through "the great gazing window." I imagined correctly enough; for by a little scratching at the white painted pane, I procured an excellent sight of Palace-yard, and the covered platform on which the King was to walk to the Abbey. Most of the panes of the window were cleaned in a similar manner by the company, and feathered heads were jostling each other for a peep, as eagerly as though they never would see daylight again. I had one of my feet as handsomely trodden on by a white satin shoe, with a lady's round violent foot in it, as heart could desire; and my new coat was clawed in a fearful manner, by several ardent and unruly kid gloves; so much so, in fact, as to make me tremble for its silken safety. But let me quit this handsome strife, and proceed to give you some description of the scene abroad, as I beheld it.

The fronts of the houses in Palace-yard were clothed with boxes from top to toe, that is, from roof to area, as you see the sides of a theatre; and a very pretty effect they had, being lined with scarlet cloth, and decorated with becoming ornaments. The crowds here were certainly very great, and I know not when I have seen so rich a multitude in the open air. Close to the side of the platforms there was a row of horse soldiers; but this guard was by no means considerable, and the people were admitted to approach very near to the platform itself. I could see that every nook of building, or scaffolding, was tenanted by man or woman,—

All, all abroad to gaze!

and even the lamp-irons and balustrades of Westminster-bridge (which I could just distinguish through the opening to the right of me) were tenaciously occupied by those who coveted something more indistinct than a bird's-eye view.

The covered platform to the Abbey took a circular course to the left immediately before me, so that I could clearly see "the order of the course."—And, if any thing, I think the dresses looked more superb and magnificent in the warm and free daylight, than when subdued by the

enormous roof under which I had at first observed them. The vivid, yet soft lustre, of the satin cloaks of the Knights of the Bath floated before the eye like liquid silver.—The Peers' long and matchless robes of solemn crimson streamed over the purple foot-way, and looked nobility; while the dark blue garbs of the passing pages seemed to relieve the rich and flowing stream of colour, which else had been too, too bright!—Do not think that I speak extravagantly here. It was all enchantment.

I saw the King advance along the platform before I saw him;—for the boxes which fronted me literally *thrilled* with shaken gloves, and hands, and handkerchiefs;—and the shouts, mingling at first, and then overwhelming the music beneath me, brake like thunder on my ear. The band of the horse-guards was stationed immediately under me, in the Palace-yard, and it appeared to play with increased vigour as the King passed,—but in vain! The trumpeter swelled, and thrust forth his brass furniture with zealous fury; but he only *looked* the blast. The *double-drum* waved his sticks, and beat with anvil-strokes; but it was like beating wool. The cymbals flashed in the air, and met with lightning fierceness; but they kissed as quietly as lovers at the twilight. And, breathe earnestly as they would, the flutes and hautboys could but "pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone." The *sight* of this music was to me deeply interesting; for I could fancy it all that was rich and enchanting, even amid the deafening and multitudinous noise that shrouded it.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter!

His Majesty now passed slowly before me, and seemed to walk amid the voices of his subjects. I looked till I could look no longer; and then, like Fatima in *Blue Beard*, I came down, lest I should be fetched down. The Hall was very soon nearly half emptied, by those who had tickets for viewing the solemn ceremony of the Crowning in the Abbey. I had no ticket; but I took my walk abroad, to look at those who had, and I gained from several friends the few particulars which I now venture to give you.

My friend F. whose eloquent tongue and happy memory have more than once surprized you, says that the entrance at the north door of the Abbey was very forbidding, owing to the intricate *roots* of the scaffolding; but that when you were in the interior, the scene was truly impressive. The early morning pierced through the lofty shafts, and touched angle and point; while, with grey light, the crimson boxes stood bravely out from the solemn walls on each side. The throne of gold raised in the centre of the cross, had a solitary grandeur, which he declares he can never forget; and the sacrarium, or chapel, fronting the throne, was magnificently furnished forth. The pulpit of crimson velvet and gold, fixed to a pillar, had also a grand and simple effect. And the table of gold plate, standing under the canopy, supported by palm-trees, struck him as singularly elegant. An ottoman of enriched tissue, intended to be held over the King at his unction, was placed on one side of the altar; and there was also a blue velvet chair and desk for the King's devotions. King Edward's throne, an antique golden chair of state, stood in the middle of the area. You will have some idea of this sacred scene, if you recall to mind the cathedral of your neighbouring city, and imagine it thrice spacious, thrice lofty, thrice beautiful. Conceive that the whole of the aisle, from the door to the altar, is left open, and that the boxes for the company occupy each side between the pillars. Imagine a throne of gold, raised on a platform, opposite the altar, with royal seats near to it. You will thus really have a picture of the Abbey "in little."

There was as much bustle in the Abbey as in the Hall, by my friend's account, at the approach of the King; and the agitation of the ladies was no whit inferior to that which was got up at the first sight of His Majesty. The royal musicians stood in act to hurl forth the anthem, the moment the signal should be given. The procession was ushered into the gateway, by Miss Fellowes, and her white cluster, scattering flowers. On the King's canopy appearing, a universal shout arose, and the coronation anthem was commenced: "I was glad when

they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." The full chorus was awfully sublime, and thrilled all hearers; while the august crowd poured on like a grand *visible* accompaniment under it. The canopy stopped at the chancel, and His Majesty advanced to the sacrarium, attended by the officers bearing the regalia.

The King now stood up, and the Archbishop turned on all sides to the people, saying, "I present you, King George the Fourth, the undoubted King of this Realm; wherefore, all you that come this day to do him homage, are ye willing to do the same?" The shout was sublime—the multitude standing up, and waving caps and handkerchiefs for several minutes. The plumes tossed about in the chancel and transept like a brilliant stormy sea; and a thousand glowing colours played within grey nook, and from graceful pillar.

Certain services were now performed, and after short prayers were said, a Sermon was delivered by the Archbishop of York; the text chosen was, "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springeth out of the earth by clear shining after rain." My friend rejoiced that the morning was fine, to correspond with the text; for he thinks a louring day would have ruined the effect of this beautiful verse. However, he consoles himself with thinking, that the Archbishop may have had another text for bad weather, in case he had been driven to use it. The sermon was not such, perhaps, as Parson Adams would have selected for His Majesty's ears,—but it was sufficiently honest and short:—and conciseness at such a time is a virtue.

The Coronation Oath was next administered to the King.

Sir; is your Majesty willing to take the oath?

King.—I am willing.

The Archbishop then ministered these questions; and the King, having a copy of the printed Form and Order of the Coronation Service in his hands, answered each question severally, as follows:—

Arch.—Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?

King.—I solemnly promise so to do.

Arch.—Will you to your power cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?

King.—I will.

Arch.—Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and Ireland, and to the United Church committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges, as by law do, or shall appertain to them, or any of them?

King.—All this I promise to do.

Then the King arising out of his chair, supported as before, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being carried before him, went to the altar, and there being uncovered, made his solemn oath in the sight of all the people, to observe the promises; laying his right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the great Bible, which had been carried in the procession, and was now brought from the altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to him as he knelt upon the steps, saying these words:—

The things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep.

So help me God.

Then the King kissed the book, and signed the oath.

Now followed the anointing, and a couple of anthems. The Dean of Westminster afterwards dried away the oil from the King with fine wool or linen.

After other ceremonies had been performed, in the course of which the King was robed by the Dean of Westminster, and was invested with the armill, the Archbishop stood before the altar, took the crown, and prayed over it. The King then sat down in Edward's chair, and was crowned by the Archbishop.

At this moment the shouts of the people had a fine effect. The trumpets rang out their martial music, and the guns of the Park and the Tower were fired instantaneously.

The noise ceasing, the Archbishop rose and said,—

Be strong and of good courage: observe the commandments of God, and walk in his holy ways: fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life; that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, you may receive a crown of righteousness, which God the righteous Judge shall give you in that day. Amen.

Then the Choir sang a short anthem: after which, the Bible was presented and duly returned—and the King was solemnly blessed by the Archbishop.

His Majesty was now borne to his throne by the bishops and peers around him. Homage was then done publicly and solemnly,—the Treasurer scattering silver medals as largess from the King. The Peers, having done their homage, stood all together round about the King; and each class or degree going by themselves, all the Peers, one by one, in order, put off their coronets, singly ascended the Throne again, and stretching forth their hands, touched the Crown on his Majesty's head, as promising by that ceremony to be ever ready to support it with all their power, and then every one of them kissed the King's cheek.

During the homage, the Sceptre with the Cross was held, on the King's right hand, by the Lord of the manor of Worksop; and the Sceptre with the Dove, by the Duke of Rutland.

My friend declares that this part of the ceremony was very impressive; and he observed, that the King was much affected when his Royal Brothers prepared to kneel before him—he raised them almost in tears (my friend says His Majesty *was* in tears; but I dare not trust my friend; for, when his feelings are excited, he is apt to exaggerate), and looked upon them with a kind and manifest affection. The Holy Sacrament was now administered to His Majesty, and an anthem sung, at the end of which the drums beat and the trumpets rang, and the people shouted, Long

live the King. The Archbishop then went to the altar, and prayed for some time—and the ceremony ended.

You cannot expect that I should describe this part of the day with any peculiar force or effect, as I can but speak from the communication of another. My friend will have it that the Abbey was a finer scene than the Hall, but you know his old propensity to extol what he alone enjoys or possesses. I am free to confess, that I lost a very solemn and gorgeous ceremony, by being absent from the Abbey,—but I would not have given up the chivalrous banquet in the Hall, for all the middle aisles in the universe on such a day. The procession began its return, says my friend, and in the words of honest Casca, “then the people fell a shouting, and then I came away!”

I rushed back to the Hall with a velocity quite appalling to the common people, intimating by my speed nothing less than that a Knight of the Bath was burning down; and only staying my course for five minutes to look after the balloon, which some kind creature told me “was up,” but which, like myself, had been “up too long;” for it was certainly not visible, though I yielded to his repeated inquiries, and confessed that I saw it plainly. When I reached my box in the Hall again, the servants were lighting the chandeliers, which hung finely from the fretted roof, and turned with a courtier-like ease to the hand that could give them brilliance; at this time there was assuredly no need of any artificial lustre; for the sun-light was beautifully alive on wall and gallery, and shamed to death the branches of a hundred lights that were pendent in the air. But as it was considered, I presume, an indecorum to light a candle before a King; and as it was concluded that his Majesty would not quit the Hall till after day-light, we were compelled to endure this struggle of light—this litigation of radiance—this luminous suit carried on in Westminster Hall,—Sol versus Wax,—in which a verdict was recorded in every lady’s eye for the plaintiff.

The white cloth had been laid on the tables during the King’s absence, and a silver plate placed before each seat;—to a gentleman, whose mouth

had tasted only of the camelion’s dish for some 15 hours, this preparation for “the solids, Sir Giles!” was about as painful an exhibition as Mrs. Brownrigg’s loaf placed at a respectful distance before her half-starved apprentices. I longed, yet dreaded, to see the Baron of beef brought in (*a Peer* of some likelihood now in my estimation); I thirsted to hear the champagne cork explode at intervals, though to me the minute guns of distress! But what!—could I not diet myself upon splendour? or what business had I there? Hungry I might be; but had I not the satisfaction of beholding a couple of fellow-creatures perishing on each side of me, and of the same gnawing death! What signified it that I was dry!—Was I not about to see “robes and furred gowns” filled as full of hock as though barrels, and not men, were ermined for the occasion! I did not, perhaps, start these decisive reasons at the time, but I now see how very idle it was to be faint.—I have just dined.

There was an air of indolence now spread over the whole scene. A few officers were loitering about, leaning against the rails in the Hall in their happiest attitudes, or idling in the best light, to give their golden lace and trappings a beam of the sun;—a few servants were furnishing forth the tables with knives, and napkins, and bread;—the doorkeepers (selected from the most eminent bruisers, as I was informed; but never having seen them, I cannot vouch for the information;) reclining in part against the side of the gothic arch at the door, or quietly banqueting in some contiguous apartment;—when the distant bray of a trumpet, or a voice at the gateway, struck life and confusion into all. The rush, the hurry, the flight to and fro, the distant and faint noises, the instantaneous flutter of feathers, the pretty womanly alarm,—all seemed but the picture, the mockery, of what the first faint cannon sound must have been at the ball in Brussels,—the awful summoner from revelry to battle! The effect, methought, was similar,—“alike, but oh! how different!”—here were joy, and spirit, and splendour, and pleasure, awakened, and by day;—there death spake to the gallant, the proud, and the beautiful, and its voice

came through the night. I know not why I intrude this dreary contrast upon you (for it is no comparison, although I called it such); but the thought did, in reality, occur to my mind at the time, and, therefore, I do not withhold it. It was evident that the cavalcade was on the return, and all that had duties in the Hall were summoned to their posts. I was all anxiety again, and watched the door with an eager eye.

First came Miss Fellowes, with her six beautiful flower girls, scattering rose-leaves over the blue cloth, as though they had been Flora's hand-maids; indeed, Miss Fellowes seemed to me a more important personage than Flora herself. After them, the procession entered, not by twos and threes, as it left the hall, but in rich, yet regular, clusters. Nothing could have a finer effect than the dress of the choristers; all in an excess of white, they appeared to be the personification of day-light. The arrangements were for a moment now somewhat impeded by the ardour of the Aldermen of London, which, at the sight of the white cloth and silver plates, became quite unmanageable, and carried and dashed them with a civic fury into the first seats they could reach. Happily a herald, or some person of trust, called them back to the ranks; but they were evidently impatient "to get a good place," having once tasted the goût of a cushion! After the Law Officers had entered (the gloomiest part of the pageant, by the by), the Knights Commanders of the Bath advanced under the archway. I can give you no idea of the effect of their magnificent appearance. Their plumes rolled like the foam of the sea, and were all silver white! The day streamed in with them, as though glad to bear along so radiant a company. I have spoken of the dresses of these Knights, but no description can indeed touch them. Next came nobles and standard-bearers, —and marvellously rich and chivalrous did the standards float into the banquet-hall. Barons, Viscounts, Earls, Marquisses, and Dukes, all followed, in separate clusters, all wearing their coronets and full robes, and walking as though they stepped in the best bright days of England. The gorgeous company appeared to swarm in as to some fairy hive! All

the colours of imagination seemed housing from the world—and the eye became enamoured of beautiful dyes, and seemed to dance upon a sea of gorgeous and restless beauty. Each dress was exquisitely neighboured,—pink and gold and white—and soft blue—and light and deep red—all mingled as though they were married by magic hands. The colours ran into each other like waters,—they played together even as music!—they shifted—and were the same.

The procession now promised no end, and for my own part I would have had it thus ever pour on—I could endure! The Heralds, and Archbishops, and Officers of State, succeeded the Dukes. At length, alone and in stately silence, entered Prince Leopold. Princely indeed was his bearing—but methought there was a melancholy in his eye that spake of all that had been, and all that was not to be. He walked up the Hall, amid the plaudits of thousands,—but his spirit walked not with him.—The Royal Dukes followed:—and after some Nobles of State, the King again entered the banquet-room. He looked weary, but cheerful. He was habited in robes of purple velvet, furred with ermine; the crown of state was on his head,—in his right hand was the sceptre, and in his left the orb with the cross. He walked under the canopy, which was supported as before. Officers and Yeomen of the Guard closed the procession.

I cannot help feeling how difficult —nay, how impossible it is to give you any, the smallest idea of the effect of the whole scene:—recall all that you have read of chivalrous banquets, and you will do more in your own fancy than I can achieve for you.—You will wish me, however, to be more particular in my account of some of the dresses; or such will be the wish of your sisters; and I shall, therefore, to the best of my ability, select you a few of the richest habits, and describe them as aptly as I may. The King retired for a couple of hours previously to the dinner; so you may feast on my description until his return.

The Privy Counsellors had vests and hose of deep blue silk; with mantles of blue satin lined with white. They had ruffs, with black Spanish hats and plumes. The Registrar of

the Order of the Garter, and a Knight (the Marquis of Londonderry), were in the splendid full dress of the order—a purple velvet mantle, with red velvet cape, &c. His Lordship's hat was enriched with most dazzling jewellery, and surmounted with an ample plume of white feathers. His Majesty's Vice-Chamberlain and the Comptroller of his Household were both in crimson velvet cloaks, with black hats and white feathers. Their cloaks were laced with gold; their vests blue, slashed with white; and their stockings, shoes, and rosettes, all white. The Treasurer of his Majesty's Household bore, in virtue of his office, the bag with the medals. He was dressed in a crimson velvet cloak; and was succeeded by a Pursuivant of Arms, the Herald of Scotland, and the Herald of Ireland, all in tabards; the two latter with collars of SS.

The Earl of Mayo, in his robes of estate, as a peer, carried the standard of Hanover, a red flag, bearing for its device a white horse, and preceded the barons. The noblemen of this rank immediately followed, the juniors walking first. They, as well as all the other peers, were in their robes of estate, namely, a crimson velvet mantle, with an ermine cape, having two rows of spots, a white silk vest, breeches, stockings and shoes, with white rosettes; a crimson velvet surcoat, and sword belt.

The Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, in his robes of estate, was attended by an officer of the Jewel Office in a scarlet mantle, with a crown embroidered on his left shoulder, bearing a cushion, on which were placed the ruby ring, and the sword to be girt about the King. The Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household was also in his robes of estate. He was immediately succeeded by Earl Harcourt in his robes of estate, carrying the Royal Standard, a flag emblazoned with his Majesty's arms.

Three Kings of Arms followed, namely, the Ionian, the Gloucester, and the Hanover, drest in their rich tabards. They carried their heraldic crowns in their hands as they went to the Abbey, and on their return wore them on their heads. Dukes came next: and then the three other Kings

at Arms, namely, Ulster, Clarenceux, and Norroy, decorated as the former.

The Lord Privy Seal and the Lord President of the Council wore their robes of estate; the Archbishops of Ireland, and the Archbishop of York, their black and lawn; the Chancellor his robes of estate, with a full bottomed wig; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, like the other Prelates, black and lawn.

The Lord Lyon of Scotland, and Garter Principal King of Arms, were in their rich tabards, with their crowns and sceptres.

The Usher of the Black Rod wore a scarlet dress slashed with white, a crimson mantle lined with white, with the Red Cross shield embroidered on his left shoulder, red stockings and sword-sheath, white shoes with red rosettes, and a black hat and feather: he carried in his hand the black rod.

The Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain of England wore his robes of estate as a peer, and carried in his hand his white staff.

Prince Leopold was dressed in the full habit of the Order of the Garter, wearing a long purple velvet mantle, cap, and feathers, and carrying in his right hand his Marshal's baton. His train was borne by gentlemen in the following dress—a white silk vest and breeches edged with gymp, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a blue velvet sword-belt and sheath, a plain blue satin cloak lined with white silk, and a black hat with white feathers.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports wore a scarlet satin dress, puffed with blue and gold gymp edging, a blue satin surcoat, blue velvet sword-belt and sheath, scarlet silk stockings, white shoes with scarlet rosettes, and a black hat with scarlet and black feathers.

The Train-bearers and Masters of the Robes were habited alike in a white satin dress, slashed and laced with gold, a crimson velvet cloak, laced with gold, crimson velvet sword-belt and sheath, white silk stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a black hat and white feathers.

The Gentlemen Pensioners wore a scarlet dress slashed with blue, and almost wholly covered with gold buttons, spread like lace over great part

of the habit ; red silk stockings, white shoes with red and black roses, white gloves, and a black hat with red and black feathers.

The Lords of the King's Bedchamber had a peculiar dress, consisting of a blue vest slashed with white and gold lace, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a blue velvet sword-belt and sheath, a crimson velvet cloak laced with gold, and a black hat with white feathers.

The Keeper of his Majesty's Privy Purse succeeded them. He wore a blue satin cloak trimmed with broad gold lace, a blue satin dress slashed with white and laced with gold, white stockings, shoes, and rosettes, a black hat and white feathers.

The Gentlemen of the Bedchamber wore a blue dress edged with span-gled gyp, and slashed with white, a plain blue satin cloak, lined with white ; blue silk stockings, white shoes, with blue roses ; blue sword-belt and sheath, a black hat and white feather.

There :—I think I have made up a dish of dress sufficient for the most inordinate female appetite. I now must forward. The King returned to the Hall precisely at the time he promised, and took his seat at the table, on which was a noble display of gold plate. Previous to the King's entry, however, I should not omit to tell you that orders were issued that the middle of the Hall should be cleared, which occasioned great consternation amongst groups of ladies, who were quietly and happily refreshing themselves in all directions. The order frayed them like birds, and they were seen flitting up and down, without any place of rest. Lord Gwydir pursued them with the fury of a falcon, and he eventually succeeded in effecting a clearance. His Majesty wore his crown and mantle on his return, and the Royal Dukes, and the Prince Leopold, sat near him at his table.

The passage from the kitchen to the lower end of the Hall was now opened ; and the gentlemen bearing the golden dishes for the first course were seen in regular line, ready to proceed to the King's table. At this moment the doors at the end of the Hall were opened, the clarions and trumpets sounding bravely at the

time, and the Duke of Wellington, as Lord High Constable, the Marquis of Anglesea, as Lord High Steward, and Lord Howard of Effingham, as Deputy Earl Marshal, entered upon the floor on horseback. The Marquis of Anglesea's horse was a beautiful cream-coloured Arabian ; Lord Howard's was a dun ; and the Duke's a white steed. After a short pause, they rode gracefully up to the royal table, followed by the gentlemen with the first course. When the dishes were placed on the board, the bearers first retired, with their faces towards the King ; and then the noble horsemen retreated, by backing their steeds down the Hall, and out at the archway. Their noiseless steps on the blue cloth conveyed the idea that the horses had been shod with felt, according to Lear's invention. The Duke of Wellington's white charger "walked away with himself" in the aptest manner ; but the Marquis of Anglesea had great difficulty in persuading his Arabian to retire tail-wise. The company could hardly be restrained from applauding, although it was evident that a shout would have settled the mind of this steed in a second, and have made him resolute against completing his unpleasant retreat. The pages soothed him before and behind ; but he shook his head and tail, and paused occasionally, as if he had considerable doubts upon the subject.

Before the dishes were uncovered, the Lord Great Chamberlain presented the basin and ewer, to bathe his Majesty's hands ; and the Lord of the Manor of Heydon attended with a rich towel. The dishes were then bared ; and his Majesty was helped, by the carvers, to some soup. He tasted it ! This was a source of endless wonder to a lady near me.

At the end of this course, the gates of the Hall were again thrown open, and a noble flourish of trumpets announced to all eager hearts that the Champion was about to enter. He advanced under the gateway, on a fine pie-bald charger (an ill colour), and clad in complete steel. The plumes on his head were tri-coloured, and extremely magnificent ; and he bore in his hand the loose steel gauntlet, ready for the challenge. The Duke of Wellington was on his right

hand; the Marquis of Anglesea on his left. When he had come within the limits of the Hall, he was about to throw down his glove at once, so eager was he for the fray,—but the Herald distinctly said, “Wait till I have read the Challenge,” and read it accordingly,—the Champion husbanding his valour for a few minutes:—

If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, the last King deceased, to be right heir to the Imperial Crown of this United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.

At the conclusion of this “awful challenge,” as a gentleman near me termed it, the Champion hurled down his gauntlet, which fell with a solemn clash upon the floor. It rang in most hearts! Hethen stuck his wrist against his steeled side, as though to show how indifferent he was to the consequence of his challenge. This certainly had a very pleasing and gallant effect. The Herald, in a few seconds, took up the glove, delivered it to the Squire, who kissed it, and handed it to the Champion. In the middle of the Hall the same ceremony was performed: and at the foot of the royal platform it was a third time gone through. The King then drank his health, and, methinks, with real pleasure, for the Champion had right gallantly conducted himself. His Majesty then sent the cup to him; and he, taking it, drank to the King, but in so low a tone, that I could only catch the meaning by the tumultuous shouts of the people. The noise seemed to awaken the courage of his horse; but he mastered his steed admirably. The ceremony of backing out of the Hall was then again performed, and successfully, with the exception of the Marquis of Anglesea’s Arabian, whose doubts were not yet satisfied, and he was literally shown out by the pages.

In Hall’s Account of the Coronation of Henry VIII. and Katherine

of Arragon, there is a very quaint and interesting account of the challenge, which, as I think it will aptly illustrate this part of my letter, and serve to amuse you, I shall take leave to copy:—

The seconde course beyng served, in at the haule doore entered a Knyhte armed at al poyntes, his bases rich tissue embroudered, a great plume and a sumptuous of oistriche fethers on his helmet, sitting on a great courser trapped in tissue and embroudered with tharmes of England and of Fraunce, and an herauld of armes before hym. And passyng through the haule, presented hymself with humble reverence before the Kynge’s Majestie, to whom Garter Kynge of heraulds cried and said with a loude voyce, Sir Knyhte, from whence come you, and what is your pretence? This Knyhtes name was Sir Robert Dimmoke, Champion to the Kynge by tenour of his enheritaunce, who answered the said Kynge of armes in effecte after this manner. Sir, the place that I come from is not materiall, nor the cause of my repaire hyther is not concernyng any matter of any place or countrey, but onely this. And therewithal commanded his herauld to make an *O yes*: Then said the Knyhte to the Kynge of armes, Now shal ye hear the cause of my comyng and pretence. Then he commanded his own herauld by proclamation to saye: If there be any persone, of what estate or degree soever he be that will saie or prove that King Henry the Eight is not the rightful enheritor and Kynge of this realme, I Sir Robert Dimmoke here his champion offre my glove, to fight in his querell with any persone to thutterance.

The champions appear to have been more familiar in the olden time, and to have discoursed more freely with those about them;—but perhaps the less that is said the better amongst fighting men; so I shall not differ with our present Sir Knight on account of his solemn taciturnity. The same old writer from whom I have given you the above description, speaks curiously of the pageants which were had to enliven the procession of Anne Boleyn from the Tower to Westminster. The Three Graces, he tells us, took their stand on Cornhill, and the Cardinal Virtues in Fleet-street—a fountain of Helicon ran *Rhenish* wine; and the Conduit in Cheap, with a laudable courtesy, spouted claret. But I must not lose myself amongst books.

On the Champion retiring, the second course was served up as before; the Marquis’s horse becoming more

and more unmannerly. It was not amiss that his duties were over.

Certain services were now performed, which generally ended in a peer, or some other fortunate personage, carrying off a gold cup. The most interesting was the present of two falcons to his Majesty from the Duke of Athol.

The King's health was about this time drunk with great acclamations, and the national air of "God save the King" sung in a grand style. I think I never heard it sung better before.

The King, standing up, drank to his people; notice of which honour was communicated by the Duke of Norfolk: and very shortly afterwards (*Non Nobis Domine* having been sung, in which I heard the King take a part,) his Majesty retired amidst the joyous clamours of his people.

I now descended into the body of the Hall, which was thronged with splendour and beauty. Hock and champagne, and fruit and venison pasties, were passing and repassing; and the most brilliant ladies were snatching at all the good things of this world from officers and gentlemen waiters. I was not idle; for having asked for a glass of water, and being informed "You get no water, take the wine, Great Potentate," I fell seriously to work upon a cherry pie, the nearest dish, and followed this victory up with others of a more decisive nature. I forgot that I had been famished; and lifting a cup of burgundy to my lips, declared that the fatigue of the day had been nothing—a jest—a merriment—a thing to tell

of to the little children of 1896, or to write to kind friends in 1821. Before I quitted the banquet-room, I took the liberty of pocketing a sweetmeat dolphin, filched from the top of the Temple of Concord, which I shall long preserve amongst my scarce papers and curious coins, as a relic of the great Coronation Feast. Thus ended this splendid day.

I have detailed the particulars of the pageant as faithfully as possible; and I only hope that the length of my letter, and its tedious minuteness, will not weary you. I have purposely abstained from any political discussion about the exclusion of the Queen, or her Majesty's morning visit, because I only intended a description of the pageant, and I knew that you cared not to have a repeatedly discussed subject discussed again. In the same manner I shall desist from sobering the conclusion of my letter with any solemn reflections on the events of the day,—you have the mind to reflect for yourself, if this *Alexandrine* of a letter will allow you the time. Do not fail to tell me how you all "like the play," and to what extent you have envied me. I think I see Mrs. — struck calmly mad at the profusion of satin.

I am, &c.

July, 1821.

ED. HERBERT.

P. S. If you covet the dolphin, I will send it to you; but it is a curiosity you must keep from children. I wish I could pack you up a Knight of the Bath in all his glory; but I fear he would not bear the carriage.

THE DRAMA.

No. XIX.

THIS month has been rich in events:—the death of Bonaparte has been proclaimed—the coronation has been, and passed away—and Mr. Kean has escaped from the republicans of the great continent, and is trans-atlantic no longer. In addition to these matters eminently notorious, the summer theatres have opened their doors, and informed us that they have each a pleasant saloon, prodigal of odours and ices, but leaving us to the discovery of their other attractions.

Even "The Cobourg," pride of Surrey (that county where melodrama has flourished so long, and quadrupeds and tumblers still hold their ancient, but not "solitary," reign), has affected the cap and bells, and presented us with a specimen of the burlesque. And yet, the drama itself has been *very* barren of novelty. We feel this so much, on commencing our article, that we cannot but entertain a presentiment, that we shall have some difficulty in offering our

readers any detail which will interest them.

The death of Bonaparte was the talk of some two hours! (who, after this, would be the fool of fame?) and Mr. Kean's return did not produce quite the same vivifying sensation as of old. But the coronation, certainly, for a time, absorbed all the sympathy of the fashionable crowd, and was not without its attractions for the vulgar. We suppose that it was on that account that the summer managers delayed producing their usual stock of farces and operas, "operettes," and "petites pieces," until the ferment, excited by the royal exhibition, should have subsided. This was well. There is an old catch, beginning, "It is well to be merry and wise;" but this was being dutiful and wise, which is better still. They wisely, then, forbore to interfere with state matters, and left the ceremony of crowning to stand by itself, the great imposing marvel of the season. Covent Garden, it is true, used less forbearance, and filled its benches with the giddy and the gay, at the expence of the house-proprietors in Palace-yard and George-street. Indeed, Drury Lane got up a sort of phantasma of the matter; but the shadow of regality passed off without doing any injury to the greater show, or any good to Mr. Elliston. Yet Mr. Elliston (though he mimicked so indifferently the royal pageant) is a truly loyal man, and menaced the public with three butts of porter to keep up (or allay?) the fervour of their rejoicings. Why does not that worthy manager enact the king himself, and walk with steps, stately and slow, from stage-door to stage-door, before the eyes of admiring audiences? We think that a diadem would sit easily on his brow, and a sceptre would be but a bauble in his hand. He is accustomed to ermine and prompt obedience; and may, perhaps, have aspirations after state and ceremonial, and the clapping of hands, and shouts that seem to come from the heart. We remember Mr. Elliston when he was a "fine, gay, boldfaced" person, who would have been invaluable in a procession. He had all the ease, and something of the grace, of a gentleman of the last age; and we confess he pleased us much. We

even admired him (Heaven forgive us—but we were young) in tragedy, though we have lived to correct that error. To see him in Lackland, in Tag, in Jeremy Diddler, in Tangent, or in Vapid, is delightful still; but the robe of tragedy encumbers him: he is too pompous; and makes "serious mirth" of the Muse; lifting her simplest sayings to the highest pitch of his utterance, and drowning her stately periods in the deep thunders of his declamation. In short, he is a very clever comedian, and in tragedy indifferently bad.

COVENT GARDEN.

Hamlet.—We regret that a day or two's illness prevented our seeing Mr. Charles Kemble in *Hamlet*. A competent friend of ours, who witnessed the representation, made very favourable report of it; but he has omitted to send us a statement for the Magazine. Mr. Kemble's air and person are certainly well qualified to sustain the interest of the melancholy *Hamlet*:—of his performance of the character, we can say no more than that it gives us pleasure to learn that it was successful. Of Miss Dance's *Ophelia* we have nothing to say. We saw Miss Stephens, and heard her, and were content; and our friend (who went for us to see *Hamlet* the second time) was too dissatisfied at Miss Stephens' secession, to give favourable report of the lady who succeeded her.

Henry IV. Part II.—This play of Shakspeare has been wonderfully attractive,—not from its intrinsic merit, however, great and undeniable as it is, but from the fact of the coronation ceremony having been added, by which the people could see a good representation of the courtly pomps, at the moderate expence of seven shillings. The lessees of houses and ground in the neighbourhood of Westminster-hall made, on the contrary, the most extravagant demands, and suffered accordingly. We own that we are not very sorry for this, unless where heavy sums of money were originally asked by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; in which case it is hoped, for the credit of the church in general, and of the Dean and Chapter in particular, that a portion of the money will be refunded. A rich public body

will scarcely suffer individuals to suffer ruin, or even loss, upon such an occasion. Loyalty and good-conscience, and Saint Stephen (who is their nearest Saint) forbid!

The plays of Henry IV. are of the finest order of mixed plays. They are not entirely comic, nor too tragic either; but they are lively, with a pleasant dash of the serious, and a little of the tragic intermingled. Falstaff is the hero of both; and he is big and witty enough to sustain more heaviness than is to be found in either play. In truth, the second part of Henry IV. is occasionally dull enough in representation; and the speeches of his majesty the king fatigue us even more than they afflict his son. Brevity is the soul of dramatic writing, as well as of wit; and (though we would not wish a word lost) we could be content if only part of the scenes between the prince and the king were represented on the stage; the rest would be more sacred, and we should probably enjoy it more, at home, from its not having been mouthed at the theatre. We say this, of course, without reference to Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kemble, who made the dialogue pass off as lightly as could be hoped. They both played well; but it was impossible for either to produce any great effect. It may be remarked, however, that the pause, and searching look which the father cast on his son, when he had taken the crown from his pillow, was not unfelt by the audience, and that the dying king's last impressive exhortation was acknowledged by repeated plaudits. Mr. C. Kemble looked regally, and became his throne. No king, from the conqueror of Agincourt to the present times, ever had such a princely representative. We wish that he had been more "i' the smile;" but perhaps the audience would have deemed it vulgar. Fawcett played Falstaff, in parts, well. Farren was Mr. Justice Shallow; but he disfigured the justice of peace, we thought, and reduced him to a mere inanity. Emery looked portentous in Silence. We thought that the markets were fast "coming down;" and that he had his granaries full, and huge droves of bullocks on hand. Mr. Claremont must forgive us if we do not admire his Prince John, or Thomas, we forget which) so much

as may be required. He will do us the justice to recollect, that a good deal goes (or ought to go) to the "making up" of a true prince.

DRURY LANE.

Rob Roy, Guy Mannering, and a few other mixed dramas, have been got up at this theatre lately, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Mackay to the public. His reputation had preceded him in London; and his performance of Baillie Jarvie, and Dominie Sampson, had, it is said, been pronounced admirable by a high authority at Edinburgh. With these advantages, Mr. Mackay appeared at Drury Lane; and we confess that report has done him nothing but justice. He is the best comedian that we have ever seen make his debut in London. He is marvellously free from the coarseness and superfluous ornament which mark the country performer; he is earnest in the performance of his part, as well as excellent in the conception of it. He has none of the indolence or affectation of a spoiled actor, and none of the awkwardness of a provincialist. There is at once great truth, and spirit, and *precision*, in his style; which, with his moderation, prove him a keen observer of manner, as well as a sensible man. There is no person who plays Baillie Jarvie, or Dominie Sampson, like him. We do not think either of these characters (particularly the Baillie) adapted to Liston's talents; and it is, therefore, saying nothing in dispraise of him, when we own that we prefer Mr. Mackay to him. Mr. Mackay, it is true, could not compete with Liston in Lubin Log, and such characters; nor is there any one who can approach him. He is altogether inimitable. But on Scotch ground, Mr. Mackay may rest his foot very securely, without apprehension of a rival from our English theatres. We sincerely trust that he will have a permanent engagement next season, and have an opportunity of acting with other support than he received lately. Cooper was Rob Roy—Mrs. Harlowe, Helen—Mr. Horne and Mr. Barnard, Francis and Rashleigh Osbaldiston—a Mr. Vining, Dougal, and so on. Besides this, there was on Mr. Mackay's night (we were sorry to see it), a "beggary account of empty boxes."

THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE

is one of the pleasantest of all possible places. There is *Miss Kelly* there, who is enough to satisfy the most fastidious of critics, be it in comedy or tragedy, melodrama or farce. She has not the full sweep of tragedy, perhaps; and falls short in stature; and has a voice less powerful than Mrs. Becher (*Miss O'Neill*); but her powers of pathos are, to our apprehensions, greater, and her exercise of them more legitimate and true. She acts a dumb or a blind boy in a way that makes us forget that any sense is wanting or imperfect, or rather sheds such a grace upon infirmity as to make it unpleasant no longer. She plays a scene in "*Inkle and Yarico*" in a manner more heart-rending than we have ever seen; and the trembling earnestness of her voice is, beyond comparison, more powerful than the stately periods, or artificial shrieks of more highly reputed actresses. In comedy she is quite unrivalled in the present day; and there is no one in our recollection, except Mrs. Jordan, who can compare with her. Besides *Miss Kelly*, there is *Wrench*, the most easy of actors. He comes on and goes off like an old glove. If he never stimulates you much, he at least never fatigues you. He has all the colloquial pleasantness of an acquaintance, and never obtrudes a disagreeable topic. No one can be more merry than he, unless it be *Harley*, who generally follows him on the stage, and is either servant, or pedagogue, or apothecary, as circumstances require. This latter actor is fuller of mirth than any man in our memory: he seems restless under his weight of animal spirits; and goes off like a bundle of crackers, joke after joke, sudden, startling, and irresistible. In calm contrast to *Harley*, may be placed his compeer *Wilkinson*, who is as indolent as the other is spirited and uneasy. He seems always to be in the "passive mood," to be swayed to and fro by the dialogue, and to give himself up to the wit of the piece, like one who is helpless. But he is the receptacle of a good deal of humour; and the fun oozes out of him as surely, though as slowly, as the drops come from the "serpent-pipe" in the process of distillation. He plays a charity boy capitally: hunger and discontent are written in plain

letters on his face, and he is as querulous as hard work and one meal a-day can possibly suggest or excuse. We wonder that he has never been engaged at one of the winter theatres. He has something of the quality of *Liston* about him, but without that actor's fine spirit of burlesque, and without that power of filling up a character, by bye-play and high colouring, which *Liston* possesses. Indeed *he* carries his originality a little too far sometimes, and forgets the advice of the Prince of Denmark to the players.

We will not trouble our readers with an analysis of the *petite piece* called "*Love's Dream*," which has been presented at this theatre; but we will assure them that it is very light and pleasant, and that if they want an hour or two's amusement, they cannot do better than see this, and the new farce of "*Twopence*," which follows. The first is the story of a lover's quarrel, which ends in the usual manner. Mr. Pearman is the lover, and *Miss Kelly* the "admirer *Miranda*" (or rather the *Cecilia Dormer*) of the piece. They misunderstand each other, and pout and quarrel. The lady is affianced to Mr. Frederick Easy, (what a name for *Wrench*, who acts Mr. Easy!) and yielded up with sighs and a torn heart by Henry Morton (Mr. Pearman), who sings his woes melodiously, but commits mighty havoc with the dialogue. Simon (Mr. Easy's servant) is played by *Harley*, who sleeps, sorely against his inclination, in a haunted room, which *Miss Cecilia Dormer*, who walks in her sleep, has made "holy ground." Simon has a reasonable quantity of superstition, and has an utter aversion to ghosts and gunpowder. To the latter he has become averse, from the circumstance of Mr. Easy, who is a "good shot," having killed his horse under him:—to the former he has innate objections. The principal scene in this piece, is one wherein *Miss Kelly* plays the somnambulist, and discourses touching certain points which are absolutely necessary for the proper termination of the love disputes. We must own that she acts very excellently in this, although we think it a pity that she has so much to say. The hush and scattered exclamations in the scene of *Lady*

Macbeth, have far greater effect than the long conversation which we hear in "Love's Dream;"—but comparisons are odious; and we will not compare Mr.—— (we do not know the author's name) with Shakspeare.—"Two-pence," is a lively bustling little farce, and is, as it justly announces, "as broad as it is long." It is written by a very lively young writer, Mr. Peake, who was the author, as will be recollected, of a very laughable piece, called, "Amateurs and Actors," which was played last season with great success. Mr. Peake has a good deal of the true spirit of joke in him; and burlesque comes easily, as well as pleasantly, off his pen. There is something of this even in the *dramatis personæ*; and the alliteration falleth sweetly on our ears—for instance:—

Orpheus Bluemold (*more fond of his Bassoon than his business*), Mr. Harley.

Roderick Rappington (*not worth a penny*), Mr. Wrench.

Tommy Patts (*Pupil and Apprentice to Orpheus*), Mr. Wilkinson.

Ariadne (*Niece to Mr. Bungay*), Miss Stevenson.

But the farce itself is such as to beguile a man of his smiles, let him be a dissenter ever so strong. We should like to hear that Mr. Peake had written a character for Munden. We think he would turn that veteran's eyebrows to account, and place a pot of ale in his hand, and a bit of narrative, or a *naïve* speech, in his mouth, so as to produce more than common effect. As Mr. Peake is one of the pillars of the Lyceum, we see no reason why he should not lend his helping hand to prop the prouder arches of Drury Lane. Harley is already at that theatre; and we hope that Wrench will be there next season; and our author has shown already what he can do for these two excellent actors. Before we quit the Lyceum, we should not forget Miss J. Stevenson, who is a pleasant young actress, and pretty; her articulation is rather too elaborate, and she wants ease; but she has a good deal of earnestness, and seems always on the *qui vive*. Mr. T. P. Cooke, who is one of the Lyceum corps (or was last year,—we have not seen him there this season), is really eminent as a melo-dramatic performer; but dialogue is his bane. So long as he

has nothing to do with words we admire his stature, his frowning, "awful as Jove,"—his dumb explanations, his menaces, his appeals to heaven;—but when he speaks, the charm is broken. He always reminds us of the terrible Pizarro. But of Mr. Rowbotham, who enacts Capt. Dashington, and such beaux,—or of Mr. Pearman, whom dialogue does not suit so well as song, what shall we say? To the one, as to the other, we may apply the lines of Porson—(keeping in mind Mr. T. P. Cooke's similitude)—

Of Alonzo we've only this little to say,
His boots were much neater than those of
Pizarro.

A young debutante, of the name of Forde, has appeared as Polly in the Beggar's Opera. Polly is not to be played but by an accomplished singer, and Miss Forde is as yet inexperienced and young. Her style savours somewhat of the school: she wants freedom and air both in voice and action; and she is not at present adapted to the stage. A year or two may, probably, make her a pleasant concert singer; but a year or two should certainly be given to study. Miss Wilson wants (not freedom, but) science, as much as Miss Forde, and she has done wisely, if report say true, in going to Italy.

HAYMARKET.

This new theatre, which has arisen 'like an exhalation' since the last season, has opened its gay portals for the reception of its summer company. The old Haymarket theatre was sadly in decay, and its numerous inconveniencies were scarcely counterbalanced by the air of familiarity, and want of pretension, which belonged equally to the place and the persons who frequented it. There is an imposing state about the winter theatres, that seems to demand the preparation of dress: silk and muslin, and 'fine linen' belong of right to their widely extended boxes; but we go to the Haymarket, and the Lyceum, as to a friend's house, to laugh and enjoy ourselves. We do not know that any of the old pleasure is actually subtracted from the Haymarket; but we have scarcely learned to make ourselves at home there yet. The paint and distemper

which has thrown such brilliant hues over the interior of the house has the effect of reminding us that the edifice is new, without convincing us that it is altogether comfortable. Time, however, will soon remove these errors. In the mean time we will introduce our readers to the theatre. The interior seems to us considerably larger than the former, but the shape and fashion are much the same as before. On the ceiling is painted a representation of Morning, which is pleasant enough, though we do not quite understand how it harmonizes with the place, or what it is more particularly intended to indicate. In the angles, and on the stage, are pillars resembling palm-trees, gilded, and the pannels of the boxes, which are of a slight red colour, are interlaced with gilded trellis work. The whole of this is very graceful. There is also, over the orchestra, a projection which springs from the proscenium, and is said to be for the purpose of improving the sound. That this would be the effect is likely enough, and the pronunciation of the actors is certainly sufficiently audible. The drop scene embraces, as might have been anticipated, an allegory, and it has somewhat of mystery in it, like allegories in general. The finest drop scene that was ever seen in this country is, we believe, the original one at Covent Garden, which represents a hall, with Shakspeare at the head; and Ben Jonson, Moliere, and other famous dramatists, ranged side by side, and forming an illustrious avenue to the spot on which the most immortal of all poets stands.

The principal performers at this theatre are Mr. Terry (who is also stage manager), Mr. Conway, our old acquaintance Mr. De Camp, Mr. Leoni Lee, a Mr. Ward, and a Mr. Tayleure: and the performances have been—a little piece, from the French, called ‘Peter and Paul,’ the Rivals, the Provoked Husband, the Green Man, Guy Mannering, and some other matters equally notorious.

The merits of Mr. Terry are well known. His forte is decidedly comedy; and in such characters as Mr. Green, Major Oakley, in angry fathers and hot-headed governors, and sarcastic guardians, &c. there is no one

on the stage, excepting only Downton, who may compete with him. His voice, which becomes unpleasant when it is strained, does not so well for tragedy; though in parts, where it is not absolutely necessary to split the ears of the groundlings, he must still be considered as an eminent performer. Of Mr. Conway, who attempts both tragedy and comedy, we feel more hesitation in speaking. He is, however, a fine handsome young man, and has a voice that can fill a theatre upon occasion. His first appearance at Covent Garden was, we believe, in Alexander the Great (or was it in Jaffier?) and his talent among performers may be considered of about the level at which Lee arrived among the dramatists. We could wish, however, that Mr. Conway would give himself more up to the character which he plays, and we feel assured that he would succeed better. There is an air of restraint about him, in his eye, in his voice, and in his step. He seems to measure the audience and the house, and then to act accordingly. There is something at once turgid and diffident in his style, which inclines us to think that he does not feel properly his elevation. Mr. De Camp (whom we do not dislike—perhaps we like him from his affinity to Mrs. Charles Kemble) has a rambling style of acting, but he is lively and unaffected, and is a fit inhabitant of comic ground. He is like a smiling welcome at the new theatre, and graces, and is graced by it. We have seen better Captain Absolutes than he, however, for we have seen Mr. Charles Kemble, who (whatever difference of opinion there may be among critics, as to his tragic powers) is undoubtedly the first gentlemanly comedian on the stage. His Cassio, Charles Surface, Don John, Falconbridge, &c. &c. were never surpassed in the recollection of play-goers much older than ourselves, and his spirited portraits of chivalrous heroes are entirely admirable.—Mr. Leoni Lee, the new singer, has a voice of limited compass, but without anything harsh in it. We have little doubt, but that we should like him in a room, as he has rather a graceful style, and seldom or never shocks our antipathies.

We do not know what to make of Mr. Ward. We will see him again. At present we do not much like him. Mr. Tayleure should study the art of confining himself 'within the limits of becoming mirth,' and he may, perhaps, become a favourite: he wants a little refining, however, at

present. The probability is, that he has been in the habit of acting *ad libitum* to the good folks in the country, and we know, from the story of honest Mr. Flamborough's picture, that they like high colouring almost as well as truth, — sometimes, it is said, even better.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

No. XVIII.

ART certainly vies this year with nature, in protracting her processes; for we were just meditating on the propriety of summing up the progress of improvement — of reaping, as it were, our musical harvest — of estimating the general growth and bulk, and casting up the balance of our gains and losses, when lo! Madame Catalani appears, like a portentous comet, and increases indefinitely, while she also delays the promise of the season. Her performance, like the King and his coronation, supersedes all the other topics of science. When she left this country she was pre-eminent; now she returns to it, the world of art will be curious to discover whether she is still greater; or whether those faculties and powers which then seemed too vast to enjoy addition, have undergone any, and what changes. In order to form a more accurate judgment, it were necessary that we should present a sketch of this wonderful singer's attainments when she quitted England: but this cannot be done in a slight manner; and we must content ourselves by referring those of our readers who take sufficient interest in the subject, (and who that is musical does not?) to the elaborate description of Madame Catalani's attributes and acquirements in the first volume of *The Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*.

Madame Catalani arrived in London on the 10th, and a concert was announced for the 16th. But on Saturday the 14th, there was a rehearsal of her songs at the Argyll Rooms, at which about 150 of the nobility and most eminent professors and amateurs were allowed to be present. We have never witnessed

so wonderful a display of vocal power, conjoined with such high and touching physiognomical expression. "Her eye," said a gentleman to Monsieur Vallebrêque (the husband of Madame Catalani), "is Jove's own lightning, her face a whirlwind, and her singing, the explosion of a volcano."

On the 16th, the concert took place, the admission being fixed at one guinea. This distinguished person may, perhaps, have some title to make such a demand; but we must mention, incidentally, that this inordinate price of tickets has this year been demanded by two or three persons, and those *foreigners*, whose accomplishments entitle them to no such assumption. We see in this a type of the character of the age. The principle of *exclusion* is creeping into music, as well as into every thing else. Madame Catalani selected four songs: *Della Superba Roma*, a new composition of the Marquis Sampieri, an Italian virtuoso of great reputation; an air written for the violin with variations by Rode, to which words were appended; a recitative and air, *Mio Bene*, by Puccitta; and the famous bass song in Mozart's *Figaro*, *Non piu andrai*; with the first verse of *God Save the King*, by way of finale. The other parts of the concert were two or three instrumental pieces; two bass duets by Angrisani and Placci, and a duet for the harp and piano-forte by the Misses Ashe, which those young professors performed with great taste, precision, and general excellence. But Catalani was all in all; and the room, crowded with fashion, glittering with stars, and graced by royalty (the Dukes of Clarence and Cambridge, with the Princess Augusta,

and the Duchesses of Gloucester and Cambridge, being present), contained no one who seemed willing to attend to any other portion of the entertainment.

Della superba Roma were the first words that broke from her lips; and they issued forth with a grandeur, that might have led one to imagine the proud mistress of the world was here personified. The rich amplitude of her magnificent tones filled the ear, as the broad splendours of the mid-day sun satiate the eye; and it was at once discovered that her powers were only matured during her absence from England. As she proceeded, this impression was confirmed by every note. Perhaps the principal and reigning idea was, that she had gained in force, and lost a trifle in sweetness. Her execution is thus somewhat changed in the manner, but not at all in the subjects upon which it is employed. Her fancy seems to have slumbered; for she appears to have added nothing to her former stock of invented passages. Even her facility is endued with new and extraordinary force. In one chromatic passage (ascending by semitones), to those who stood near, her voice sounded like the wind rushing through trees; and, indeed, distance is absolutely indispensable to the true enjoyment—to the true notion, of this wonderful woman's powers. All her effects are calculated to operate through a vast space; and at every remove, we will venture to assert, the auditor would be liable to entertain a different idea of her singing. When very close, it is really terrific. (Young Linley fainted, and dropped from his seat, at her rebuke for playing a wrong note during the rehearsal, through the fault of the copyist.) She would be said by judges to violate every rule of art; but as you recede, distance modifies the preternatural strength; and the grandeur is retained, while the coarseness evaporates. Madame Catalani has formed a style of her own, and it is purely dramatic. It is also florid in the highest possible degree. Her voice is the most prodigious instrument, in volume and in tone, that ever astonished the ear; her facility is not less marvellous. Her capital faculties are force and transition.

Her choice of a comic bass song was dictated, we presume, not so much by singularity, as by the desire to show her talents in a new style, and the richness and depth of her lower tones. She transposed it one note, and sang it in the key of D. She altered many of the passages, by inserting short, but appropriate *volate*, and also by the introduction of entirely new phrases, where repetition seemed to call for variation. She moreover appended two splendid cadences to the pauses. But she enriched the song with genuine humour, mellow and expressive, particularly where the words *Non piu andrai* were repeated. Upon the whole, this air gave most pleasure; the others excited most surprise.

But the figure and features of Madame Catalani are certainly subjects for as much admiration as her voice. Never, surely, were transitions so fine, so instantaneous. Yet the effort, involuntary and the offspring of high-wrought sensibility (as we are convinced it is), is frequently dreadful. The spectator trembles for the beautiful creature before him, who is at one moment convulsed with passion, the next melted by tenderness. He cannot escape the fear, lest those delicate vessels, that swell almost to bursting, should overpass the point of safety, and destroy the frame they serve to agitate.

As a whole, then, this wonder stands alone. Her grandeur of conception is not more marvellous than the thunders of her voice, and the lightnings of her countenance. **THERE IS BUT ONE CATALANI.**

To break our vast descent to minuter objects, we shall next take the Concert of Mr. Mocheles, given on Wednesday, July 4. We spoke of this professor in our last; but we scarcely did justice to his very, very superior attainments, of which language can convey but indistinct ideas. His command of his instrument (the piano-forte) is really prodigious; and his rapidity, precision, elasticity, neatness and delicacy of touch, his certainty in striking distant intervals, both at top and bottom of the compass, his thumb acting like a fulcrum to his hand, cannot be surpassed. In the intellectual parts of his performance he is not less

gifted; for while his fancy is richly endowed, his taste is pure and refined. To complete his character, he is mild and unassuming; and his merit seems to be exceeded only by his modesty. The concert exhibited great variety; and presents a very honourable testimony to the homage which the English and foreign professors have alike paid to this gentleman's extraordinary talent, while the distribution and the disposition of the parts are equally creditable to his own judgment.

Mr. S. Wesley has since had a Concert in the small room at the Argyll Institution, which, during this present triumphant reign of Italian and German music, was remarkable for an almost entirely English selection. It was wholly vocal, with the exception of an air with variations, played by Signor Spagnoletti, and an extempore performance by Mr. Wesley himself. In this department, he is justly allowed to stand without a rival; but on this night, though it well might be thought an extraordinary display of ability, Mr. Wesley was not so great as we have heard him. We lament that such a man should find a committee of professors indispensable to the support of his benefit concert, and that the small room should be thought adequate to contain his audience. This is something very like a satire, not to say a disgrace to the dignified patrons of music, in a country where a foreign professor, with not a quarter of Mr. Wesley's talent and erudition, can fill the largest saloon in the metropolis at a guinea admission.

We lament to hear that Miss Hallande has broken a blood-vessel. Her voice was of great promise.

M. Sapio, jun. is arrived from Paris, and purposes to give a Concert shortly, at the house of one of the nobility. He is a tenor singer. His tone is sweet and pure; his facility and fancy considerable; and his manner in English, French, and Italian, equally excellent. We should, however, perhaps, give the preference to his French Romances, which he sings with remarkable effect.

The seventh number of the Quadrille Rondos, by Meves, is light and elegant. It is adapted to performers of moderate acquirements, without the tameness and monotony which

usually attend compositions of this class.

M. Bochsa has arranged the Minuet and Gavot from Nina with variations for the harp. There is nothing particularly new in this piece; nor does it contain any great difficulties of execution; but it possesses the animation and grace which peculiarly characterize M. Bochsa's style, and which bestow a charm on every thing he touches.

Mr. Craven has adapted four Romances for the harp, as some of the earliest lessons for that instrument.

M. Klose has adapted the airs from the Ballets of Nina, and *Le Carnival de Venise*, with an accompaniment for the flute.

The third book of the airs from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* for the harp, with accompaniments for the flute and violoncello, has appeared.

Mr. Latour has published selections from the same opera, arranged for the piano-forte and flute.

A duet for the piano-forte, with a flute accompaniment, containing two airs from this opera, adapted by Watts.

A divertimento for the piano-forte and harp, by Naderman, arranged for the piano-forte alone by Kiallmark. This piece is brilliant, without being difficult, and contains much that will attract and amuse.

Amongst the new vocal publications, are two duets, a quintett, and a song from Rossini's opera of *Il Turco in Italia*. One of the duets *Per Piacere alla Signora* is much in the style of *S'inclinasse prender moglie*, though hardly so good. The song *Presto amiche*, is very florid, but is inferior to his usual productions.

Dear Object of defeated Care, by H. Craggs, is a pretty ballad, capable of some expression.

Gentle humble-bee, by M. P. King, is rather a singular composition. The words follow each other so rapidly (a semiquaver, with hardly any exception, being allowed to each), as to render the effect perfectly ludicrous.

Love is like the Rose, by Lanza, is an elegant little ballad. The opening of it bears a slight resemblance to one of the Irish melodies in the eighth number. To our own recommendation, we may add, that it has been sung by Mrs. Salmon, to whom it is dedicated.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

Russia.—According to the latest estimation, there are 350 living authors in this country, about one-eighth part of whom are ecclesiastics, but the far greater proportion consists of persons of rank. Backmeister, in his Russian Library, computed that, previously to 1817, there existed about 4000 different works in that language. In the extensive collection of national literature belonging to the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, there were, in 1800, 3000 works printed in the Russian tongue; among which, only 105 belonged to the class of novels and romances. Since this period, authorship has increased so much, that last year no fewer than 8000 volumes were printed in this language. Translations are very numerous, particularly of dramas, novels, works of imagination, and the belles lettres. There are newspapers and journals, both German and Russian, published at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Riga, Revel, Abo, and other principal cities. At the first of these places there are 15 printing houses, and 10 at Moscow.

A Poetical Journal,—entitled *Die Muse*, has been commenced at Leipzig, by Kind. One of the most important articles that have appeared in it, is a specimen of a translation, by Nordstern, of Childe Harold, in the Spenserian stanza of the original. The writer, however, is not sufficiently master of this difficult form of versification. In addition to the poetry, this publication is intended to contain theoretical, polemical, and satirical essays.

The Bell and Lancasterian Systems.—A work has appeared at Lyons, attacking the system of education pursued in what are called, on the Continent, schools of mutual instruction, condemning it as pregnant with danger, and pointing out the mischiefs to be apprehended from its adoption. The title of this work is, *L'Enseignement Mutuel Devoilé, ainsi que ses Jongleries et Pretintailles Revolutionnaires; ou l'Art d'affranchir l'Educaton de l'Enfance de toute Influence Morale et Religieuse!*

Sweden.—The Society for the Promotion of the Arts and Sciences at

Stockholm has offered five prizes for subjects of painting or sculpture, illustrative of the Northern Mythology. Among the most eminent Swedish artists are, Sandberg, the historical painter, Fogelberg, the sculptor, Van Brede, a painter of history and portrait, Salmson, an engraver of gems, Professor Linnell, an historical painter, Snell, and Berggenen.

Bourdeaux.—The Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences has this year proposed additional prizes for the two best productions in poetry and painting each to consist of some subject serving to commemorate the birth of the infant Duke of Bourdeaux. The reward for the former is to be a gold medal, worth 300 fr.; that for the painting will be 500 francs. No artists will be permitted to enter into competition for the latter, except such as are either natives of, or residents in this city. The prizes are to be adjudged on the 21st of the present month.

Italian Literature.—A voluminous publication has been commenced at Milan: it is intended to form a complete series of the best historical works in every language, and is entitled, *Biblioteca Storica di tutti i Tempi, e di tutte le Nazioni*. The first work selected by the editor is Müller's General History of the World, in six volumes. Next, the History of the American War, by Botta, an author who has been called, by the journalists of Philadelphia and New York, the Livy of the United States; and who has been universally admired, as one of the most philosophical historians of the present age. To these succeeds the eloquent work of our own countryman, Gibbon: a very unfinished and incorrect translation of him had before appeared in Italy; but this has now been entirely rewritten, and completed by Bertolotti, the successful translator of many other English works.—Bettoni's *Lettere sui Giardini di Venezia* is another publication, from the Milan press, deserving of notice. In these seven epistles (four of which have been before printed,) the writer describes, in an elegant style, the noble garden which has been formed, of late years, in the

centre of that city, the naturally romantic situation of which it is well adapted to render still more picturesque, especially should those improvements be made which Bettoni suggests. He proposes that it should be embellished with monuments, statues, temples, and other elegant decorations of art. This work is sentimental and poetical.—The Cavalier Luizi Bossi continues to labour indefatigably in the prosecution of his laborious work on Italy, *Le Storia d'Italia Antica e Moderna*. The twelfth volume has just been published at Milan, by Giegler and Bianchi. It begins with the overthrow of the Western Empire, from the time of the acknowledgment of Theodoric, as King of Italy, to the founding of the kingdom of Lombardy, and finishes with a description of the situation of the provinces, cities, and islands of Italy under the dominion of the Goths and Lombards.—*Vita e Commercio Letterario*, &c. the Life and Correspondence of Galileo Galilei, a posthumous work of the learned Florentine Senator De Nelli, is an interesting piece of biography of the great Italian astronomer, composed from the most authentic sources and original documents, the author having purchased all the manuscripts and letters he could meet with of Galilei, Coricelli, Castelli, Viviani, and other mathematicians of the 17th century. The work, which is in two volumes quarto, is embellished with ten plates: two of them are portraits of Galilei; the first taken when he was 40, the other, 77 years of age. Both of them are engraved under the direction of the celebrated Raphael Morghen.—The first volume of the *Collezione degli antichi Storici Greci volgerizzati*, edited by Sonzogno, of Milan, contains a translation, by Compagnoni, of Dictys Cretensis, and of Dares the Phrygian. In the second, third, and fourth volumes, are the first and second books of Diodorus, also translated by Compagnoni, and the nine books of Herodotus, translated by Andreas Mustoxidi of Corfu, who has added to them a Commentary.—The *Raccolta di Scene Teatrali eseguite o diseguate dei piu celebri Pittori Scenici in Milano* is a novel and interesting work, well calculated to advance the art of scene-painting to a

higher rank than it now fills, and to preserve many beautiful productions of this kind from the oblivion to which they are otherwise almost inevitably consigned. The 2d number, now published, contains, along with a variety of scenes of every description, an exterior and an interior view of the Theatre La Scala, and a design of the beautiful curtain painted by the celebrated Appiani, for the private amateur theatre of the Filo Drammatici.—The anonymous *Storia di America*, intended as a sequel to Segue's General History, gives an account of the moral and physical features of the New World. The writer has borrowed much from Humboldt, but has not availed himself of the assistance of Azara and Sobrevielo. In the sixth and last division of his work, he treats of the different dialects of America, and their origin: he considers that their number, said by some to amount to 1264, has been greatly exaggerated, although it is certain that in a single province a variety of dialects are used orally which are not employed in writing.—A work on the science of history, by the Duke di Ventignano, a writer before known to the public by his tragedies, has issued from the press at Naples, under the title of *Pensieri sulla Scienza della Storia*. In this treatise the author follows the steps of Rio, whom he calls the Founder of the Synthesis of History; and he endeavours to systematize this important study, and to reduce it to certain principles founded in the nature of man. In conformity with this theory, he attempts to develop the progress of civilization, and the changes which society and government have successively undergone.—The interesting biographical work, entitled *Vite e Ritratti d'illustri Italiani*, is now closed with the 60th number, containing the Life of Filangieri, by Carnebali, and his portrait, engraved by Caronni. There is another work, of nearly a similar nature and title, *Ritratti d'illustri Italiani Viventi*, of which the fifth number has just appeared, with the portraits of Palette, Perticari, Rossini, Stratico, and Venturi. The sixth number will complete the work. Among the portraits which have already been given are, Appiani, the scene painter, Botta, the historian,

Canova, Morghen, Paer, the composer, Pindemonti, Scarpa, Visconti, the archæologist, and Volta.

History of Russia.—Castelneau's *Essai sur l'Histoire Ancienne de la Nouvelle Russie* is an historical work of great research. The labour of collecting materials for such an undertaking, was considerably enhanced, by the rapid succession of the different tribes, who have made themselves masters of this country, from the time when it was first described by Herodotus, until it was incorporated with the rest of the Russian Empire. M. Castelneau has divided his history into three distinct portions or æras; the first, commencing with the most remote antiquity, ends at the conquest of the Crimea by Mahomet II. in 1475. The second, which records facts better authenticated, and less perplexed and obscure, comprises three centuries, terminating in the year 1784; when the country was ceded to the Russians. The Author has spared no pains, that he might produce the first complete and genuine history of a people, with whose annals we have hitherto been but imperfectly acquainted,—of those warlike Tartars and Cossacks, who have so often rebelled against the Porte, and have constantly been at variance with Poland and Russia. The third, and last portion of the work is not deficient in interest, to those who prize the cultivation of intellect more than the subjugation of territory, and who consider the advancement of agriculture, commerce, art, and civilization, to be more truly glorious, than all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of war and conquest. These provinces, so long exposed to devastation, now present a scene of prosperity. Their situation on the borders of the Black Sea, the navigable streams by which they are intersected, the fertility of the soil, and the possession of a flourishing and increasing commercial city, render them the most important possessions of the Russian empire. At the end of the work, is an interesting account of a journey made by the author through the Crimea, for the purpose of collecting information relative to its geology, natural history, numismatics, statistics, agriculture, trade, and navigation.

Bohemian Literature.—The vernacular literature of Bohemia, which has been so long in a state approaching to annihilation, now begins to spring up again, and to exhibit signs of vitality. The interest which the Emperor has manifested in its behalf, has been the means of imparting to it fresh energy, insomuch, that the progress it has made of late years has been uncommonly rapid. Within this period, a great number of Translations have appeared, and these have been beneficial, so far as they have assisted in reviving literary taste, and in inciting native talent to rival the productions of other countries. There are now four journals established in the metropolis, and many works are continually printing in Kutteneburg, Pilsen, Poseck, and other cities. One of the most assiduous labourers, in the cause of letters, is Hanka, the keeper of the National Museum, who has rendered a most important service to literature, by editing the manuscript which he discovered buried beneath an old pillar, in the church at Königinhof. This document is invaluable, from the light it throws upon the history of Bohemian poetry, of which the furious religious contentions during the fifteenth century have left hardly any trace. After much laborious investigation of what was mutilated, and, in some places, illegible, Hanka succeeded in deciphering what constitutes the fragments of a collection of narrative and lyrical poems, possessing considerable intrinsic merit. They were composed at the end of the thirteenth, and the beginning of the fourteenth century; some of them are probably of a still earlier date. The fortunate discoverer of these relics has edited them in the original language, accompanied by a version in the modern Bohemian dialect, and by another, in German, by Professor Swobode. They relate the victory obtained over the Poles, under Udalrich; the incursion of the Saxons into Bohemia; the battle against the Tartars at Olmutz, &c. A Russian Translation of them has been published, on which occasion the Dowager Empress testified her approbation of Hanka's labours by presenting him with a valuable medal. J. W. Zimmermann is another industrious

writer. He has lately published the first volume of his History of Bohemia, under Ferdinand I. from 1526 to 1547; a work that is so much the more interesting and valuable, as it relates to a period of which there was before no printed record; for Hagel and Beczkorosky bring down their histories only to 1526, and Palzel's Chronicle proceeds no farther than the Reign of Charles IV.

Stepaneck and Kliepera are the two chief dramatic writers; the former has produced many pieces, both original and translated. They are now publishing a collection of their various works, under the title *Divado* (the stage). Epic poetry is cultivated by Negedly and Herokowsky; the former has written the poems of Charles IV. Ottokar, Wratislaw, and The Last Judgement; the latter, a Poem, called the Maiden's War. Professor Negedly, who must not be confounded with the preceding author of the same name, has composed an excellent Bohemian Grammar, for the use of Germans; also, Translations of Florian's Numa Pompilius, Young's Night Thoughts, and the first Books of the Iliad. It has been doubted, whether the last mentioned are translated immediately from the original, yet even should this be the case, the services which Negedly has performed for his countrymen, are not therefore the less valuable. He is, moreover, the conductor of the *Hlasatel*, a periodical work, which was first commenced in 1808; and after having been discontinued for several years, is now carried on again with increased spirit. This is the first Journal in Bohemia, which gave papers of any length, on either serious or amusing subjects. Pollok has published a Tour in Italy, and some Poems; and Schiessler, the last writer we shall now mention, has also composed some Poems and Fables, and has translated Shakspeare's Tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Spanish Literature.—The first volume of an historical work of very superior merit, and indeed of more importance than any produced during the last century, has lately issued from the press at Madrid. It is entitled, *La Historia de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España, sacada de*

Manuscritos y Memorias Arabigas, and is written by the Academician Josef Antonio Conde, who died last year. The Spaniards have, for a long time, been indebted to the researches of the literati of other countries, but have, at length, applied themselves to the investigation of this interesting epoch of their national history; and, notwithstanding the number of documents that have been destroyed, enough yet remain to supply the deficiencies, and to correct the errors of the old chroniclers, and thus dispel the obscurity in which the annals of this æra are enveloped. Conde, whose early death is to be lamented as an irreparable loss to Spanish literature, ventured into this immense and bewildering mine, examined the valuable MSS. deposited in the various libraries of Madrid, as well as those in the archives of the Escorial, and, after attentively collating and studying them, produced a work that will confer immortal honour on his memory. The policy of the Arabian conquerors, their military tactics, their government and legislation, their system of taxation, the administration of their police, their institutions for public charity and education, their religious toleration, manners and customs, form the principal objects of the author's attention; and the facts and documents are all original and authentic. He has, moreover, incorporated many fragments from the Arabian poets, partly for the purpose of elucidating events and customs, and partly to give an Oriental air to the whole composition. He has, likewise, derived from Arabic sources of biography, much important information relative to those great men who distinguished themselves, either in literature or in arms. The work is divided into four books; the first of which commences with a brief account of the situation of the Arabians, at the time of their first irruption into Africa. The author then proceeds to describe their attack upon Spain; the government of the Omars; their policy, and their conduct towards the people whom they conquered; the feuds between the Omars themselves; the events which brought Spain under the dominion of the Caliphs of Damascus; and, last-

ly, he presents a vivid picture of the actions and the characters of the first Arabian conquerors in Spain, during the interval from 710 to 748. The second book treats of the Arabian Monarchy in Spain (as it existed independent of the Caliphs);—of the princes of this powerful dynasty, and the extension of their power, both within and without the peninsula; of the government, manners, wealth, arts and sciences of the Arabians, until the breaking out of the war in 1080, to which period we are brought

down in the present volume, which consists of 660 pages in 4to. The third and fourth books will be comprised in the two succeeding volumes, which are partly printed. It was the intention of the author to give a glossary and explanation of all the Arabic words; and also a comparative geography, and a map of Arabian Spain; this, however, he has been prevented from executing by death, which seized him in the midst of his labours.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THE great leading event of the last month, we might almost say of the age in which we live, has been the death of Napoleon. As it is our custom seldom to offer a comment upon the details of our chronicle, and as, perhaps, we may hereafter make this striking event the subject of a distinct article, we shall here confine ourselves to the more interesting particulars which have been disclosed to us, and which will, no doubt, become matter for history. Napoleon died at six o'clock, upon the fifth of May, on his rock, at St. Helena, after an imprisonment of something more than six years. The dispatches were brought to England, by Captain Crockatt, and Captain Hendrie, together with a kind of medico-official bulletin, signed by some professional gentlemen, who opened the body, in which his disease is asserted to be a cancer in the stomach, a disease, to which the death of his father has also been ascribed. As this document is both curious and authentic, and as it has become the subject of much discussion, we insert it here.

Longwood, St. Helena, May 6.

REPORT OF APPEARANCES ON DISSECTION OF THE BODY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

On a superficial view the body appeared very fat, which state was confirmed by the first incision down its centre, where the fat was upwards of one inch and a half over the abdomen. On cutting through the cartilages of the ribs, and exposing the cavity of the thorax, a trifling adhesion of the left pleura was found to the pleura costalis. About three ounces of reddish fluid were contained in the left cavity, and nearly eight ounces in the right. The lungs were quite sound. The pericardium was natural, and contained about an ounce of fluid.

The heart was of the natural size, but thickly covered with fat. The auricles and ventricles exhibited nothing extraordinary, except that the muscular parts appeared rather paler than natural.

Upon opening the abdomen the omentum was found remarkably fat, and on exposing the stomach that viscus was found the seat of extensive disease. Strong adhesions connected the whole superior surface, particularly about the pyloric extremity to the concave surface of the left lobe of the liver; and on separating these, an ulcer, which penetrated the coats of the stomach, was discovered one inch from the pylorus, suffi-

cient to allow the passage of the little finger. The internal surface of the stomach, to nearly its whole extent, was a mass of cancerous disease or schirrous portions advancing to cancer: this was particularly noticed near the pylorus. The cardiac extremity, for a small space near the termination of the œsophagus, was the only part appearing in a healthy state. The stomach was found nearly filled with a large quantity of fluid resembling coffee grounds.

The convex surface of the left lobe of the liver adhered to the diaphragm. With the exception of the adhesions occasioned by the disease in the stomach, no unhealthy appearance presented itself in the liver.

The remainder of the abdominal viscera were in a healthy state.

A slight peculiarity in the formation of the left kidney was observed.

(Signed)

THOMAS SHORT, MD.

And Principal Medical Officer.

ARCH. ARNOTT, MD.

Surgeon 20th Regiment.

CHARLES MITCHELL, MD.

Surgeon of H. M. S. Vigo.

FRANCIS BURTON, MD.

Surgeon 66th Regiment.

MATTHEW LIVINGSTON,

Surgeon H. C. Service.

It is remarkable enough, and has been much animadverted on, that, although the ex-emperor's own personal surgeon, Antommarchi, is referred to by Sir Hudson Lowe, as directing the dissection, still his name does not appear annexed to this report. Rumour, also, says, that he applied for leave to bring the stomach home to Europe, and was refused; a similar demand of the heart of Napoleon was made by Bertrand, which met with a similar refusal. There is something to us exceedingly affecting in this latter incident. If ever there lived a man who had an undeniable claim upon the heart of Napoleon, it was Marshal Bertrand. History does not record a nobler instance of fidelity, under the most trying circumstances, than has now associated itself with the name of Bertrand; and whether the French revolution be yet incomplete, or the scene at St. Helena may be termed its close, posterity will not find in its various annals a more noble or consistent character. Some of the circumstances attendant upon the death of Napoleon are very interesting. When he found that his illness was likely to prove fatal, he directed the picture of his son to be placed at the foot of

his bed, and died with his eyes fixed on it! His last words were broken and interrupted: "*tête, tête—armée—France,*" were distinctly overheard a few hours before his death. Buonaparte had a certain and distant presentiment that he was dying. It is erroneously stated, in all the newspapers, that his will was found in St. Helena. It was not. About ten days before he was confined to his bed, in which he lingered for forty days, he gave his will to an old priest, called Bonavitti, who had latterly been sent out to him, and charged him to deliver it to some member of his family at Rome. The priest arrived in the English channel five weeks before the intelligence of the death reached Europe, was not allowed to land here, after his long voyage, and although eighty years of age and worn out with illness, he has, we have no doubt, long ere this, faithfully performed the last melancholy mission of his departed master. The possession of this document was anxiously sought after, as the bank, in which Napoleon's wealth was deposited, always remained a secret, and that wealth, which was considerable, had become confiscated by a decree of the Bourbon government. Buonaparte died very rich. We happen to have the means of knowing, that he had in the hands of one individual, nearly half a million, sterling! His principal bequest is supposed to have been to his son. He had long given verbal directions as to the place of his interment, in case he should die upon the island. It is situated in a romantic little valley, near a brook, of which he was fond of drinking, and over-hung by a few trees. His burial was marked by all the honours due to a general of the first class; and he was cased down in a grave fourteen feet deep, and overlaid with stone and mortar-work, all cramped with iron. Surely it looked as if the vigilance of his gaolers survived their prisoner—as if they thought that his very grave should be a dungeon, and that the mighty spirit, which a world could not contain, might burst beyond its last, dark tenement. Before his funeral he was laid in state, upon his little camp-bed, which was his couch during the field of Austerlitz, and

which was amongst the few valuable relics that he selected to accompany his captivity. It must have been a striking and a melancholy sight enough to see him stretched upon that bed, the natural parent of such associations, and surrounded, on a tropical rock, by the few faithful friends who preferred his prison to all the splendours which might have illumined their apostacy at the court of his successors. Their grief is described as having been most poignant and overwhelming; and, indeed, it seemed to have been among the most remarkable peculiarities of this wonderful man, to have borne a fascination about him, the influence of which was never forgotten by those who once experienced it. On the return of the exiles to Europe, we hope to be able to present our readers with details, not perhaps within the reach of every journalist. This death may, ere long, cause an important crisis in the European governments—it has certainly transferred from the hands of England, to those of Austria, a very powerful political engine.—The remaining foreign intelligence of this month is very circumscribed. The Greeks and Turks maintain their former hostility; and the accounts of their various successes and vicissitudes are so uncertain, and so contradictory, that it is impossible to say to what credit they are entitled. It is, however, quite clear, that the insurgents still maintain themselves in successful insurrection; and so far there certainly is some evidence that these triumphs are not altogether unfounded, or they could not continue to array themselves so long as they have done against the weight and authority of a regular government. It is said that two great powers, England and Russia, have offered their umpirage in this interesting contest. The sincerity of the latter power, however, may well be doubted, where Turkey is concerned. The king of Portugal has returned to his European dominions, where he has been received as quietly as if he had merely left them on a tour of pleasure; in the mean time, his son, the prince and heir apparent, remains in the Brazils as regent. The Spanish Ambassador, at Vienna, has presented to that court a very strong re-

monstrance against the language held by Austria during the late Neapolitan commotion. This is all the intelligence from abroad, of the slightest interest, since our last publication.

During the last month, our domestic intelligence is almost necessarily confined to the Coronation; an event which has excited, not merely in the metropolis, but throughout the whole kingdom, so general and so paramount an interest. We have made every possible exertion to procure for our readers the most satisfactory account of this splendid spectacle, and to our communication on this subject we must, at present, content ourselves with referring them, fully confident that it will satisfy their expectations. The remaining events which have occupied the public attention are few, and not very interesting. The Queen having laid before the Privy Council a claim relating to her right to a participation in the great national ceremony, Lord Londonderry informed the House of Commons that she should be heard before the proper tribunal, by her attorney and solicitor general. Accordingly, on Tuesday the 6th inst. the Privy Council assembled at Whitehall for the purpose of hearing those learned gentlemen on that subject. The arguments on each side occupied some days; after a due consideration of which, the Council informed the King that they had come to an unanimous opinion against the claim; which was communicated in due form to Her Majesty. Her Majesty's course, upon the receipt of this communication, our readers will learn from our description of the ceremony. Mr. Hume attempted to move an Address upon this subject in the House of Commons, which, however, was frustrated by the appearance of the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod summoning the members to hear the parliament prorogued by commission. His Majesty, it is generally understood, will proceed to Ireland in the course of a few days; he intends to embark at Brighton, but some of his suite, anxious to avoid that circuitous route, will proceed by Holyhead. In the mean time the Citizens of Dublin are busy in preparing for his suitable reception. A very singular phenomenon has lately occupied the attention of

the sister kingdom. An immense tract of bog was observed *in motion* in the vicinity of Tullamore, in the King's County, at about eight o'clock in the evening, about a fortnight ago, and it has since continued in slow but steady progress. To account for it baffles the ingenuity of the most scientific naturalists; and amongst the people generally it has excited an universal alarm. The country, for miles around, was suddenly agitated by a violent convulsion, and the shocks were accompanied by a noise resembling thunder. The earth was rent asunder at a place called Kilmaladay; when a torrent, composed of boggy compound, issued forth, and covered the country, to the extent of three hundred acres. It forced through every impediment, carrying in its progress every implement of husbandry; which, at the time, happened to occupy the ground over which it spread. The quantity of bog, at present in motion, is estimated at above two thousand acres!

Westminster Hall has been opened for public inspection by Lord Gwydyr, whose attention to every wish expressed by the public, during the late ceremony, could not be exceeded. There has also been a very grand Concert at Westminster Abbey, in honour of the Coronation, and in furtherance of the funds of the Westminster Hospital. It was most numerously attended, and was patronized by the heads of every political party. This is as it should be, and, as we hope it always will be in England, where the interests of charity are concerned.

The first indictment preferred by the Constitutional Society against Mary Anne Carlisle, for a libel, came on for trial at Guildhall, on the 24th instant, before Mr. Justice Best, and a special jury. The judge informed them that, in his opinion, the libel was one of a most grossly seditious character, upon which they retired. In the course of about half an hour, the learned justice desired an officer to intimate to the jury, that he was in attendance upon them. They accordingly returned, when his Lordship told them, that he had sent for them, in consequence of a note which he had received from their foreman, stating that they were not likely to agree. If he could give them any

assistance on the subject, he professed his willingness to do so. After some irrelevant observations, not of the most amicable nature, amongst themselves, they again retired, and after remaining impannelled for the entire night, they were discharged next morning by consent of the parties, their unanimous agreement having been ascertained to be impossible. This is a sad débüt for this celebrated association. A few days before parliament was prorogued, Mr. Whitbread moved for an address to his Majesty, praying that he would be graciously pleased to order a *noli prosequi* to be entered upon all prosecutions commenced by this association, which was, however, negatived without a division. If all juries act as that impannelled upon this occasion did, it was very right in the honourable House not to put his Majesty to such unnecessary trouble.

We congratulate the country on the prospect of a speedy alleviation of that distress which has arisen from a deficiency of the circulating medium. The Manchester papers state, that "arrangements are making by the two principal Banks there, viz. those of Messrs. Jones, Loyd, and Co. and Messrs. Heywood, Brothers, and Co. for the early issue of local notes. The quantity of Cash weekly required for the great manufacturing population of that town, and the surrounding district, is so immense, as to put it out of the power of the bankers to make arrangements for providing it in metallic currency. It is satisfactory to reflect, in this introduction of local notes into Manchester, that the issue of them is in the hands of such well known capitalists, as to justify, in the public mind, the most perfect assurance of their stability." This example will be followed, we have no doubt, by every Bank of undoubted responsibility in the kingdom: prices will then again rise, and distress will speedily disappear. By the increase of our circulating medium, the public burthens will be deprived of that unjust and unnecessary overweight, which they have acquired from the improvement in the value of money by the restrictions of the Bank issues; and an equal, uniform, and general retrench-

ment, will, from this source, be virtually and irresistibly effected in all the departments of state. We shall probably offer in a future number a more explicit declaration of the grounds on which we have founded these observations. In the mean

time, we have the pleasure to add, that the arrangements abovementioned are in such a state of forwardness, as to leave little doubt that, in the course of another fortnight, the issue of local notes at Manchester will be in full operation.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE transactions, which concern the landed interest and agricultural science, have been so various and so important during the last few weeks, that our article must necessarily be this month considerably extended.

The Report of the Select Committee, to whom the several petitions complaining of the distressed state of the agriculture of the United Kingdom were referred, has been published. This document declares, that no present relief can be afforded by legislation, while the hopes it holds out of any future provisions to alleviate the distress are so very slender, and so conditionally put, that it must be now quite clear that agriculture will be left to find its own level whatever be the consequences. The Report, however, is decidedly ministerial, being drawn up, not as usual by the Chairman of the Committee, (Mr. Gooch,) but by Mr. Huskisson, a member of administration. This paper must also be considered rather as a general exposition of those elements and principles of political economy by which the Government regulates its present policy in regard to agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, than as a more direct reply to the allegations of the petitioners. It is, indeed, apologetical, as well as declaratory.

The Report is divided into seven sections. The first simply states the provisions of the law at present in force with respect to the trade in corn, viz.—that free importation and exportation are at all times permitted, but that corn can only be sold in this country when the prices are above a certain average. The second sets out with the important concession, that “the complaints of the petitioners are founded in fact, in so far as they represent that, at the present price of corn, the returns to the occupier of an arable farm, allowing for the interest of his investment, are by no means adequate to the charges and outgoings; of which a considerable portion can be paid only out of the capitals, and not from the profits, of the tenantry.” The Committee go on to express their doubts (founded on official returns) as to the contraction of the demand for various articles of consumption: they infer that the profits of farming during the war were somewhat above the ordinary profits of capital in other branches, and that they are now considerably below that rate; but similar revulsions, they say, have oc-

curred at various periods of history, and they indulge the hope that the tenantry will still be able to surmount their difficulties. From this they take occasion to notice the diminution of rents which has already taken place, and the causes of the rise between 1793 and 1814. Improvements form one part, and the state of the currency another, of these causes; and to the latter they mainly attribute the depression of price. They hazard an opinion that the ultimate effects upon rent will be below the anticipated results, and will not indeed exceed “that proportion of the increase which, during the war, grew out of the depreciated value of the currency.”

This section concludes with two inferences very momentous to the farmer:—1st. That the *present* depression is the consequence of the abundance of the two last harvests:—and, 2dly, that the previous importations were necessary to supply the wants of the kingdom. Our readers will scarcely fail to apprehend how much hinges upon these points, since the one declares the country can grow more than enough in plentiful years for its own consumption, while, in years a little below the average, recourse must be had to a foreign supply; and thus a competition, in the one instance, must be established between English growers to dispose of a redundant crop; and, in the other, between the English and the foreign proprietor. This state of things, it will also be clearly understood, can leave no alternative between a duty which would compensate the farmer by a high price for his present high expenses, and a general fall of prices to the level of the Continent. To this part of the Report, therefore, we would particularly direct the general attention.

The third section opens with referring to former periods of agricultural distress; which, having been surmounted, afford, by their similarity, the hope of surmounting the present difficulties. It also alludes to the suffering state of other kingdoms. It affirms, that an average crop is now equal to the national consumption—but couples this remark with a conjecture originally made by Mr. Burke, that “years of plenty or of scarcity happen in pretty large cycles, and irregularly.” From this the conclusion is, that the condition of the grower of corn, in a country where the remunerating prices shall habitually exceed the prices of the

rest of the world, must be hazardous and embarrassing. The Committee then go on to show that what is called a remunerating price must fluctuate with circumstances; and, with a view to this particular object, they recommend an earnest consideration of the effects of the present corn laws. The English farmer, they assert, has for the two last harvests enjoyed a monopoly; and protection cannot be carried further than monopoly. They then state that the present glut must continue until years of scarcity shall arise and carry off the redundancy—and, from all these circumstances combined, they infer the general probability of great fluctuations in price.

The fourth section discusses the effects of the present enactments regarding such fluctuations, which it is very wisely pronounced to be the interest of grower and consumer alike to avoid. The Committee admit that it is the necessary tendency of the law now in force to produce them. They examine the operation of former laws, and submit to Parliament the propriety of considering whether a trade in corn, free at all times, but subject to a duty, would not be preferable. Such a change, however, they own can be attempted only at a future period, and under a favourable situation of things. In such an event they recommend lowering the rate at which corn is admissible, and to guard the consumer by enacting, that whenever the price shall have reached a certain high rate, the duty shall cease altogether. In the last paragraph, the Committee embrace a variety of points;—the free competition of soils in the home market—the advantage of continuing a forced cultivation of inferior lands—the effects of public burdens, &c.; and they infer, “that, within the limits of the existing competition at home, the exertions of industry and the investment of capital in agriculture ought to be protected against any revulsion, but that the protection ought to go no further.” At the close the Committee recommend, that “every opportunity should be watched, and every practical measure adopted, for reducing the amount of the public expenditure.”

The fifth division opens with so prudent a reservation between free trade on the one side, and vested interest on the other, that it is scarcely possible to gather any practical conclusion from its recommendations. The Committee refer whatever comes after to a due estimation, with a relation to these grand considerations.

Recurring to former periods, they, however, conclude, that no provisions to force or encourage agriculture ever equalled the stimulus supplied by the increase of demand that arose during the last reign. Looking to the general progress of affairs during that period, they state that, “the present solidity, and future improvement,

of our national wealth, depend on the continuance of that union by which our agricultural prosperity is so clearly connected with the preservation of our manufacturing and commercial greatness;” and hence they suggest the wisdom of guarding against dependence on a foreign supply, as well as against such a price of subsistence as may expatriate capital and skill. For, say they, with the irresistible force of truth, the difference in the cost of subsistence “operates in the same manner as taxation to diminish the profits of capital in this country, and there can be as little doubt, that though capital may migrate, the unoccupied population will remain, and remain to be maintained by the landed interest, upon whose resources, in proportion to diminished demand, this additional burthen would principally fall.”

The report then proceeds to examine the effect of taxation upon agriculture, and the inference drawn is as follows:—“whilst they are desirous of correcting the mistaken opinion, that the depression under which our agriculture now labours is either exclusively or principally to be attributed to taxation, they cannot disguise from themselves, that the weight of the public burthens of the country, their nominal amount remaining the same, must be more severely felt, in proportion as the many incomes derived from trading, farming, and manufacturing industry are diminished.”

The sixth section rejects positively the proposition of some of the petitions, which prays a duty of forty shillings a quarter on wheat, as utterly subversive of all foreign commerce, which they say would be annihilated by the recognition of such a principle, and they show the misconception with regard to the protection afforded to manufacture, on which this principle is adopted by the Petitioners. They also controvert the manifest errors upon which the opposition to the warehousing clause in the present act is founded, and show the advantages the country derives from being made a deposit for foreign corn.

The last division commences with lamenting, that the Committee is unable to recommend any immediate means of alleviation; and after recapitulating the causes of distress, and then declaring that these are in their own nature irremediable by legislative enactments, the Committee cite the reduction of the interest of money from accumulating capital, and the diminution of public burdens, by the operation of the sinking fund, as the likeliest means of encouraging and augmenting national prosperity, and out of which alone the relief can come.

Such is the abstract of this elaborate composition, of which we can only say, that we regret its materials should afford so many points for controversy, and so many,

too, where the delusion is palpable. Of such a kind is the reference to the sinking fund at the end, of which all that the public knows is, that the expence of its machinery exceeds its actual production, and that the defalcation of revenue in the present year leaves no hope of its effectual operation.

To this report two answers have been given, the one in the commentary contained in a very able letter from Mr. Curwen to those who entrusted him with petitions, the other in the report of the Committee of the Agricultural Associations at Henderson's. Mr. Curwen, after a very clear exposition of the errors in the arguments adduced in Mr. Huskisson's report, concludes that, "if protection to all agricultural produce is not to be granted, the country must then direct its views to the only alternative, which is, to cut down our establishments, contract the scale of expence at home and abroad, demolish all useless places, reduce the amount of salary paid from the crown to the lowest officer of the state, and call upon the funded proprietor for his contribution of a fair proportion to the exigencies of the state."

The report of the Committee at Henderson's recites at large their proceedings to excite the attention of the legislature—the appointment of the Committee, and the communications that took place. They there declare that, "the substance, the very essence of their prayers are entirely overlooked," in Mr. Huskisson's report, and they very sarcastically allude to the opinions of its framer—they prophecy "direful effects" in two years from its publication, and appeal from the Select Committee to the parliament to render them justice, by protection equal to that which manufactures now receive. It concludes by a vote of thanks to those members of the Committee who favoured their claim, and in particular to Mr. Curwen and Mr. John Foster.

The Holkham sheepshearing was not only more numerously attended than ever, but there was a far greater assemblage of eminent political characters, and of distinguished persons from distant counties: his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex; his Grace the Duke of Bedford; the Earls of Albemarle, Arundel, and Nugent; the Marquis of Tavistock; Viscount Althorpe; Lords Erskine and Crewe; Lord W. Russell; Sir Francis Burdett; Sir John Sinclair; Sir J. Johnson; Mr. Hume; Mr. Bennett; Mr. Western; Mr. Honeywood; Dr. Rigby; Mr. Owen; and other characters of political or agricultural celebrity, being present.

The grand object of this meeting is the promotion of agriculture; and with this subject is intimately blended the advance-

ment of the moral and intellectual condition of the rural population. Upon the present occasion, when the complaints of universal distress have received, as it were, the reply of the parliament; and when that reply is generally considered so unsatisfactory; it could scarcely be possible for so large an assembly of the landed interest to avoid the discussion of that answer, its grounds, and its reasoning; and this would naturally lead to the introduction of general politics. Mr. Coke, therefore, took off the restriction he has hitherto rigidly imposed; and announced that, in consideration of the urgency and importance of the present crisis, it was not his intention to repress the consideration of these great questions. There was, consequently, much of a political character mixed with the customary inquiries concerning agricultural processes and improvements.

The first day's exhibition commenced with an inspection of the various processes of flax manufacture, established with a view to the employment of the parish poor (particularly the women and the children) at Holkham. The instruments and the artisans were placed upon the lawn; and the several operations were performed, with great facility, under the able direction of Mr. Herod, of Creak: the prize stallions were also shown: and the party proceeded over the different farms, discoursing on the appearance of the crops, the dairies, flocks, and lots of Devon cattle, &c. as they went.

After dinner, the Agricultural Report was much adverted to by the several speakers, and its principles were universally reprobated. The breed of Devon cattle was much extolled, and a good deal of interesting discussion respecting Merino sheep took place. By Mr. Coke, it was asserted, that their wool could not be sold, and their flesh could not be eaten. Mr. Bennett, on the contrary, said, that three Merinos could be fed where two Southdown sheep could be maintained; and that the fleeces of the former would sell for thrice the amount of the fleeces of the latter. The Merino, he contended, was, therefore, much the most profitable. At the sheep house, in the evening, some Southdowns were offered, but no sales effected.

The business of the second morning commenced, as that of the preceding, by viewing the manufacture of flax; after which, the prize sheep were examined; and it was admitted, that no former show had equalled that of the present year. The company rode over the park farm, and visited the village, where every one was exceedingly interested by the comfort, neatness, and order that reigned. A new school had been erected since the last year, thus proving Mr. Coke's attention to the moral and intellectual advancement of his depend-

ants. Perhaps, indeed, the highest and most admirable part of that gentleman's character is to be found in the endeavours he is constantly and assiduously making to provide for the mental progress, as well as the pecuniary prosperity, of those about him. The prize Devon bulls, oxen, and heifers, were shown at the great barn. On this day, upwards of 650 persons dined in the two rooms. The discussion was principally political. Mr. Owen, of Lanark, indeed, spoke, and differed entirely from the other speakers, as to the causes of distress, which he alleged proceeds entirely from the want of giving a proper direction to industry and scientific power.

The morning of the third and last day was devoted to the examination of the slaughtered prize sheep. The ride was to Wells and Warham, where the party took refreshment at Mr. Moore's, and Mr. Blomfield's; and returned earlier than usual, to allow time for the distribution of the prizes, &c. in the afternoon. After dinner, Mr. Hughes (being called upon) stated that there was more briskness in the wool trade; that long wool had advanced from 28s. to 30s. a tod; and combing wool was worth about 40s. After much speaking on general politics, the prizes were distributed as follows:—

To Sir John Sinclair, a very handsome vase, with this inscription: "Holkham Sheep Shearing, from Thomas William Coke, Esq. to Sir John Sinclair, Bart. in testimony of the donor's approbation of the Third Edition of *The Code of Agriculture*, and of the author's indefatigable zeal and successful exertions, in promoting improvements in the first, most honourable, and most useful of arts."

To the Hon. Gen. Fitzroy, Messrs. Reeve, Harvey, and Hill, pieces of plate, value ten guineas each, for Southdown sheep.

To Messrs. Overman, Blyth, Moore, and Blomfield, plate of like value for Devonshire cattle.

To Messrs. Whincop, Wright, and Hasek, for stallions.

To Mr. Harvey, a piece of plate, value six guineas; and to Mr. Blyth, one of four; for boars.

There was no implement deserving a premium.

Mr. Coke then proceeded to sum up the benefits arising out of the meeting, which lecture is always marked by respectful attention, and confers real advantages. He contrasted the present appearance of his estate, with the waste and barren condition in which it descended to his hands, as affording the proof of the utility of his exertions. In the place of old unprofitable Norfolk sheep, he had introduced Downs; flocks of them had become pretty extensive; but they were much crossed in some

hands, and spoiled; and he should be happy to see the breed renewed from the pure and improved flocks in Sussex (referring to Mr. Piddington, who is in the habit of purchasing from the best breeders). A Down flock, on a farm of any given size, would pay more money than the Norfolks, by the whole rent. The next object was the Devon cattle: most admirable cattle they were, for the yoke, the dairy, and the pasture; on light soil, such as Norfolk, they were allowed to excel. On the importance of irrigation, Mr. Coke dwelt some time. Under-draining was the next topic; by which much benefit had been obtained, both on pasture and tillage land. He then descanted on improved implements, and especially for the row culture. Next, a recent improvement, called sowing on a stab furrow, came under review. Mr. Coke treated shortly on inoculation; enforcing his observations, by the facts that had been witnessed. Manures formed another topic; in which he took notice of the great importance of pies, as recommended by Mr. Blaikie, in his Essays. Such was the value of this method of preparing manure, that a crop of turnips might be rendered a matter of certainty under the row culture; and he had never failed in any one instance. Two other manures he took notice of; namely, bones and gypsum: the former was highly important, and had contributed very much to the agriculture of the country: the latter he found most valuable, in Holkham Park; and he wished others to give it a fair trial. Mr. Coke then proceeded to comment on rotations, on mangel wurzel, on Talavera wheat, on the management of hedges, on marl, and on the minutiae of management. Under the latter head, are included the whole economy of proportioning labourers to the work, and horses to the extent of tillage; together with the mode of setting them on work, and every particular in the farm-yard and the field, as to manure, fences, harness, cribs, implements, repairs—keeping all, as much as possible, from perishing by the weather, and from destruction by carelessness and neglect.

After the Duke of Sussex had spoken, Sir John Sinclair proposed the health of Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Coke's steward. Mr. Coke returned thanks; and spoke in terms of the highest respect for that gentleman, whom he regarded rather as a friend than a servant. And thus terminated this exertion of patriotic hospitality, which every year increases in estimation, and in public usefulness.

The season is now very favourable to the advancement of the harvest, as well as to the turnip crop, which is fast getting beyond the reach of injury from its early and dangerous enemy, the fly. The crops

are improved in appearance, and (we speak from personal observation over a large tract of country, during recent travelling, as well as from general reports) they have seldom presented a better prospect of an abundant cast. The harvest must, however, be somewhat later than usual. Hay is less in quantity than was anticipated. The stock markets are every where lower in price. The Inverness annual sheep and wool market was well attended, both by growers and buyers. Cheviot wool brought

18s. to 20s. per stone of 24 lb. English. Blackfaced wool is from 18s. to 20s. per double stone. At Thetford (Norfolk) wool fair, Mr. Coke sold his fleeces to Mr. Waller, for 46s.; but little other business was done, and that at reduced rates. It will, however, be observed, by Mr. Hughes's statement at Holkham, that wool is likely to be in demand. But the supply is large. We know flock-masters who hold four years' stock.

July 21, 1821.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, July 23.)

THOUGH no striking alterations have taken place since our last, in the actual state of the Commerce of the kingdom, yet the various important measures lately resolved upon, and others now in contemplation, are of such a nature, that they cannot fail to have ultimately a most extensive influence on the mercantile prosperity of the whole empire. The proceedings in Parliament, during the months of May and June, were of the greatest interest to the commercial relations of the country. The alterations in the duties on timber, the discussions respecting the prohibitory duties as now existing, and the repeal or mitigation of several of the enactments of the navigation act, proposed by Mr. Wallace, the reports respecting the East India and China trades, and the bills introduced in consequence, are all and each of vital importance to our commerce, though it must be owned that their probable effects are looked to by some persons with fears at least equal to the sanguine expectations conceived of them by others.

The Agricultural report is one of the most important documents, both as it regards the agriculture and the general prosperity of the country, that has lately been presented to the public: the whole theory of the corn laws now acted upon is, in fact, acknowledged to be injurious and untenable, and there is every reason to suppose that it will be relinquished. A duty on foreign corn is confidently anticipated by the merchant.

With respect to foreign countries, little has yet been done by them to affect our commercial relations with them: the German states have not taken any further steps towards the introduction of restrictions on foreign trade; while Russia, on the other hand, pertinaciously adheres to her rigorous system of prohibitions and high duties, which we cannot help feeling bears

more severely on the trade of Great Britain than of any other country. The States General of the Netherlands have decreed, by very small majorities, the introduction of a more liberal system, as respects foreign commerce; and it is confidently affirmed, that the transit duties, in particular, will be so mitigated, that it will be more advantageous to send goods to Germany, &c. by way of Holland, than by any other route. But the details remain to be discussed in the next session, and meantime the Southern Provinces, which are violently averse from the removal of commercial restrictions, are urgently petitioning the King to withhold his sanction from a law, which, they affirm, will serve only to enrich the northern provinces, and utterly ruin the southern half of the kingdom.

The accounts from Spain clearly prove that the prohibitive system adopted by the Cortes last year (so entirely contrary to the expectation that had been entertained) is absolutely impracticable. The smugglers carry on their unlawful trade by force of arms, and in open defiance of the officers; and as the government finds it impossible to put a stop to it, and is convinced by experience that the national manufactures are unable to supply the demand, it is affirmed that the prohibition of many articles will be abolished. An import duty of 18 per cent. is spoken of; but even this duty seems too high, as the goods may be easily introduced by smuggling, which is insured at a premium of 15 per cent.

The affairs of Turkey have, for some time past, engaged the serious attention of the merchant as well as of the politician. Though the conflicting statements relative to the success of the Greek insurrection have prevented the attainment of a correct knowledge of the state of things, it could not be concealed that their influence on commerce must in every case be considerable; and it

R

was, in fact, felt already at the late fairs of Francfort and Leipzig, where no Greek merchants attended. The conduct of the Turkish government towards the Christians in general, and to the Russian ambassador in particular, has excited considerable alarms of a war between Russia and the Porte, in which England might finally be implicated. The latest accounts, however, received from Paris this day state that the fears of a rupture have in some degree subsided, and that Russia and England have offered their mediation to arrange the affairs of Greece and Turkey.

Cotton.—The accounts from Liverpool having been favourable for this month past, the prices here have remained steady; the quantities sold at Liverpool, in the four weeks ending 14th of July, amounted to above 44,000 bags, and the arrivals to only 14,000 bags. The accounts from the manufacturing districts are also very favourable. The purchases of cotton by private contract, for the week ending on Friday the 20th, consisted of 970 Bengal, 5½d. a 6¼d. in bond; 550 Surat, 6d. a 8d. in bond; 310 Pernambuco, 12¼d. a 12¾d. in bond; 10 Berbice, 11½d. duty paid; 35 Carriacou, 10½d. a 11d. duty paid; 100 Upland, 10½d. duty paid; 50 Smyrna, 7½d. a 8d. duty paid; imports, from the 13th to the 12th instant, inclusive:—Calcutta, 1022; Demerara, 80.

By public sale, on Friday forenoon, cotton sold at very high prices; 80 bags Demerara, 11d. a 12¼d.; 65 Grenada, 10½d. a 11¼d.; 12 Jamaica, 10¼d. The accounts from Liverpool this morning state that market steady, but without the briskness of the preceding week; on Wednesday, only 1,200 bags were sold; the arrivals were rather extensive, which occasioned some heaviness.

Sugar.—The market has been languid during the month. The holders seeming determined to effect sales, even at reduced prices, and the buyers holding back in expectation that the market will decline when the anticipated large arrivals are brought forward. The refined market continues languid, few sales are reported, and generally at low rates, particularly the fine goods. In foreign sugars, scarcely any purchases are reported; there was some demand for Brazil sugars, but it appears to subside.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

June 30	34s. 8½d.
July 7	33s. 3½d.
14	32s. 8½d.
21	32s. 8d.

Coffee.—The demand for coffee, which was pretty brisk for some time, after our last report, especially in the week ending the 3d of July, has since subsided, and

the market has been heavy. At a public sale on Friday, of St. Domingo and Ceylon, the former was withdrawn at 117s., and for which 116s. 6d. was bid; the latter sold at good prices, chiefly 114s. 6d. and 115s. The market appears steady, with an improving demand.

Indigo.—The sale at the India-House finished the 13th instant; 3,855 chests, of which about one-fourth was taken in for the proprietors: fine Indigo sold 3d. per lb. higher than last sale, good 6d., good middling and middling 6d. a 9d., consuming Indigo 9d. a 1s. above the prices of last sale.

	per lb.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Fine blue and violet	8	3	a	8	7
Fine and good purple and violet	7	9	a	8	3
Fine and good violet	7	6	a	7	9
Middling ditto	7	3	a	7	6
Fine and good violet and copper	7	0	a	7	6
Fine and good copper	6	6	a	7	0
Ordinary violet and copper....	5	0	a	6	0
Ordinary and low	none.				
Consuming qualities	6	0	a	7	0
Good Madras	6	0	a	6	7
Middling ditto	5	6	a	6	0

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The rum market remains in the same depressed state; scarcely any sales reported, except small parcels at very low prices. The weather having become propitious to the vintage has a very unfavourable effect upon brandies.

Oils.—There are no direct arrivals from the Greenland fisheries; a vessel has however arrived at Bremen, a full ship, and reports favourably as to the general success. The prices of Whale oil, which had advanced, have again given way.

Tobacco.—There is a great improvement in the demand for tobacco; the purchases are considerable, but at very low prices.

Tallow.—Foreign tallow has become heavy, yellow candle, 45s. 6d. and 46s. The town market is quoted 48s. 6d., which is the same as last week.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Riga, June 22.—Flax has been sold at the following prices:—Marienburg cut, 37 r.; Thiesenhausen and Druiania Rackitzer white, 41½ r.; grey, 39 r.; Badstüb cut, 36 r.; Risten Threeband, 28½ to 29 r.; Tow 14 r.—Hemp, rather lower this week. Ukraine, clean, 112 r.; Polish ditto, 117 r.; Ukraine Outshot, 82 r.; Polish ditto, 91 to 90 r.; Ukraine Pass, 72 r.; Polish, 79 to 78 r.: at which prices there were still sellers. Torse 49½ to 50 r.—Hemp Oil is to be had at 95 r.—Pot-ashes, of good quality, held at 100 r.—Tallow, yellow crown, lately 150 r., is now held at 151 r.; for white

crown, 154 r. are asked, 137 r. have been paid for soap-tallow.—*Seeds*, dull of sale, especially the inferior qualities.—In Colonial goods very little is doing; raw sugars have been without demand for some time, and even refined little inquired after.

June 29.—*Hemp-oil* was to be bought this week at 94 r.; fine Polish Potashes at 95 r. In other articles no alteration.

Hamburgh, July 14.—*Cotton* has been in some request; we have fresh supplies of East India.—*Coffee*, in demand, without change of price.—*Rice* maintains its price, though we have fresh arrivals.—*Tea*. Nothing has been sold this week, yet the holders are rather more firm.—*Sugar*. So little has been doing this week in Hamburg refined, that the prices, low as they are, hardly kept up. This, of course, affected English Lump, fit for our refineries, and the price of good strong middling was accordingly depressed to 10½d. and 10¾d. Raw sugars are still duller, and the prices nearly nominal. Only dry white middling and fine Brazil and Havannah, being in some request for exportation, remain pretty steady at 10½d. to 12½d. and 12½d. to 13½d.; while the inferior descriptions, though we

are quite out of several kinds of brown, as Jamaica and Domingo, are very low; large parcels of yellow and brown Havannah have been sold at 6¾d. to 7¾d.

Copenhagen, July 10.—Our corn prices are rising.

Rotterdam, July 18.—The new law on the finances, by which a more liberal system of foreign commerce is to be introduced, has at length passed both Chambers, after very warm and protracted debates, and by very small majorities. We hope that it will prove highly advantageous, though all the southern provinces are unfortunately dissatisfied with it, regarding it as the death blow to the manufacturing interests of those provinces, and calculated only to promote the advantage of the great Dutch merchants. We flatter ourselves that it will turn out to be otherwise. When the new tariff is published, we shall see whether the King's promise that foreigners shall find it most to their interest to receive their goods through the Netherlands, will be fulfilled. The transit duties will certainly be lowered; whether that on twist will be under one per cent. is uncertain. Some persons speak of one-half per cent., but we do not believe it.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Three more Cantos of Don Juan are expected to appear in a few Days.

A new Tragedy, by Lord Byron, is just arrived in England.

Retrospection, a Tale, by Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, is in the Press.

The Miscellaneous Tracts of the late Wm. Withering, MD. FRS. &c. &c. with a Memoir of the Author, by Wm. Withering, Esq. FLS. &c. &c. embellished with a Portrait of Dr. Withering, in two vols. 8vo. nearly ready.

The Speeches of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan, with a Memoir by his Son, in four Vols. 8vo.

Mr. E. Ball of Norwich has in the Press the Sibyl's Warning, a Novel, in two Volumes.

Letters from Wetzlar, written in 1817, developing the authentic Particulars on which the Sorrows of Werter are founded; to which is annexed, the Stork or the Herald of Spring, a Poem, by Major James Bell, East York Militia.

The Rev. John Campbell will shortly publish a Narrative of his Second Tour in South Africa, undertaken at the Request of the London Missionary Society.

A Second Series of Sermons, in manuscript Character, for the Use of Young Divines and Candidates for Holy Orders, will be published, by the Rev. R. Warner, Rector of Great Chalfield, Wilts, and Author of "Sermons on the Epistles and

Gospels, &c.;" and of "Old Church of England Principles, &c."

A Member of the late Salter's Hall Congregation has in the Press a Work, in one Vol. 8vo. addressed to the Old Members of that Society, in which some of the Errors of the Rev. Dr. Collyer are stated and corrected.

The Essentials of Geography, or Geography adapted to the most essential Maps of modern Geography; and also to the Maps of Ancient Greece, the Roman Empire, and Canaan, by the Author of Essentials of English Grammar.

The History and Life of Johnny Quæ Genus, the Little Foundling, a Poem, in Eight Monthly Numbers, with coloured Engravings by Rowlandson, by the Author of the Three Tours of Dr. Syntax.

Early in the Month of August will be published in one Volume, Imperial 8vo. a History of Madeira, with a Series of 27 coloured Engravings, illustrative of the Customs, Manners, and Occupations of the Inhabitants of that Island.

Lectures on Botany, by Anthony Todd Thomson, Esq. FLS.

A corrected Edition, in 8vo. of the Life of Colley Cibber, with additional Notes, Remarks, &c. by Mr. E. Bellchambers.

Prudence and Principle, a Tale, by the Author of Rachel, will appear in a few Days.

WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

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Memoirs of the Life of Anne Boleyn. By Miss Benger. 2d Edition. 2 Vols. 16s.

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John Vallance, of Brighton, Sussex, brewer; for improvements on a patent granted to him on the 20th of June last, for a method and apparatus for freeing rooms and buildings (whether public or private) from the distressing heat some-

times experienced in them, and of keeping them constantly cool, or of a pleasant temperature, whether they are crowded to excess or empty; and also whether the weather be hot or cold; and the said John Vallance hath invented or discovered improvements relative thereto, and in some cases with, and in some cases without, a gas or gasses extended, or additional applications of the principles, or of some or one of the principles (either of construction or operation) thereof, as applicable to purposes other than what he first contemplated.—June 19th, 1821.

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OXFORD.—Winchester College.—The annual election was held July 10th, when the Members were addressed in a Latin Oration by Mr. H. Fowle. On the following day the medals were adjudged as follows:—Mr. T. R. Mackay, "Bonus civis sua a publicis commodis non secernit;" Latin prose; gold medal.—Mr. C. R. Sewell, "Liberty restored to Greece by the Roman Senate;"

English verse; gold medal.—Mr. P. Hall, "Oratio Scipionis in Hispania ad milites seditiosos a Livio;" silver medal.—Mr. J. L. Elliott, "Characters of Demosthenes and Scipio;" "Lord Bellingbroke;" silver medal.—The whole number of degrees in Act Term were:—DD. four; DM. two; BD. six; MA. fifty-two; BA. eighty-four; Matriculations, eighty-one.

CAMBRIDGE.—July 3.—The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on the following gentlemen, viz. the Dean of Rochester; the Rev. Geo. D'Oyly, Rector of Lambeth; the Rev. G. Wood Lloyd, Master of Appleby School.

Honorary Masters of Arts.—The Rev. J. T. Barrett, of St. Peter's College; the Hon. C. W. J. Kerr; the Hon. A. L. Melvill, and Sir Francis Lynch Blosse, Bart.

The Porson Prize for the Greek Translation from Shakspeare, Othello, Act I. Scene 3, "And till she comes as truly as to heaven," to "Here comes the lady, let her witness it," adjudged to Mr. W. Barham, of Trinity College.

The Examiners have selected (honoris causâ,) the two exercises,

Motto—"Pindarum quisquis studet emulari."

Motto—"Si placeo tuum est."

And the names of the writers will be recorded, if they intimate to the Vice-Chancellor their consent to have the mottoes opened.

BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

Where the Town or City in which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the Neighbourhood. So also of the Residences of the Attorneys, whose names are placed after a [.

T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.

Gazette—June 28 to July 17.

June 23. A'Dean, H. Hertford, shoe-maker. [Stratton, 41, Shoreditch. T.
Bardsley, J. jun. Manchester, cotton-spinner. [Hurd, Temple. C.
Farley, T. Ratcliff-highway, linen-draper. [Hutchinson, Crown-st. Threadneedle-st. T.
Hardwick, S. Birmingham, builder. [Jennings, Elm-court, Temple. C.
Hepworth, J. Leeds, cloth-dresser. [Few, 2, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. C.
Jordan, P. Whitechapel, druggist. [Dickinson, Copthall-buildings, Throgmorton-st. T.
Knight, W. G. Batcombe, Somerset, money-scri-

vener. [Perkins, 2, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.
McNiell, W. Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital, coach-maker. [Pinero, Charles-st. Middlesex-hospital. T.
Penfold, W. Leadenhall-street, horse-dealer. [Shepherd, Hyde-street, Bloomsbury. T.
Purchas, R. W. and R. Tredwen, Chepstow, Monmouth, ship-builders. Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.
Whalley, G. B. Basinghall-street, woollen-draper. [Stephen, Broad-st.-buildings. T.
Whitesmith, W. Old Fish-street, grocer. [Dimes, Friday-st. Cheapside. T.
Yarnold, P. jun. City-garden-row, tailor. [Reynold's, St. John's-street, Clerkenwell. T.

- June 26. Cayzer, J. Millbrook, Cornwall, inn-keeper. [Makinson, Middle Temple. C.]
 Consitt, R. and R. Lee, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants. [Roper, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn. C.]
 Cox, R. A., G. Weston, J. Furber, and G. Cox, Little Britain, bankers. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.]
 Dalton, J. Bury St. Edmund's, surgeon. [Bromley, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Draper, W. Malden, Essex, watch-maker. [Lawrence, Maldon, Essex. C.]
 Goodluck, W. R. Leigh-street, Burton-crescent, broker. [Taylor, Jewin-st. Aldersgate-st. T.]
 Hilton, J. St. Martin's-le-grand, saddler. [Mills, 4, New North-st. Red Lion-sq. T.]
 Mitchell, F. New Malton, York, coal-merchant, [Wilson, Greville-st. Hatton-garden. C.]
 Salmon, R. H. Alfred-place, Bedford-sq. horse-dealer. [Martindale, Gray's-inn-sq. T.]
 Youden, J. Dover, porter and spirit-merchant. [Lodington, Secondaries-office, Temple. C.]
 June 30. Barnett, T. Birmingham, merchant. [Egerton, 3, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Cardwell, H. and J. Smith, Wath-upon-Deane, York, flax-spinners. [Alexander, 10, New-inn, London. C.]
 Cleugh, J. and R. Leadenhall-street, linen-draper. [Dawes, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.]
 Dyson, E. Well-street, Jermyn-street, dealer. [Kussen, Crown-court, Aldersgate-st. T.]
 Fea, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, broker. [Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn. C.]
 Perfect, G. Jun. West Mallings, Kent, surgeon. [Bruce, Surry-street, Strand. T.]
 Phelps, W. Camomile-street, Bishopsgate, carpenter. [Williams, Bond st. Walbrook. T.]
 Rainey, R. Spilbsy, Lincoln, tanner. [Rogers, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.]
 Webster, R. and W. Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, merchants. [Blakiston, Symond's-inn. C.]
 Wilson, H. Crispin-street, Spitalfields, victualler. [Annesly, Finsbury-square. T.]
 Yarrow, Uriah, Chiswell-street, shopkeeper. [Stevens, Sion College-gardens, Aldermanbury. T.]
 July 3. Ainsworth, T. H. Halliwell, Lancaster, calico-printer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]
 Bennett, J. Marsham, Norfolk, miller. [Ewbank, 27, North Audley-st. Grosvenor-sq. C.]
 Edwards, J. Gough-square, Fleet-street, furrier. [M'Duff, 37, Castle-street, Holborn. T.]
 Lee, W. Old City Chambers, Bishopsgate-street, wine-merchant. [Bolton, Austin Friars. T.]
 Playfair, T. New Bond street, trunk-maker. [Burt, Field-court, Gray's-inn. T.]
 Sullivan, P. Stewart-street, Old Artillery ground, silk-manufacturer. [Webster, Queen-street, Cheapside. T.]
 Whitehouse, T. West Bromwich, Stafford, miner. [Taylor, 15, Walbrook. C.]
 July 7. Barnwell, J. Leamington Priors, Warwick, carpenter. [Platt, New Boswell-court, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.]
 Betts, J. T. Aldgate High-street, tea-dealer. [Lang, 107, Fenchurch-street. T.]
 Coombes, J. Lower Shadwell, cooper. [Gatty, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.]
 Cooper, W. Beeston, Leeds, victualler. [Battye, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Figs, T. Romsey, Southampton, common-brewer. [Gilbank, 46, Coleman-street. C.]
 Forsdick, J. Gower-place, Euston-square, Pancras, builder. [Stratton, 41, Shoreditch. T.]
 Hawley, G. High-street, Shadwell, cheese-monger. [Templer, John-street, Minories. T.]
 Higgs, W. Strand, hatter. [Brumell, Church-passage, Guildhall. T.]
 Mather, E. Oxford, grocer. [Edis, Broad-street-buildings. T.]
 Peake, W. Sloane-square, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane. T.]
 Rist, C. Cornhill, auctioneer. [Lang, Fenchurch-street. T.]
 July 10. Acaster, T. Beal, York, ale-house-keeper. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
 Bancks, W. and J. B. Perry, Birmingham, dealers. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Cann, W. Oakhampton, Devon, iron-monger. [Poole, 12, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Coates, H. Bradfield, Essex, farmer. [Cocker, Nassau-street, Soho. C.]
 Figs, T. and R. Godfrey Longcroft, Romsey, Hants, common-brewers. [Slade, John-street, Bedford-row. C.]
 Griffiths, G. Grantham, Lincoln, timber-merchant. [Stocker, New Boswell-court. C.]
 Hill, J. Dover, saddler. [Lodington, Secondaries-office, Temple. C.]
 Humphreys, Eliz. widow, Swansea, victualler. [Scott, St. Mildred's-court. C.]
 Longbottom, Titus, Keighley, York, machine-maker. [Milne, Temple. C.]
 Marr, R. C. Rathbone-place, linen-draper. [Bourdillon, Bread-street, Cheapside. T.]
 Merry, J. South Town, Suffolk, fishing-merchant. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.]
 Metcalf, C. Bedale, York, flax-dresser. [Watkins, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
 July 14. Astley, G. late of the Brook, Wem, Salop, farmer. [Griffiths, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Essex, W. Paddington, wharfinger. [Hartley, Bridge-street, Blackfriars. T.]
 Golding, H. Lower Thames-street, wine-merchant. [Lewis, 36, Crutched-friars. T.]
 Gray, J. Bishopsgate-street within, silver-smith. [Lodington, Temple. T.]
 Lammin, T. East Bridgford, Nottingham, maltster. [Few, 2, Henrietta-st. Covent-garden. C.]
 Medd, T. Staple-inn-buildings, Middle-row, Holborn, draper. [Parton, Bow-Church-yard. T.]
 Moseley, H. spinster, New-road, St. George's in the East, glass and Staffordshire warehouse-keeper. [Hurd, King's Bench-walk. T.]
 Niblett, C. Guildford, money-scrivener. [Dyne, 59, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.]
 Offer, J. Bathwick, Bath, slater. [Sherwood, Canterbury-sq. Southwark. C.]
 Peacock, J. Bawtry, York, victualler. [Stocker, New Boswell ct. Carey-st. C.]
 Sadler, T. Aston, near Birmingham, dealer. [Walker, 29, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.]
 Stray, M. Rotherham, York, linen-draper. [King, Castle-street, Holborn. C.]
 Sudlow, W. Manchester, flower-dealer. [Milne, Temple. C.]
 Thompson, T. Langbourn-chambers, Fenchurch-st. timber-merchant. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Threadneedle-st. T.]
 Tyerman, J. Bristol, haberdasher. [Gates, 23, Newgate-street. T.]
 Walsh, J. French Horn, Barbican, victualler. [Evans, Kennington-cross, Lambeth. T.]
 Webb, H. Rochdale, Lancaster, woolstapler. [Taylor, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Young, J. Ware, tailor. [Sheffield, Great Prescot-street, Goodman's-fields. T.]
 July 17. Cotterell, J. Worcester, timber-merchant. [Cardale, Gray's-inn. C.]
 M'Mullen, W. G. and E., Hertford, grocers. [Fitzgerald, Lawrence Pountney-hill. T.]
 Mitchell, J. Mumford's-court, Milk-street, ware-housman. [Ellis, 43, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Pilkington, R. Mile End-road, baker. [Toms, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street. T.]
 Spence, J. Yarm, York, grocer. [Bell, 9, Bow-church-yard. C.]

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—June 28 to July 17.

- M'Farlane, R. and J. M'Arthur, merchants, Glasgow.
 Harley, D. F. Tradeston, Glasgow, vinegar and fire-brick-manufacturer.
 Walker, J. grocer, Lochwinnoch.
 Cockran, A. Ashkirk, merchant.
 Steele, R. toll-keeper, Tradestown, Glasgow.
 Watt, J. and co. spirit and porter-dealers, Glasgow.
 Cumming, P. shoemaker, Glasgow.
 Barkley, H. and W. cattle-dealers, Wigton.
 Gardner, J. coach-proprietor and post-master, Glasgow.
 Watt, T. and J. merchants, Glasgow.
 Weir, D. lime-burner, East Camp, Mid-Calder.
 Cunynghame, R. D. ship-builder, Leith.
 Young, W. coal and iron-merchant, Glasgow.

BIRTHS.

- June 21. Lady Dunbar, of Booth, a son.
 22. At Hambledon-house, the lady of Chas. Scott Murray, Esq. a daughter.
 25. In Langham-place, the lady of Sir James Langham, Bart. a son.
 28. At Putney, the lady of John Paterson, Esq. Capt. of hon. East India Company's ship *Repulse*, a son.
 29. At King's Weston, the lady of Wm. Dickinson, Esq. M.P. a son.
 30. At the Cottage, Southgate, the lady of S. A. Curtis, Esq. a daughter.
 — At Catton, Derbyshire, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. R. Carleton, a daughter.
 July 2. In Great Marlborough-street, the lady of J. E. Conant, Esq. a daughter.
 3. At Denne-park, the lady of Edward Bligh, Esq. a daughter.
 6. The Lady of Col. Gwynne, of Glanbran-park, Caermarthenshire, a son.
 7. In Albemarle-street, the Countess of Lusi, a daughter.
 — In Gloucester-place, the lady of John Forbes Mitchell, Esq. a son.
 8. At St. Leonard's, Essex, the lady of Capt. Korhight, Coldstream Guards, a son.
 10. The lady of Andrew Spottiswoode, Esq. of Bedford-square, a daughter.
 14. At Sindlesham-lodge, Berks, the lady of T. R. Harman, Esq. a son.
 — At Cambridge, the lady of Capt. Purches, RN. a son.
 15. The Hon. Mrs. Newnham Collingwood, a daughter.
 17. At Cheltenham, the lady of J. Fielden, Esq. Witton-house, Lancashire, a daughter.
 19. In Lower Grosvenor-street, the Rt. Hon. Lady Catherine Whyte Melville, a son.
 — The lady of Paulet Sir John Mildmay, Esq. M.P. a son.
 23. In Gloucester-place, Portman-square, the lady of Wm. Thompson, Esq. M.P. a son.
 Lately, the lady of Thos. Nichols, Esq. Burton, Dorset, a son and heir.

IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, the lady of G. Macpherson Grant, Esq. M.P. a daughter.

IN IRELAND.

- At Waterford, the lady of Major Kettlewell, R. A. a daughter.
 At Ballylickey-house, county of Cork, the lady of Major Clayton, a daughter.
 At Dub'in, the lady of Lieut. Ellis, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, a son.

ABROAD.

- At Paris, Lady Buchan, a son.
 At Tours, the lady of the Rev. G. Way, a daughter.
 At Florence, the Rt. Hon. Lady Rendlesham, a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

- June 21. At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. Roberts, Esq. of Great Coram-st. to Margaret Esther, sister to Wm. Rothery, Esq. of Vernon-place, Bloomsbury-square.
 — At Richard, Charles, second son of Wm. Tooke Robinson, Esq. of Walthamstow, Essex, to Harriet, eldest daughter of John Cayley, Esq. of Petersburg.
 23. At St. George's, Hanover sq. Alex. Hamilton Leonard Earle, Esq. son of the late Col. Earle, of Tweed-house, Northumberland, to Sophia, only daughter of the late H. Parry, Esq. of Bath. The bride was given away by Field Marshal Lord Beresford.
 26. Isaac Fryer, Esq. of Wimborne Minster, Dorset, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Thos. Moulden, Esq. of Statenborough-house, Kent.
 27. A Bow, John Julin, Esq. to Emilia, second daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Lindsay.
 — Osborn Markham, Esq. Comptroller of the Barrack Department, to Miss Jervis, daughter of the late Capt. Jervis, RN. and great niece of the Earl of St. Vincent.

29. At St. George's Hanover-square, Herbert Barrett Curtis, Esq. M.P. for Sussex, to Caroline Sarah, second daughter and coheir of the late Robert Mascall, Esq. of Peasmarch-place, Sussex, and Ashford, in Kent.
 — James Holmes, Esq. of Montague-street, Russell-square, to Miss Roberts, of Harrow Weald.
 — At St. Mary-le-bone New-church, T. Dunbar, Esq. 2d son of the late Sir G. Dunbar, Bart. to Clementina, only daughter of Sam. J. Trickey, Esq. Upper-Charlotte-st. Fitzroy-square.
 30. At St. George's Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Hen. Pepys, Ch. Pepys, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, second son of Sir Wm. Weller Pepys, Bart., to Caroline Elizabeth, second daughter of Wm. Wingfield, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.
 July 2. Col. Hugh Baillie, of Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, to Mary, youngest daughter and co-heir of the late Thomas Smith, Esq. of Castleton-hall, Lancashire.
 3. At Ealing, Spencer Perceval, Esq. eldest son of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Esq. to Anne Eliza, youngest daughter of the late General Macleod, of Macleod.
 — J. Sargeant, Esq. of Coleshill, Herts, to Miss Steede, of Orchard-street, Portman-square.
 4. At Chatteris, Samuel George Smith, Esq. second son of Samuel Smith, Esq. M.P. of Woodhall-park, Herts, to Eugenia, third daughter of the Rev. Robert Chatfield, LL.D. Vicar of Chatteris.
 9. At Mary-le-bone Church, Godfrey Thornton, Esq. Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Stephen Thornton, Esq. of Moggerhanger-house, Bedfordshire, to Susanna, eldest daughter of the late John Dixon, Esq. of Cecil-lodge, Herts.
 10. At St. Mary-le-bone church, Capt. Evelyn, to Miss Massy Dawson, daughter of J. H. Massy Dawson, Esq. M.P. of New Forest, County of Tipperary, Ireland.
 11. At Wakerly, Northamptonshire, Lieut.-Col. Read, Grenadier Guards, of Leadenham, Lincolnshire, to the Right Hon. Lady Susan Sheppard, sister to the Earl of Harborough.
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thos. Venable, Esq. to Anne, fourth daughter of John King, Esq. of Grosvenor-place.
 12. John Cookney, Esq. of the Mauritius, to Tabitha, fifth daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Parkins, of Twyford, Bucks, and Kingsbury, Somersetshire, Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty, &c. &c.
 — Thos. Spencer, Esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square, to Catherine, daughter of the late John Gardner, Esq. of Stamford.
 14. At Cheltenham, Wm. Augustus Orlebar, of Charlotte-st. Bedford sq. son of the late Rich. Orlebar, Esq. of Hinwick-house, Bedfordshire, to Mary Caroline, 2d daughter of the late Ben. Longnal, Esq. of Bath.
 — At Southampton, J. Dickson, Esq. of the 67th Regt. to Fanny Carolina, youngest daughter of the late Chas. Bacon, Esq. of Moor-park, Surry, and of Grosvenor-place, Bath.
 — Lieut.-Col. Bell, Deputy Quarter-Master Gen. at the Cape of Good Hope, to Lady Catherine Harris, daughter of the late Earl of Malmesbury.
 16. At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. Hyde Parker, RN. to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Sir Frederick Morton Eden, Bart.
 17. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Dean of Carlisle, Wm. Sam. Best, Esq. eldest son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Best, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Thoytes, Esq. of Sulhampstead-house, Berks.
 — The Rev. Baden Powell, AM. Vicar of Plumstead, to Eliza, eldest daughter of V. F. Rivaz, Esq. of Upper Clapton; and at the same time, Fras. Rivaz, Esq. eldest son of the above, to Maria, third daughter of the late Rev. Fras. Clifton, of Alverstoke, Hants, Rector of Eastwell, and Prebendary of Lincoln.
 — John Commerell, Esq. only son of J. W. Commerell, Esq. of Stroud, Sussex, and of Berkeley-street, London, to Henrietta Sophia, second daughter of the late Wm. Bosanquet, Esq. of Upper Harley-street.
 — Arthur Shakspeare, Esq. RN. to Louisa, second daughter of the late Jos. Sage, Esq. of the Royal Mint.
 18. At Charlton, Geo. Birch, Esq. of Blackheath, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Greenlaw, of the same place.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Aberdeen, John Harding Walker, MD. late Surgeon of the 73d Highland Regt. to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Alex. Duncan, Esq.

IN IRELAND.

At Waterford, Wm. Figg, Esq. Commander of the Revenue Cruiser, Griper, to Margaret, third daughter of the late Fras. Hewetson, Esq.

ABROAD.

At Bombay, Capt. Evan Jarvis, 3d Light Cavalry, to Emily, second daughter of George Evans, Esq. of Bardfield, Suffolk.

DEATHS.

June 24. In Little Smith-street, Westminster, aged 65, Henry Arthur Herbert, Esq. of Muckcross, County Kerry, Ireland, formerly MP. for the County of Kerry, and the Boroughs of East Grinstead and Tralee.

— At his seat, at Watergate, in Sussex, in his 73d year, Geo. Thomas, Esq. Representative in Parliament for the City of Chichester, from 1784 to 1812.

— At his seat, Pinner Grove, Middlesex, Sir Fras. Milman, Bart. MD. FRS. in his 75th year.

25. At Mr. Baillie's, in Bedford-square, in his 74th year, Edmund Thornton, Esq. of Whittington-hall, Lancashire.

26. At Welwyn, Herts, Anne Eliza Frances, second daughter of the late Major Gen. Chester.

27. Elizabeth Isabella, wife of W. C. Russell, Esq. of Woodfield, in the County of Worcester, and third daughter of J. T. H. Harper, Esq. of Witton Castle, Durham.

28. At his house, Lower Brook-street, Thos. Bodington, Esq. aged 85.

— At Albion-house, Ramsgate, where he was on a visit to Mr. Leader, of Putney, now residing there, Mr. Andrews, lately in the establishment of Mr. Coutts, the Banker, as his Medical Attendant. This unfortunate gentleman was found dead in his chamber, from two severe wounds in the upper part of his thigh, near the groin, inflicted by his own hand. Verdict, *Insanity, owing to distress of mind*. The deceased was a fine handsome man, about 40 years of age.

July 2. At Bath, H. B. Woodhouse, Esq. Lieut. of the Royal Navy.

3. At his house, York-place, Portman-square, in his 75th year, Lieut.-Gen. Robt. Nicholson, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

— At the Rectory-house, Milton Keynes, Bucks, the Rev. Lambton Loraine.

4. At Touch-house, the lady of Sir Henry Stewart, Bart. of Allenton.

— Rich. Cosway, Esq. RA.

— At Clifton-hill, Clifton, Mrs. F. Wilson, daughter of the late Rt. Rev. Dr. Wilson, Lord Bishop of Bristol.

5. At his residence, 14, Portland-place, aged 52, Chas. Thomson, Esq. Master in Chancery.

6. At his house, in Euston-square, in her 20th year, Elizabeth, wife of Thos. Blake, Esq. of Doctors' Commons.

— At his apartments in Chelsea Hospital, aged 76, Thos. Keate, Esq. surgeon to that establishment upwards of 30 years, surgeon to the King, and late Surgeon General to the army.

— Lately, at Firby in Yorkshire, in his 82d year, Colonel Coore.

— George Hassell, Esq. of Cholebury, Bucks, aged 50; and on the following day his sister, Miss Margaret Hassell, aged 46.

9. At his house, in Cleveland-row, Sir John W. Compton, D. C. L. late Judge of the Vice Admiralty Court at Barbadoes, and Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

— At her seat, Bookham Grove, Surrey, the Hon. Catherine Dawnay, daughter of the late, and sister to the present Viscount Downe, in her 53d year.

— At Yarmouth, Norfolk, John L. Close, Esq. of a rapid decline, which commenced at Messina, and terminated his life eleven weeks after his arrival at the above place.

10. At Bath, in his 91st year, the Rev. Sir C. Wheeler, Bart. of Leamington, Hastings, Warwickshire, and a Prebendary of York.

— At her house, in Audley-square, in her 90th year, the Hon. Barbara St. John.

11. The Rev. Henry Grace Sperling, Rector of Papworth St. Agnes, Hunts, aged 28.

11. Suddenly, Mr. Atkinson, of Parker-street, Drury-lane. He had a party of friends at his house, whom he left for a few minutes with the intention of seeing his horse fed, but his absence being considerably protracted, much surprise was occasioned, and one of them went for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of his long stay; on entering the stable, he discovered him lying on his back quite dead.

— At his seat, Quy-hall, Thos. Martin, Esq. formerly Fellow Commoner of St. John's, Cambridge.

— In Queen's-square, Robt. Boyle, Esq. Capt. of the 42d Regiment.

12. At Hull, Major John Shedden, of the 52d Regt.

13. In his 85th year, Sir Watkin Lewes, Father of the Court of Aldermen, elected in 1772, served as Lord Mayor in 1780, transferred to the Ward of Bridge Without, 1804. He was also, during several years, Representative in Parliament for the City of London.

14. In his 89th year, Lewis Herne, Esq. Brother of Sir Wm. Herne.

17. At the residence of the Dowager Lady Mordaunt, Harrow, Mrs. Erskine, relict of the late John Erskine, Esq. Comptroller of Army Accounts.

— At East Sheen, the Rev. Peter Gandolph, of Portman-street, Portman-square.

21. At the Library, in Red Cross-street, (founded by the Rev. Daniel Williams) the Rev. Thomas Morgan, LL.D. Librarian of that Institution, aged 68.

22. At Cheltenham, after a long illness, Sir Thos. Marvon Wilson, Bart. of Charlton-house, Kent, in his 48th year.

— At Ealing, in his 60th year, Sir Jonathan Miles, Knight. His death was very sudden, as he was found a corpse in the morning although he retired to rest in perfect good health and spirits.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Carlogie Cottage, Aberdeenshire, Mrs. Garden Campbell, of Troup and Glenlyon.

ABROAD.

At St. Helena, Saturday, May 5th, at 6 p. m.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, aged 51 years and 9 months, being born at Ajaccio in Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769. He expired after an illness of six weeks, the last fortnight only of which was considered by his Medical Attendants to be dangerous. On the body being opened, the disease was ascertained to be a cancer in the stomach, with a great extent of ulceration: although the pain he suffered must have been excruciating, he manifested no symptoms of impatience. After lying in state, he was buried, Wednesday, May 9th, with military honours, in a spot called Haines Valley, about two miles distant from Longwood, where a grave was made beneath some willow trees.

At Caen, Ann, the wife of Major Jos. D'Acre Watson, of the E. I. Army.

At Paris, Miss Rosa Tunno, youngest daughter of the late John Tunno, Esq. of Devonshire-place.

At Boulogne, Sir Thos. Hyde Page, of the Royal Engineers.

At Havre de Grace, aged 49, Rear Admiral the Hon. Francis Farrington Gardner.

At New York, Mrs. Alsop, the Actress, and daughter of the late celebrated Mrs. Jordan.

Longevity.—In Campbell, County Virginia, Mr. Chas. Layne, Sen. aged 121 years, being born at Albemarle, near Buckingham County, in 1700. He has left a Widow, aged 110 years, and a numerous and respectable family, down to the fourth Generation. He was a subject of four British Sovereigns, and a Citizen of the United States for nearly 48 years; until within a few years, he enjoyed all his faculties, and excellent health.

At Ashford, in the County of Waterford, aged 111, Anne Bryan, leaving a posterity of 160 persons, children, grand children, and great grand children.

At Rose-hall, Wm. Munro, gardener there since 1747, when he was a married man with a large family, and was, at least, 30 years of age, so that at the time of his death he could not have been under 104. He enjoyed all his faculties, and could walk about till within a short period of his death.

FOR JUNE, 1821,

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

Days of the Month. Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO- METER.			HYGROME- TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.*						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain and Hail in Inches, &c.
	Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirrocumulus.	Cirrostratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulostratus.	Nimbus.	
1	29.95	29.92	29.935	71	51	61	47	43	71	SE to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.08
2	29.95	29.82	29.860	72	55	63.5	63	43	61	NW to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.08
3	29.70	29.62	29.660	71	53	62	53	50	63	NE to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.01
4	29.50	29.46	29.480	74	54	64	60	35	62	NW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.10
5	29.61	29.54	29.575	67	54	60.5	62	50	68	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.02
6	29.80	29.73	29.765	68	54	61	62	50	68	NW to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.06
7	29.66	29.46	29.560	68	53	60.5	57	48	61	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.25
8	29.58	29.44	29.510	63	47	55	57	66	59	W to NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.25
9	29.65	29.62	29.635	64	43	53.5	48	47	46	N to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.07
10	29.57	29.55	29.560	62	42	52	53	48	58	N to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.02
11	29.76	29.60	29.680	61	46	53.5	54	48	63	N to NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
12	30.22	30.12	30.170	64	46	55	54	42	50	N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
13	30.22	30.18	30.200	62	46	54	47	48	51	N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
14	30.30	30.24	30.270	64	47	55.5	48	40	48	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
15	30.32	30.23	30.275	66	51	58.5	50	46	50	NE to N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
16	30.24	30.20	30.220	65	52	58.5	50	48	54	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
17	30.32	30.29	30.305	65	50	57.5	55	47	51	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
18	30.34	30.30	30.320	67	47	57	50	44	50	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.35
19	30.26	30.14	30.200	68	46	57	46	35	37	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
20	30.14	30.10	30.120	66	46	56	46	40	48	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
21	30.15	30.15	30.150	65	46	55.5	42	40	50	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
22	30.23	30.22	30.225	65	52	58.5	45	36	49	N to NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
23	30.23	30.20	30.215	62	47	54.5	46	42	50	NE to N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
24	30.15	30.11	30.130	62	52	57	43	38	45	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
25	30.15	30.13	30.140	68	49	58.5	49	42	48	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
26	30.15	30.09	30.120	69	49	59	43	39	51	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
27	30.11	30.10	30.105	72	48	60	46	37	42	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
28	30.20	30.18	30.190	69	49	59	44	36	50	NE to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
29	30.18	30.12	30.150	73	54	63.5	44	34	50	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
30	30.04	29.82	29.930	74	59	66.5	43	40	60	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0.30
	30.34	29.44	29.988	74	42	58.25	53.8	43.4	50.2		25	19	23	2	24	21	11	3.05 0.98

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.34 June 18th, Wind North-East.
Minimum..... 29.44 Do. 8th, Do. West.

Range of the Mercury 0.90

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month 29.988

for the lunar period, ending the 29th instant..... 29.989

for 15 days, with the Moon in North declination 29.923

for 15 days, with the Moon in South declination 30.056

Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury 3.800

Greatest variation in 24 hours 0.520

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 21

THERMOMETER { Maximum..... 74° June 4th and 30th. Winds W. and SE.
Minimum..... 42 Do. 10th Do. North.

Range..... 32

Mean temperature of the Air 58.25

for 31 days with the Sun in Gemini.... 55.00

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 24.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 51.06

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air 71° in the evening of the 1st.

Greatest dryness of Ditto 34 in the afternoon of the 29th.

Range of the Index 37

Mean at 2 o'clock PM. 43.4

at 8 Do. .. AM. 53.8

at 8 Do. .. PM. 50.2

of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock 49.1

Evaporation for the month 3.05 inches.

Rain and hail, for Ditto 0.98 ditto.

Prevailing Winds, NE.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 1; fine, with various modifications of cloud, 15; an overcast sky, without rain, 10; rain and hail, 4—Total, 30 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus.

25 19 23 2 24 21 11

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
5	14	—	2	—	2	5	2	30

* The units represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

DAILY REMARKS ON THE WEATHER, &c.

JUNE 1. Fair and warm, with a fine sky of *cirrocumulus*, and nascent *cumuli*. The crescent of the new moon appeared soon after sunset, near the NW. horizon, being only 36 hours after her conjunction. *Cirrostratus* by night.

2. Fog from 3 till 7 A.M., afterwards, nearly as the preceding day and night. Opposite currents in the evening, and groups of small black thunder-clouds, formed by inoculation of *cirrocumuli* and *cirrostrati*, and brought up by a superior current from the SE.

3. Two *parhelia* appeared at 8 A.M., each $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ outside of a solar halo, and 24° distant from, and in a right line with the sun.—The day continued fine: an overcast sky and rain in the night.

4. A.M. light rain: P.M. fine, with passing thunder-clouds.

5. A.M. a low cold mist, which shrouded the sky: in the afternoon prevailing plumose and linear *cirri*, which stretched out to a considerable distance from the main body towards the SW., whence the rain came after sunset.

6. A.M. sunshine, with *cumuli*, &c. P.M. overcast, and a little rain after sunset.

7. An overcast sky, except two or three hours at mid-day; after the inverted *cumuli* had mixed with other modifications of cloud, rain came on in the night.

8. Overcast with lofty *cumuli*, surmounted by beds of *cirrostratus*, which were succeeded by a rainy day, and a brisk gale from the NE.: a cloudy night.

9. A.M. the sky shrouded with attenuated *cirrostratus*, which afterwards mixed with *cumuli*: P.M. showers of rain mixed with transparent hailstones. A depression of half a degree, in the temperature of spring-water, has taken place since the 5th instant.

10. Some flying showers of hail and rain in the day: a cloudy night, and a slight hoar-frost without the town.

11. A.M. sunshine, with prevailing broken *cumulostratus*: P.M. *nimbi* and light showers of rain at intervals.

12. Fair, with *cirrocumuli* and *cumulostrati*.

13. Faint sunshine, and a solar halo in the morning: the sky overcast with undulated *cumulostratus* in the afternoon—a fine night.

14. A fine day and night, but cold and cloudy at intervals.

15. A cloudy morning: fine in the afternoon, and opposite winds, the lower one from SW., also one *parhelion* on the south side of the sun, and descending *cirri* very red at sunset, which passed to *cirrostrati*.

16. A fair day: an overcast sky throughout the night.

17. Overcast with *cumulostratus*, except an hour or two in the afternoon.

18. A.M. as the preceding: P.M. fine, with *cirri*, *cirrocumuli*, &c. and dew in the night, when the NE. breeze became still.

19. Fair, with *cirri* only, and a brisk wind.

20. A.M. chiefly overcast: sunshine, with *cumulostratus* in the afternoon, and a clear night. The planets Jupiter and Saturn were, early this morning, in apparent conjunction, their distance being only two minutes. Jupiter was very bright, and to the north of Saturn, which, by way of contrast, was small and of a dull appearance.

21. Overcast with *cumulostratus* in the day, except an hour or two in the afternoon: a fine night. The evaporation has been great during the last three days (see the Table).

22. As the preceding day: overcast throughout the night.

23. Overcast with dark and inverted *cumuli*, floating immediately under a veil of *cirrostratus*.

24. As the preceding day, except an hour's faint sunshine in the evening, when lofty plumose *cirri* appeared, followed by light rain in the night.

25. A.M. overcast with *cumulostratus* of an electric appearance: in the afternoon sunshine, and the wind veering all round the compass: two *parhelia* at 7 P.M., and a fine night.

26. Fair, with loose portions of *cumuli*, and other modifications of cloud.

27. A.M. an overcast sky: a fine afternoon, and a cloudless sky by night.

28. As the preceding day and night, with the addition of an under current from the SE. in the afternoon. The ground has now assumed a very dusty surface, from the drought of the last 18 days, and the prevailing NE. winds since the 13th instant.

29. Fair, with linear *cirri* from the SE., and attenuated *cirrostratus*.—From the latter modification *cirrocumuli* were formed

into bright and round *floculi*.—A solar halo and a *parhelion* in the afternoon, a *stratus* in the fields, &c. in the evening, and an overcast sky throughout the night.

30. AM. faint sunshine, with attenuated *cirrostratus*: PM. a steady and warm rain from the SE.

This month, excepting a few days, has been cold and very dry, with such a continuance of brisk NE. winds, as has not occurred these seven years past, having prevailed 14 days from that point, and 5 from the North.—With these dry currents the mercury of the barometer, from the 11th to the close of the month, ranged between 30.09 and 30.34 inches; and the Index of the hygrometer between 35° and 55°.

In the first week of the month a Robin was observed to sing strong and perfect in the mornings and evenings, which indicated the constitution of the air to be more like the beginning of spring than summer. On the 9th a shower of snow is said to have fallen at Stoke, about three miles to the northward of Chichester; and in the

day of the 10th, several showers of hail fell, succeeded in the night by a slight hoar-frost in this neighbourhood. It has also been asserted by travellers, that on the 11th, snow lay three inches deep on the road between Northampton and Newport Pagnel.

The maximum temperature of the air this month is only 74°, the same as it was on the 26th of last April; so that we are yet 2° short of summer heat.

The mean temperature of the days and nights is a little under that of the cold and wet June in 1816; and more than 2° below the mean of June for the last six years, notwithstanding the greater number of fine sunny days. The temperature of spring-water has fluctuated unusually; and scarcely any dew fell in the nights.—From these untoward circumstances, vegetation and the ripening of the fruit were retarded, and the corn kept backward in its growth, but it has a promising appearance here.

The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month are 6 *parhelia*, 4 solar halos, 1 small meteor, and 1 strong gale of wind from the NE.

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 20 July	Hamburg. 17 July	Amsterdam 19 July	Vienna. 7 July	Genoa.	Berlin. 14 July	Naples.	Leipsig. 13 July	Bremen. 10 July
London.....	25.40	37.9½	42.1	10.10	—	7.2½	—	6.20	619
Paris.....	—	26.⅓	59½	119½	—	83	—	80½	17½
Hamburg...	—	—	36.⅓	145	—	152½	—	146½	132
Amsterdam.	—	108½	—	135	—	140½	—	136	122½
Vienna.....	249	146½	37½	—	—	104	—	100½	—
Franckfort..	3½	147½	37	—	—	103½	—	100	112
Augsburg...	—	147½	36½	99½	—	103½	—	100½	—
Genoa.....	477	83½	93½	60½	—	—	—	—	—
Leipsig.....	—	—	—	—	—	104½	—	—	112
Leghorn....	511	89½	101	56½	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon.....	—	37½	42½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz.....	13.55	94	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples.....	435	—	86	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa.....	—	—	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	13.55	94½	105½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto.....	—	37½	42	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 16 July	Nuremberg 12 July	Christiana. 5 July	Petersburg. 29 June	Riga. 2 July	Stock- holm. 1 July	Madrid. 12 July	Lisbon. 27 June
London.....	154½	fl. 10.12	8Sp.12	9 ⅓	9½	11.44	37½	51
Paris.....	80½	fr. 119½	37	102½	—	—	10.4	542
Hamburg....	146	145½	174	9 ⅓	9 ⅓	122	—	39
Amsterdam.	136	136	160	10 ⅓	10½	116	—	42½
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	870

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From June 29 to July 24.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-18
Ditto at sight	12-15
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-19
Antwerp	12-12..12-11
Hamburg, 2½ U	33-10..33-8
Altona, 2½ U	33-11..33-9
Paris, 3 days' sight.....	25-85..25-70
Ditto 2 U	26-20..26-0
Bordeaux	26-20..26-0
Frankfort on the Main }	
Ex. M.	159
Petersburg, rble, 3 U.....	9..87½
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-28..10-25
Trieste ditto	10-28..10-25
Madrid, effective ...	36
Cadiz, effective	35½
Bilboa	35½
Barcelona	35
Seville	35½
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	47
Genoa	44..43½
Venice, Ital. Liv.....	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	39½
Palermo, per oz.	116
Lisbon.....	49½..50
Oporto	50
Rio Janeiro	49
Bahia	59
Dublin	9½
Cork	9

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin 0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars 3	17	10½	0	0	0	0
New doubloons	0	0	0	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	9½	0	4	10
Silver, in bars, stand. 0	4	10½	0	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 32s. 8d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Cwt. in Spitalfields.

Ware	£0	2	6	to	0	3	0
Middlings	0	1	6	to	0	0	0
Chats	0	1	0	to	0	0	0
Common Red. .	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from July 2 to July 23.

	July 2.	July 9.	July 16.	July 23.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle....	35 0	to 42 6	30 0	to 42 3
Sunderland...	38 0	to 43 0	34 0	to 42 3

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	June 23	June 30	July 7	July 14
Wheat	51 10	51 6	51 5	51 7
Rye -	31 6	33 5	31 0	32 1
Barley	24 5	23 4	23 10	24 0
Oats	17 9	17 8	18 3	18 8
Beans	33 3	30 2	30 2	30 7
Peas	31 7	30 2	30 1	31 11

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from June 25, to July 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	24,096	975	280	25,351
Barley	22,686	130	—	8,216
Oats	33,584	6,380	—	39,964
Rye	—	55	—	55
Beans	6,535	—	—	6,535
Pease	1,559	—	—	1,559
Malt	10,938	Qrs.;	Flour 35,504	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 540 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags ...	40s. to 75s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	40s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	40s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Farnham, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Pockets	35s. to 50s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.			
3 3 to 4 15..	3 10 to 5 0..	1 8 to 1 16	
Whitechapel.			
3 10 to 4 8..	4 0 to 5 5..	1 10 to 1 16	
St. James's.			
3 6 to 5 0..	3 10 to 5 0..	1 10 to 2 2	

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef ...	2s. 8d. to 3s. 8d.
Mutton ..	2s. 2d. to 3s. 4d.
Veal ...	3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.
Pork ...	2s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.
Lamb ...	2s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.
Leadenhall.—Beef ...	3s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.
Mutton ..	2s. 4d. to 3s. 2d.
Veal ...	2s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.
Pork ...	2s. 4d. to 4s. 4d.
Lamb ...	3s. 0d. to 4s. 2d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from June 29, to July 22, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
9,450	2,549	130,140	1,680

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(July 21st, 1821.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
£.	£.	s.		£.	£.	£.	s.		£.
Canals.					Bridges.				
350	100	—	Andover.....	5	7356	100	—	Southwark	17
1382	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	16	1700	50	7½p.c.	Do. new	13
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall	18
1260	100	—	Basingstoke	6	54,000l.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes	93
54,000l.	—	2	Do. Bonds.....	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo	5 5
2000	25	24	Birmingham (divided)	560	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8l.....	27 10
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury.....	95	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l.....	22 10
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	80	60,000l.	—	5	— Bonds.....	100
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater.....	90					
1500	100	8	Chesterfield.....	120					
500	100	44	Coventry.....	970	300	100	—	Barking.....	33
4546	100	—	Croydon.....	3	1000	100	5	Commercial	105
600	100	6	Derby.....	135	—	100	5	— East-India	
20602	100	3	Dudley	63				Branch	100
35754	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester.....	66	492	100	1 17 6	Great Dover Street.....	33
231	100	58	Erewash	100.0	2393	50	—	Highgate Archway.....	4
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde	500	1000	65	1	Croydon Railway.....	12
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	20	1000	60	—	Surrey Do.....	10
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan.....	57	3762	50	1 12	Severn and Wye	31 10
11,815½	100	9	Grand Junction	215				Water Works.	
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey	60	3800	100	—	East London.....	87
48,800l.	—	5	Do. Loan.....	96	4500	50	2 10	Grand Junction	56
2849½	100	—	Grand Union	23	2000	100	—	Kent	33 10
19,327l.	—	5	Do. Loan.....	93	1500	—	2 10	London Bridge.....	50
3096	100	—	Grand Western.....	3	800	100	—	South London.....	23
749	150	7	Grantham.....	130	7540	—	2	West Middlesex.....	55
6312	100	—	Huddersfield	13	1360	100	—	York Buildings.....	24
25,328	100	18	Kennet and Avon	19				Insurances.	
11,689½	100	1	Lancaster.....	26 10				Albion	42
2879½	100	12	Leeds and Liverpool.....	315	2000	500	2 10	Atlas	5
545	—	14	Leicester.....	290	25,000	50	6	Bath	575
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union	83	300	1000	25	Birmingham	300
70	—	170	Loughborough.....	2600	—	250	3	British	50
250	100	12	Melton Mowbray	—	4000	100	2 10	County	39
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell	—	40,000	50	5	Eagle	2 12 6
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire	153	50,000	20	1	European	20
43,526l.	100	5	Do. Debentures.....	92	1,000,000l.	100	6	Globe	122
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire	70	40,000	50	5	Hope	3 5
247	—	—	Neath.....	410	2400	500	4 10	Imperial	90
1770	25	—	North Wilts.....	—	3900	25	1 4	London Fire.....	24
500	100	12	Nottingham.....	200	31,000	25	1	London Ship.....	20
1720	100	32	Oxford.....	640	2500	100	18	Provident	17
2400	100	3 10	Peak Forest.....	68	100,000	20	2	Rock	1 19
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel.....	35	745,100l.	—	10	Royal Exchange	—
12,294	—	—	Regent's.....	26	—	—	8 10	Sun Fire.....	—
5631	100	2	Rochdale.....	45	4000	100	10	Sun Life	23 10
500	125	9	Shrewsbury	165	1500	200	1 4	Union.....	35
500	100	7 10	Shropshire	140				Gas Lights.	
771	50	7	Somerset Coal.....	107 10				Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company).....	58 10
700	100	40	Stafford. & Worcestershire.....	700	8000	50	4	Do. New Shares	48
300	145	9	Stourbridge.....	210	4000	50	2 8	City Gas Light Company.....	104
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon	11	1000	100	8	Do. New	53
533	100	11 10	Stroudwater	495	1000	100	4	Bath Gas	18 10
350	100	—	Swansea.....	190	1000	100	4	Brighton Gas	15
2670	—	—	Tavistock.....	90	2500	20	18 4	Bristol	26
1300	200	75	Thames and Medway.....	23	1500	20	14	Literary Institutions.	
			Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk.....	1810	1000	20	2	London	33
1000	100	12	Warwick and Birmingham.....	224	700	75gs	—	Russel.....	11 11
10004	50	—	Warwick and Napton	210	700	25gs	—	Surrey.....	7
980	100	11	Wilts and Berks.....	—	—	30gs	—	Miscellaneous.	
14,288	105	—	Wisbeach.....	60				Auction Mart	21
126	—	1	Worcester and Birmingham.....	24				British Copper Company.....	52
6000	—	—	Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery	16
			Bristol	15	1080	50	1 5	Do.....	11
2209	146	—	Do. Notes.....	—	1397	100	2 10	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	19
268,324l.	100	5	Commercial.....	68	2299	80	1 12	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class.....	82
3132	100	3	East-India.....	168	3447	50	1	Do..... 2d. Class.....	69
450,000l.	100	10	East Country.....	21	2000	150	1	City Bonds	103
1038	100	—	London.....	—	—	—	4		
3,114,000l.	100	4	West-India.....	176	—	—	3		
1,300,000l.	100	10			—	—	5		

Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th June to 25th July.

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
June															
26	—	76½	—	86½	94½	110½	19½	—	—	—	46	—	—	2p	77½
27	—	76½	—	86½	94½	—	19½	—	—	—	46	—	—	1p	77½
28	229½	76	—	85½	94½	110½	19½	—	—	—	47	—	—	2p	78½
29	Hol.														
30	—	76	—	86	94½	—	19½	—	—	—	50	—	—	4p	77½
July															
2	—	76½	—	—	94½	110½	19½	—	—	—	53	—	76	3p	77½
3	230	76½	—	86½	94½	110	—	—	—	—	53	—	—	5	77½
4	—	76½	—	86½	94½	—	19½	75½	—	—	55	—	—	4	77½
5	231½	76½	77	87	95	111½	19½	—	—	233½	—	—	—	5	78½
6	—	77	76½	5	95	108	19½	—	—	233½	—	83½	—	5	78½
7	234	77½	76½	—	95½	108	19½	—	—	—	57	—	—	4	78½
9	234	77½	76½	7	95	109	19½	—	—	236½	59	—	—	6	78½
10	232	77½	76½	87½	95	109	19½	—	—	235½	58	—	—	6	78½
11	233	77½	6	87	95	109	19½	75½	—	234½	56	84½	—	5	78½
12	233	76½	7	87½	95½	109	19½	—	—	234	56	—	—	6	78½
13	233	77½	76½	87½	95	109	19½	76	—	—	57	—	—	6	78½
14	232	77½	6	—	95½	109	19½	76	—	233½	56	—	—	5	78½
16	232½	76½	7	87½	95	108	19½	—	—	234½	57	—	—	5	78½
17	233	76½	7	87½	95	108	19½	—	—	235	57	—	—	5	78½
18	233	77	76	87½	95½	109	19½	76	—	235	58	—	—	5	78½
19	Hol.														
20	233	77½	76½	87½	95	109	19½	76½	—	235½	58	—	—	6	77½
21	235	77½	77	87½	96	109	19½	—	—	235½	60	—	—	6	77½
23	233	76½	5	85	95½	109	19½	75½	—	234	60	84	—	6	76½
24	232	76½	75½	86½	95½	109	19½	—	—	—	59	—	—	6	76½
25	—	76½	75	—	—	108½	—	—	—	—	59	—	—	6	76½

IRISH FUNDS.

Prices of the
FRENCH FUNDS,
From June 30,
to July 21.

June	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Pipe Water De- benture.	City Debentures.	1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
June												June	fr.	c.
28	226½	85½	84½	—	—	107½	107½	—	—	—	—	30	86	35
29	—	85	84½	—	—	107	107½	—	—	—	—	July		
July												2	85	95
4	226½	85½	84½	—	—	108	108	—	44½	—	—	4	85	80
7	227½	86	85½	—	—	107	107	—	—	—	—	7	86	10
10	228	—	85½	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	91½	9	85	85
11	228	86½	87	—	—	108½	108½	—	—	—	91½	11	85	50
12	—	86	85½	—	—	108½	108½	—	—	—	—	13	85	75
18	231½	85½	85	—	—	108½	—	—	—	—	—	16	85	45
19	230	86½	85½	—	—	108½	108½	—	—	—	—	18	85	60
20	—	86½	85½	—	—	108½	108½	—	—	—	—	21	85	90

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.							NEW YORK.			
	June		July					May		June	
	29	3	10	13	17	20	24	26	29	9	20
Bank Shares.....	24	10	—	24	24	24	24	119	119	119	119
6 per cent.....	1812	100	—	99	99	99	99	108	108	108	109
	1813	101	—	100	99½	99½	99½	109	109	109	110
	1814	102	—	102	101½	101½	101½	111	111	111	111
	1815	104	—	103	103	103	103	112	112	—	112
3 per cent.....	70½	—	—	70	70	70	70	68	78	—	—

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.